

BAYARD TAYLOR'S
POEMS

HOUSE— OF
HOLD THE
EDITION. PARTS



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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

BAYARD TAYLOR.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION.



BOSTON:
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PREFACE.

WITH the exception of the drama of the "Prophet," the dramatic poems of the "Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion," and the poetical translation of Goethe's "Faust," the present volume contains the entire poetical works of Bayard Taylor. To the poems which were published in a collected or a separate form, during the author's life, the editors have added a not inconsiderable number of heretofore unpublished poems which were found among his manuscripts, in a more or less finished state, and which, therefore, have not undergone that severe revision to which the author would have subjected them had he lived to offer them to the public in a permanent shape. The editors say this in justice to Taylor's reputation as a poet; in explanation, not in apology, for having presented the reader with works which their author may have regarded as unfinished when they last came beneath his eyes. It is our purpose to make the following collection of Taylor's poems as complete as is possible, and to omit from it nothing in a poetical form, with the exceptions above mentioned, to which he once gave his serious attention.

Poetry was the literary element in which Taylor lived and moved and had his being; to which all other efforts and all other ambitions were subjected, as vassals to a sovereign; and to success in which he gave more thoughtful labor, and held its fruits in higher esteem than all the world and all the other glories thereof. He travelled pen in hand; he delivered course after course of lectures in the brief nightly pauses of his long winter journeys; he wrote novels, he wrote editorials, criticisms, letters, and miscellaneous articles for the magazines and the newspapers; he toiled as few men have toiled at any profession or for any end, and he wore himself out and perished prematurely of hard and, sometimes, bitter work.

It is consoling to know that throughout his laborious life, which brought his sensitive, poetical nature into daily contact with stupidity, ignorance, grossness, and with the consequential vulgarity of conceited dolts, he had something to cheer and to comfort him in those solitary hours through which less imaginative men brood over the wrongs and the disgusting histories of their world, and harden themselves against the future in a crust of cynical misanthropy. We, who knew him intimately, can safely say that he passed no such desponding hours. His soul preserved the hopeful freshness of its divine source, it flowed untainted and exulting through its earthly course, and finished the circle of its career of life by

pouring back into the fountain head a tide as clear and as blameless as the drops which consecrate the infant. In its passage through the foul things of the world his nature seemed rather to filter and to purify itself, than to take any stain from the baser medium. This childlike purity and joyousness of heart Taylor owed to the worship of an art for which his reverence was boundless. To him poetry was a second religion, or an intellectual continuation of that natural, moral sentiment which lifts man above himself and his fortunes in his aspiration after immortality and supernal life. He held that no achievement of man was comparable to the creation of a living poem. He saw, with other thinking men, that the work of the poet is more like the work of God than any other earthly thing, since it is the only product of art that is assured of perpetuity, by the safety with which it can be transmitted from generation to generation. He believed himself to be a poet, — of what stature and quality it is now for the world to decide, — and in that faith he wrought at his vocation with an assiduity, and a careful husbanding of his time and opportunities for mental and for written poetical composition, that was wonderful as an exhibition of human industry, and in its many and varied results, when we take into consideration his wandering life and his diversified and exacting employments. To him the cultivation of the poetic art was the duty and the serious business of his life, — the talent entrusted him, to be put at use, by the Master, — while the winning of bread and the struggle for place were subordinate cares, as insignificant by comparison as is the duration of one man's life to that of the race of man.

Whatever Taylor produced under the influence of opinions so exalted, and with a respect so profound for the nature of his art, whether exercised by himself or by another, was serious and conscientious work. It was the product of his highest being. It was the best that all his faculties, focalized upon one bright point, could achieve for his own joyous satisfaction, and for the good of his fellow man. It was more to him than all his other earthly accomplishments combined and thrice multiplied. Those who have followed his career of success and of well-won honors, who have journeyed with him through the long lines of type that retraced his travels, who have crowded together to draw instruction from his lectures, who have been moved to admiration by the scenes of his novels, who have pondered the pregnant passages of his criticism, who have seen with his eyes, who have been taught with his knowledge, who have felt with his heart, and who have thought with his mind, must yet look into these poems, — not casually but deeply, — if they would know the soul of Taylor, the very essence of the man, the spirit as it stood before God. To know him otherwise — by this act or that, by one success or another — is but to know him in the flesh, and to mistake the garment for the man.

G. H. B.

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THE POET'S JOURNAL.



PREFACE.

THE RETURN OF THE GODDESS.

Not as in youth, with steps outspeeding morn,
And cheeks all bright, from rapture of the way,
But in strange mood, half cheerful, half forlorn,
She comes to me to-day.

Does she forget the trysts we used to keep,
When dead leaves rustled on autumnal ground,
Or the lone garret, whence she banished sleep
With threats of silver sound ?

Does she forget how shone the happy eyes
When they beheld her, — how the eager tongue
Plied its swift oar through wave-like harmonies,
To reach her where she sung ?

How at her sacred feet I cast me down ?
How she upraised me to her bosom fair,
And from her garland shred the first light crown
That ever pressed my hair ?

Though dust is on the leaves, her breath will bring
Their freshness back : why lingers she so long ?
The pulseless air is waiting for her wing,
Dumb with unuttered song.

If tender doubt delay her on the road,
Oh let her haste to find the doubt belied !
If shame for love unworthily bestowed,
That shame shall melt in pride.

If she but smile, the crystal calm shall break
In music, sweeter than it ever gave,
As when a breeze breathes o'er some sleeping lake,
And laughs in every wave.

The ripples of awakened song shall die
Kissing her feet, and woo her not in vain,
Until, as once, upon her breast I lie —
Pardoned, and loved again !

B. T.



INSCRIPTION.

TO THE MISTRESS OF CEDARCROFT.

I.

THE evening shadows lengthen on the lawn :
Westward, our immemorial chestnuts stand,
A mount of shade ; but o'er the cedars drawn,
Between the hedge-row trees, in many a band
Of brightening gold, the sunshine lingers on,
And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand :
And down the distant valley all is still,
And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill.

II.

Come, leave the flowery terrace, leave the beds
Where Southern children wake to Northern air :
Let you mimosas droop their tufted heads,
These myrtle-trees their nuptial beauty wear,
And while the dying day reluctant treads
From tree-top unto tree-top, with me share
The scene's idyllic peace, the evening's close,
The balm of twilight, and the land's repose.

III.

Come, for my task is done : the task that drew
My footsteps from the chambers of the Day,—
That held me back, Beloved, even from you,
That are my daylight : for the Poet's way
Turns into many a lonely avenue
Where none may follow. He must sing his lay
First to himself, then to the One most dear ;
Last, to the world. Come to my side, and hear !

IV.

The poems ripened in a heart at rest,
A life that first through you is free and strong,
Take them and warm them in your partial breast,
Before they try the common air of song !
Fame won at home is of all fame the best :
Crown me your poet, and the critic's wrong
Shall harmless strike where you in love have smiled,
Wife of my heart, and mother of my child !



THE POET'S JOURNAL.

FIRST EVENING.

THE day had come, the day of many years.
My bud of hope, thorned round with guarding fears,
And sealed with frosts of oft-renewed delay,
Burst into sudden bloom — it was the day !
“ Ernest will come ! ” the early sunbeams cried ;
“ Will come ! ” was breathed through all the woodlands wide ;
“ Will come, will come ! ” said cloud, and brook, and bird ;
And when the hollow roll of wheels was heard
Across the bridge, it thundered, “ He is near ! ”
And then my heart made answer, “ He is here ! ”

Ernest was here, and now the day had gone
Like other days, yet wild and swift and sweet, —
And yet prolonged, as if with whirling feet
One troop of duplicated Hours sped on
And one trod out the moments lingeringly :
So distant seemed the lonely dawn from me.
But all was well. He paced the new-mown lawn,
With Edith at his side, and, while my fires
Stood bronzed with sunset, happy glances cast
On the familiar landmarks of the Past.
I heard a gentle laugh : the laugh was hers.
“ Confess it,” she exclaimed, “ I recognize,
No less than you, the features of the place,
So often have I seen it with the eyes
Your memory gave me : yea, your very face,
With every movement of the theme, betrayed
That here the sunshine lay, and there the shade.”
“ A proof ! ” cried Ernest. “ Let me be your guide,”
She said, “ and speak not : Philip shall decide.”
To them I went, at beckon of her hand.
A moment she the mellow landscape scanned
In seeming doubt, but only to prolong
A witching aspect of uncertainty,
And the soft smile in Ernest's watching eye :
“ Yonder,” she said, “ (I see I am not wrong,
By Philip's face,) you built your hermit seat
Against the rock, among the scented fern,
Where summer lizards played about your feet ;
And here, beside us, is the tottering urn
You cracked-in fixing firmly on its base ;

And here — yes, yes! — this is the very place —
 I know the wild vine and the sassafras —
 Where you and Philip, lying in the grass,
 Disowned the world, renounced the race of men,
 And you all love, except your own for him,
 Until, through that, all love came back again.”
 Here Edith paused; but Ernest's eyes were dim.
 He kissed her, gave a loving hand to me,
 And spoke: “ Ah, Philip, Philip, those were days
 We *dare* remember now, when only blaze
 Far-off, the storm's black edges brokenly.
 Who thinks, at night, that morn will ever be?
 Who knows, far out upon the central sea,
 That anywhere is land? And yet, a shore
 Has set behind us, and will rise before:
 A past foretells a future.” “ Blessed be
 That Past!” I answered, “ on whose bosom lay
 Peace, like a new-born child: and now, I see,
 The child is man, begetting day by day
 Some fresher joy, some other bliss, to make
 Your life the fairer for his mother's sake.”

Deeper beneath the oaks the shadows grew:
 The twilight glimmer from their tops withdrew,
 And purple gloomed the distant hills, and sweet
 The sudden breath of evening rose, with balm
 Of grassy meadows: in the upper calm
 The pulses of the stars began to beat:
 The fire-flies twinkled: through the lindens went
 A rustle, as of happy leaves composed
 To airy sleep, of drowsy petals closed,
 And the dark land lay silent and content.
 We, too, were silent. Ernest walked, I knew,
 With me, beneath the stars of other eyes:
 He heard, with me, the tongues of perished leaves:
 Departed suns their trails of splendor drew
 Across departed summers: whispers came
 From voices, long ago resolved again
 Into the primal Silence, and we twain,
 Ghosts of our present selves, yet still the same,
 As in a spectral mirror wandered there.
 Its pain outlived, the Past was only fair.
 Ten years had passed since I had touched his hand,
 And felt upon my lips the brother-kiss
 That shames not manhood, — years of quiet bliss
 To me, fast-rooted on paternal land,
 Mated, yet childless. He had journeyed far
 Beyond the borders of my life, and whirled
 Unresting round the vortex of the world,
 The reckless child of some eccentric star,
 Careless of fate, yet with a central strength
 I knew would hold his life in equipoise,
 And bent his wandering energies, at length,
 To the smooth orbit of serener joys.
 Few were the winds that wafted to my nest
 A leaf from him: I learned that he was blest, —
 The late fulfilment of my prophecy, —
 And then I felt that he must come to me,

The old, unswerving sympathy to claim ;
 And set my house in order for a guest
 Long ere the message of his coming came.

In gentle terraces my garden fell
 Down to the rolling lawn. On one side rose,
 Flanking the layers of bloom, a bolder swell
 With laurels clad, and every shrub that grows
 Upon our native hills, a bosky mound,
 Whence the commingling valleys might be seen
 Bluer and lovelier through the gaps of green.
 The rustic arbor which the summit crowned
 Was woven of shining smilax, trumpet-vine,
 Clematis, and the wild white eglantine,
 Whose tropical luxuriance overhung
 The interspaces of the posts, and made
 For each sweet picture frames of bloom and shade.
 It was my favorite haunt when I was young,
 To read my poets, watch my sunset fade
 Behind my father's hills, and, when the moon
 Shed warmer silver through the nights of June,
 Dream, as 't were new, the universal dream.
 This arbor, too, was Ernest's hermitage :
 Here he had read to me his tear-stained page
 Of sorrow, here renewed the pang supreme
 Which burned his youth to ashes : here would try
 To lay his burden in the hands of Song,
 And make the Poet bear the Lover's wrong,
 But still his heart impatiently would cry :
 " In vain, in vain ! You cannot teach to flow
 In measured lines so measureless a woe.
 First learn to slay this wild beast of despair,
 Then from his harmless jaws your honey tear ! "

Hither we came. Beloved hands had graced
 The table with a flask of mellow juice,
 Thereto the gentle herb that poets use
 When Fancy droops, and in the corner placed
 A lamp, that glimmered through its misty sphere
 Like moonlit marble, on a pedestal
 Of knotted roots, against the leafy wall.
 The air was dry, the night was calm and clear,
 And in the dying clover crickets chirped.
 The Past, I felt, the Past alone usurped
 Our thoughts, — the hour of confidence had come,
 Of sweet confession, tender interchange,
 Which drew our hearts together, yet with strange
 Half-dread repelled them. Seeing Ernest dumb
 With memories of the spot, as if to me
 Belonged the right his secrets to evoke,
 And Edith's eyes on mine, consentingly,
 Conscious of all I wished to know, I spoke :
 " Dear Friend, one volume of your life I read
 Beneath these vines : you placed it in my hand
 And made it mine, — but how the tale has sped
 Since then, I know not, or can understand
 From this fair ending only. Let me see
 The intervening chapters, dark and bright,

In order, as you lived them. Give to-night
 Unto the Past, dear Ernest, and to me!"
 Thus I, with doubt and loving hesitance,
 Lest I should touch a nerve he fain would hide;
 But he, with calm and reassuring glance,
 In which no troubled shadow lay, replied:
 "That mingled light and darkness are no more
 In this new life, than are the sun and shade
 Of painted landscapes: distant lies the shore
 Where last we parted, Philip: how I made
 The journey, what adventures on the road,
 What haps I met, what struggles, what success
 Of fame, or gold, or place, concerns you less,
 Dear friend, than how I lost that sorest load
 I started with, and came to dwell at last
 In the House Beautiful. There but remains
 A fragment here and there, — wild, broken strains
 And scattered voices speaking from the Past."
 "Let me those broken voices hear," I said,
 "And I shall know the rest." "Well — be it so.
 You, who would write '*Resurgam*' o'er my dead,
 The resurrection of my heart shall know."

Then Edith rose, and up the terraces
 Went swiftly to the house; but soon we spied
 Her white dress gleam, returning through the trees,
 And, softly flushed, she came to Ernest's side,
 A volume in her hand. But he delayed
 Awhile his task, revolving leaf by leaf
 With tender interest, now that ancient grief
 No more had power to make his heart afraid;
 For pain, that only lives in memory,
 Like battle-scars, it is no pain to show.
 "Here, Philip, are the secrets you would know,"
 He said: "Howe'er obscure the utterance be,
 The lamp you lighted in the olden time
 Will show my heart's-blood beating through the rhyme:
 A poet's journal, writ in fire and tears
 At first, blind protestations, blinder rage,
 (For you and Edith only, many a page!)
 Then slow deliverance, with the gaps of years
 Between, and final struggles into life,
 Which the heart shrank from, as 't were death instead."
 Then, with a loving glance towards his wife,
 Which she as fondly answered, thus he read:—

THE TORSO.

I.

In clay the statue stood complete,
 As beautiful a form, and fair,
 As ever walked a Roman street
 Or breathed the blue Athenian air:
 The perfect limbs, divinely bare,
 Their old, heroic freedom kept,
 And in the features, fine and rare,
 A calm, immortal sweetness slept.

II.

O'er common men it towered, a god,
 And smote their meaner life with
 shame,
 For while its feet the highway trod,
 Its lifted brow was crowned with
 flame
 And purified from touch of blame:
 Yet wholly human was the face,
 And over them who saw it came
 The knowledge of their own disgrace.

III.

It stood, regardless of the crowd,
 And simply showed what men might
 be:
 Its solemn beauty disavowed
 The curse of lost humanity.
 Erect and proud, and pure and free,
 It overlooked each loathsome law
 Whereunto others bend the knee,
 And only what was noble saw.

IV.

The patience and the hope of years
 Their final hour of triumph caught;
 The clay was tempered with my tears,
 The forces of my spirit wrought
 With hands of fire to shape my
 thought,
 That when, complete, the statue stood,
 To marble resurrection brought,
 The Master might pronounce it good.

V.

But in the night an enemy,
 Who could not bear the wreath should
 grace
 My ready forehead, stole the key
 And hurled my statue from its base;
 And now its fragments strew the
 place
 Where I had dreamed its shrine might
 be:
 The stains of common earth deface
 Its beauty and its majesty.

VI.

The torso prone before me lies;
 The cloven brow is knit with pain:
 Mute lips, and blank, reproachful eyes
 Unto my hands appeal in vain.
 My hands shall never work again:
 My hope is dead, my strength is spent:
 This fatal wreck shall now remain
 The ruined sculptor's monument.

ON THE HEADLAND.

I sit on the lonely headland,
 Where the sea-gulls come and go:
 The sky is gray above me,
 And the sea is gray below.

There is no fisherman's pinnace
 Homeward or outward bound;

I see no living creature
 In the world's deserted round.

I pine for something human,
 Man, woman, young or old, —
 Something to meet and welcome,
 Something to clasp and hold.

I have a mouth for kisses,
 But there's no one to give and take
 I have a heart in my bosom
 Beating for nobody's sake.

O warmth of love that is wasted!
 Is there none to stretch a hand?
 No other heart that hungers
 In all the living land?

I could fondle the fisherman's baby,
 And rock it into rest;
 I could take the sunburnt sailor,
 Like a brother, to my breast.

I could clasp the hand of any
 Outcast of land or sea,
 If the guilty palm but answered
 The tenderness in me!

The sea might rise and drown me, —
 Cliffs fall and crush my head, —
 Were there one to love me, living,
 Or weep to see me dead!

MARAH.

The waters of my life were sweet,
 Before that bolt of sorrow fell;
 But now, though fainting with the heat,
 I dare not drink the bitter well.

My God! shall Sin across the heart
 Sweep like a wind that leaves no trace
 But Grief inflict a rankling smart
 No after blessing can efface?

I see the tired mechanic take
 His evening rest beside his door,
 And gentlier, for their father's sake,
 His children tread the happy floor:

The kitchen teems with cheering smells,
 With clash of cups and clink of knives,
 And all the household picture tells
 Of humble yet contented lives.

Then in my heart the serpents hiss:
 What right have these, who scarcely
 know

The perfect sweetness of their bliss,
To flaunt it thus before my woe?

Like bread, Love's portion they divide,
Like water drink his precious wine,
When the least crumb they cast aside
Were manna for these lips of mine.

I see the friend of other days
Lead home his flushed and silent bride!
His eyes are suns of tender praise,
Her eyes are stars of tender pride.

Go, hide your shameless happiness,
The demon cries, within my breast;
Think not that I the bond can bless,
Which seeing, I am twice unblest.

The husband of a year proclaims
His recent honor, shows the boy,
And calls the babe a thousand names,
And dandles it in awkward joy:

And then—I see the wife's pale cheek,
Her eyes of pure, celestial ray—
The curse is choked: I cannot speak,
But, weeping, turn my head away!

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER.

Last night the Tempter came to me,
and said:

"Why sorrow any longer for the dead?
The wrong is done: thy tears and
groans are naught:

Forget the Past,—thy pain but lives
in thought.

Night after night, I hear thy cries im-
plore

An answer: she will answer thee no
more.

Give up thine idle prayer that Death
may come

And thou mayest somewhere find her:
Death is dumb

To those that seek him. Live: for youth
is thine.

Let not thy rich blood, like neglected
wine,

Grow thin and stale, but rouse thyself,
at last,

And take a man's revenge upon the
Past.

What have thy virtues brought thee?
Let them go,

And with them lose the burden of thy
woe,

Their only payment for thy service
hard:

They but exact, thou see'st, and not
reward.

Thy life is cheated, thou art cast aside
In dust, the worn-out vessel of their
pride.

Come, take thy pleasure: others do the
same,

And love is theirs, and fortune, name,
and fame!

Let not the name of Vice thine ear
affright:

Vice is no darkness, but a different light,
Which thou dost need, to see thy path
aright;

Or if some pang in this experience lie,
Through counter-pain thy present pain
will die.

Bethink thee of the lost, the barren
years,

Of harsh privations, unavailing tears,
The steady ache of strong desires re-
strained,

And what thou hast deserved, and what
obtained:

Then go, thou fool! and, if thou canst,
rejoice

To make such base ingratitude thy
choice,

While each indulgence which thy breth-
ren taste

But mocks thy palate, as it runs to
waste!"

So spake the Tempter, as he held out-
spread

Alluring pictures round my prostrate
head.

'Twixt sleep and waking, in my help-
less ear

His honeyed voice rang musical and
clear;

And half persuaded, shaken half with
fear,

I heard him, till the Morn began to
shine,

And found her brow less dewy-wet than
mine.

EXORCISM.

O TONGUES of the Past, be still!

Are the days not over and gone?

The joys have perished that were so
sweet,

But the sorrow still lives on.

I have sealed the graves of my hopes ;
 I have carried the pall of love :
 Let the pains and pangs be buried as
 deep,
 And the grass be as green above !

But the ghosts of the dead arise :
 They come when the board is spread ;
 They poison the wine of the banquet
 cups
 With the mould their lips have shed.

The pulse of the bacehant blood
 May throb in the ivy wreath,
 But the berries are plucked from the
 nightshade bough
 That grows in the gardens of Death.

I sleep with joy at my heart,
 Warm as a new-made bride ;
 But a vampire comes to suck her blood,
 And I wake with a corpse at my side.

O ghosts, I have given to you
 The bliss of the faded years ;
 The sweat of my brow, the blood of my
 heart,
 And manhood's terrible tears !

Take them, and be content :
 I have nothing more to give :
 My soul is chilled in the house of Death,
 And 't is time that I should live.

Take them, and let me be :
 Lie still in the churchyard mould,
 Nor chase from my heart each new de-
 light
 With the phantom of the old !

SQUANDERED LIVES.

THE fisherman wades in the surges ;
 The sailor sails over the sea ;
 The soldier steps bravely to battle ;
 The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the he-
 roes,
 The manhood attempered in strife :
 Strong hands, that go lightly to labor,
 True hearts, that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish
 The world with the vigor it needs, —
 The centre of honest affections,
 The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the
 fisher ;
 The sailor is dropped in the sea ;
 The soldier lies cold by his cannon ;
 The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
 In manly achievement unseen,
 But lengthens the days of the cow-
 ard,
 And strengthens the crafty and mean

The blood of the noblest is lavished
 That the selfish a profit may find ;
 But God sees the lives that are squan-
 dered,
 And we to His wisdom are blind.

A SYMBOL.

I.

HEAVY, and hot, and gray,
 Day following unto day,
 A felon gang, their blind life · drag
 away, —

Blind, vacant, dumb, as Time,
 Lapsed from his wonted prime,
 Begot them basely in incestuous crime :

So little life there seems
 About the woods and streams, —
 Only a sleep, perplexed with nightmare-
 dreams.

The burden of a sigh
 Stifles the weary sky,
 Where smouldering clouds in ashen
 masses lie :

The forests fain would groan,
 But, silenced into stone,
 Crouch, in the dull blue vapors round
 them thrown.

O light, more drear than gloom !
 Than death more dead such bloom :
 Yet life — yet life — shall burst this
 gathering doom !

II.

Behold ! a swift and silent fire
 Yon dull cloud pierces, in the west,
 And blackening, as with growing ire,
 He lifts his forehead from his breast

He matters to the ashy host
That all around him sleeping lie, —
Sole chieftain on the airy coast,
To fight the battles of the sky.

He slowly lifts his weary strength,
His shadow rises on the day,
And distant forests feel at length
A wind from landscapes far away.

III.

How shall the cloud unload its thunder?
How shall its flashes fire the air?
Hills and valleys are dumb with wonder:
Lakes look up with a leaden stare.

Hark! the lungs of the striding giant
Bellow an angry answer back!
Hurling the hair from his brows defiant,
Crushing the laggards along his track.

Now his step, like a battling Titan's,
Scales in flame the hills of the sky;

Struck by his breath, the forest whitens;
Fluttering waters feel him nigh!

Stroke on stroke of his thunder-hammer —
Sheets of flame from his anvil hurled —
Heaven's doors are burst in the clamor
He alone possesses the world!

IV.

Drowned woods, shudder no more:
Vexed lakes, smile as before:
Hills that vanished, appear again:
Rise for harvest, prostrate grain!

Shake thy jewels, twinkling grass:
Blossoms, tint the winds that pass:
Sun, behold a world restored!
World, again thy son is lord!

Thunder-spasms the waking be
Into Life from Apathy:
Life, not Death, is in the gale, —
Let the coming Doom prevail!

Thus far he read: at first with even tone,
Still chanting in the old, familiar key, —
That golden note, whose grand monotony
Is musical in poets' mouths alone, —
But broken, as he read, became the chime.
To speak, once more, in Grief's forgotten tongue,
And feel the hot reflex of passion flung
Back on the heart by every pulse of rhyme
Wherein it lives and burns, a soul might shake
More calm than his. With many a tender break
Of voice, a dimness of the haughty eye,
And pause of wandering memory, he read;
While I, with folded arms and downcast head,
In silence heard each blind, bewildered cry.
Thus far had Ernest read: but, closing now
The book, and lifting up a calmer brow,
"Forgive me, patient God, for this!" he said:
"And you forgive, dear friend, and dearest wife,
If I have marred an hour of this sweet life
With noises from the valley of the Dead.
Long, long ago, the Hand whereat I railed
In blindness gave me courage to subdue
This wild revolt: I see wherein I failed:
My heart was false, when most I thought it true,
My sorrow selfish, when I thought it pure.
For those we lose, if still their love endure
Translation to that other land, where Love
Breathes the immortal wisdom, ask in heaven
No greater sacrifice than we had given
On earth, our love's integrity to prove.

If we are blest to know the other blest,
 Then treason lies in sorrow. Vainly said !
 Alone each heart must cover up its dead ;
 Alone, through bitter toil, achieve its rest :
 Which I have found — but still these records keep,
 Lest I, condemning others, should forget
 My own rebellion. From these tares I reap,
 In evil days, a fruitful harvest yet.

“But ’t is enough, to-night. Nay, Philip, here
 A chapter closes. See ! the moon is near :
 Your laurels glitter : come, my darling, sing
 The hymn I wrote on such a night as this !”
 Then Edith, stooping first to take his kiss,
 Drew from its niche of woodbine her guitar,
 With chords prelusive tuned a slackened string,
 And sang, clear-voiced, as some melodious star
 Were dropping silver sweetness from afar :

*God, to whom we look up blindly,
 Look Thou down upon us kindly :
 We have sinned, but not designedly.*

*If our faith in Thee was shaken,
 Pardon Thou our hearts mistaken,
 Our obedience reawaken.*

*We are sinful, Thou art holy :
 Thou art mighty, we are lowly :
 Let us reach Thee, climbing slowly.*

*Our ingratitude confessing,
 On Thy mercy still transgressing,
 Thou dost punish us with blessing !*

SECOND EVENING.

It was the evening of the second day,
 Which swifter, sweeter than the first had fled :
 My heart’s delicious tumult passed away
 And left a sober happiness instead.
 For Ernest’s voice was ever in mine ear,
 His presence mingled as of old with mine,
 But stronger, manlier, brighter, more divine
 Its effluence now : within his starry sphere
 Of love new-risen my nature too was drawn,
 And warmed with rosy flushes of the dawn.

All day we drove about the lovely vales,
 Under the hill-side farms, through summer woods,
 The land of mingled homes and solitudes
 That Ernest loved. We told the dear old tales
 Of childhood, music new to Edith’s ear,
 Sang olden songs, lived old adventures o’er,
 And, when the hours brought need of other cheer,
 Spread on the ferny rocks a tempting store
 Of country dainties. ’T was our favorite dell,

Cut by the trout-stream through a wooded ridge :
 Above, the highway on a mossy bridge
 Strode o'er it, and below, the water fell
 Through hornblende bowlders, where the dircus flung
 His pliant rods, the berried spice-wood grew,
 And tulip-trees and smooth magnolias hung
 A million leaves between us and the blue.
 The silver water-dust in puffs arose
 And turned to dust of jewels in the sun,
 And like a cañon, in its close begun
 Afresh, the stream's perpetual lullaby
 Sang down the dell, and deepened its repose.
 Here, till the western hours had left the sky,
 We sat : then homeward loitered through the dusk
 Of chestnut woods, along the meadow-side,
 And lost in lanes that breathed ambrosial musk
 Of wild-grape blossoms : and the twilight died.

Long after every star came out, we paced
 The terrace, still discoursing on the themes
 The day had started, intermixed with dreams
 Born of the summer night. Then, golden-faced,
 Behind her daybreak of auroral gleams,
 The moon arose : the bosom of the lawn
 Whitened beneath her silent snow of light,
 Save where the trees made isles of mystic night,
 Dark blots against the rising splendor drawn,
 And where the eastern wall of woodland towered,
 Blue darkness, filled with undistinguished shapes :
 But elsewhere, over all the landscape showered —
 A silver drizzle on the distant capes
 Of hills — the glory of the moon. We sought,
 Drawn thither by the same unspoken thought,
 The mound, where now the leaves of laurel clashed
 Their dagger-points of light, around the bower,
 And through the nets of leaf and elfin flower,
 Cold fire, the sprinkled drops of moonshine flashed.

Erelong in Ernest's hand the volume lay,
 (I did not need a second time to ask,)
 And he resumed the intermitted task.
 "This night, dear Philip, is the Poet's day,"
 He said : "the world is one confessional :
 Our sacred memories as freely fall
 As leaves from o'er-ripe blossoms : we betray
 Ourselves to Nature, who the tale can win
 We shrink from uttering in the daylight's din.
 So, Friend, come back with me a little way
 Along the years, and in these records find
 The sole inscriptions they have left behind."

ATONEMENT.

If thou hadst died at midnight,
 With a lamp beside thy bed ;
 The beauty of sleep exchanging
 For the beauty of the dead :

When the bird of heaven had called
 thee,
 And the time had come to go,
 And the northern lights were danc-
 ing
 On the dim December snow, —

If thou hadst died at midnight,
I had ceased to bid thee stay,
Hearing the feet of the Father
Leading His child away.

I had knelt, in the awful Presence,
And covered my guilty head,
And received His absolution
For my sins toward the dead.

But the cruel sun was shining
In the cold and windy sky,
And Life, with his mocking voices,
Looked in to see thee die.

God came and went unheeded ;
No tear repentant shone ;
And he took the heart from my bosom,
And left in its place a stone.

Each trivial promise broken,
Each tender word unsaid,
Must be evermore unspoken,—
Unpardoned by the dead.

Unpardoned ? No : the struggle
Of years was not in vain,—
The patience that wearies passion,
And the prayers that conquer pain.

This tardy resignation
May be the blessed sign
Of pardon and atonement,
Thy spirit sends to mine.

Now first I dare remember
That day of death and woe :
Within, the dreadful silence,
Without, the sun and snow !

DECEMBER.

THE beech is bare, and bare the ash,
The thickets white below ;
The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,
He cannot sing for snow.

The body-guard of veteran pines,
A grim battalion, stands ;
They ground their arms, in ordered
lines,
For Winter so commands.

The waves are dumb along the shore,
The river's pulse is still ;
The north-wind's bugle blows no more
Reveill  from the hill.

The rustling sift of falling snow,
The muffled crush of leaves,
These are the sounds suppressed, that
show

How much the forest grieves ;

But, as the blind and vacant Day
Crawls to his ashy bed,
I hear dull echoes far away,
Like drums above the dead.

Sigh with me, Pine that never changed !
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue ;
Her other loves are all estranged,
But thou and I are true !

SYLVAN SPIRITS.

THE gray stems rise, the branches braid
A covering of deepest shade.
Beneath these old, inviolate trees
There comes no stealthy, sliding breeze,
To overhear their mysteries.

Steeped in the fragrant breath of leaves,
My heart a hermit peace receives :
The sombre forest thrusts a screen
My refuge and the world between,
And beds me in its balmy green.

No fret of life may here intrude,
To vex the sylvan solitude.
Pure spirits of the earth and air,
From hollow trunk and bosky lair
Come forth, and hear your lover's
prayer !

Come, Druid soul of ancient oak,
Thou, too, hast felt the thunder-stroke ;
Come, Hamadryad of the beech,
Nymph of the burning maple, teach
My heart the solace of your speech !

Alas ! the sylvan ghosts preserve
The natures of the race they serve.
Not only Dryads, chaste and shy,
But piping Fauns, come dancing nigh,
And Satyrs of the shaggy thigh.

Across the calm, the holy lush,
And shadowed air, there darts a flush
Of riot, from the lawless brood,
And rebel voices in my blood
Salute these orgies of the wood.

Not sacred thoughts alone engage
The saint in silent hermitage :

The soul within him heavenward strives,
Yet strong, as in profaner lives,
The giant of the flesh survives.

From Nature, as from human haunts,
That giant draws his sustenance.
By her own elves, in woodlands wild
She sees her robes of prayer defiled :
She is not purer than her child.

THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip-braided locks,
Walks through the land in green attire,
And burns in meadow-grass the phlox
His torch of purple fire :

When buds have burst the silver sheath,
And shifting pink, and gray, and gold
Steal o'er the woods, while fair beneath
The bloomy vales unfold :

When, emerald-bright, the hemlock stands
New-feathered, needled new the pine ;
And, exiles from the orient lands,
The turbaned tulips shine :

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,
And cinque-foil stars the fields of home,
And winds, that take the white-weed, roll
The meadows into foam :

Then from the jubilee I turn
To other Mays that I have seen,
Where more resplendent blossoms burn,
And statelier woods are green ; —

Mays, when my heart expanded first,
A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew ;
And one sweet wind of heaven dispersed
The only clouds I knew.

For she, whose softly-murmured name
The music of the month expressed,
Walked by my side, in holy shame
Of girlish love confessed.

The budding chestnuts overhead,
Their sprinkled shadows in the lane, —
Blue flowers along the brooklet's bed, —
I see them all again !

The old, old tale of girl and boy,
Repeated ever, never old :
To each in turn the gates of joy,
The gates of heaven unfold.

And when the punctual May arrives,
With cowslip-garland on her brow,
We know what once she gave our lives,
And cannot give us now .

CHURCHYARD ROSES.

THE woodlands wore a gloomy green,
The tawny stubble clad the hill,
And August hung her smoky screen
Above the valleys, hot and still.

No life was in the fields that day ;
My steps were safe from curious eyes
I wandered where, in churchyard clay,
The dust of love and beauty lies.

Around me thrust the nameless graves
Their fatal ridges, side by side,
So green, they seemed but grassy waves,
Yet quiet as the dead they hide.

And o'er each pillow of repose
Some innocent memento grew,
Of pansy, pink, or lowly rose,
Or hyssop, lavender, and rue.

What flower is hers, the maiden bride ?
What sacred plant protects her bed ?
I saw, the greenest mound beside,
A rose of dark and lurid red.

An eye of fierce demoniac stain,
It mocked my calm and chastened
grief ;
I tore it, stung with sudden pain,
And stamped in earth each bloody leaf.

And down upon that trampled grave
In recklessness my body cast :
" Give back the life I could not save,
Or give deliverance from the Past ! "

But something gently touched my cheek,
Caressing while its touch reproved :
A rose, all white and snowy-meek,
It grew upon the dust I loved !

A breeze the holy blossom pressed
Upon my lips : dear Saint, I cried,
Still blooms the white rose, in my breast,
Of Love, that Death has sanctified !

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

I.

WHEN the maple turns to crimson
 And the sassafras to gold ;
 When the gentian 's in the meadow,
 And the aster on the wold ;
 When the noon is lapped in vapor,
 And the night is frosty-cold :

II.

When the chestnut-burs are opened,
 And the acorns drop like hail,
 And the drowsy air is startled
 With the thumping of the flail, —
 With the drumming of the partridge
 And the whistle of the quail :

III.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
 Through the jewels of the year,
 From the yellow uplands calling,
 Seeking her that still is dear :
 She is near me in the autumn,
 She, the beautiful, is near.

IV.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
 When the weary winds are still,
 I can see her in the valley,
 I can hear her on the hill, —
 In the splendor of the woodlands,
 In the whisper of the rill.

V.

For the shores of Earth and Heaven
 Meet, and mingle in the blue :
 She can wander down the glory
 To the places that she knew,
 Where the happy lovers wandered
 In the days when life was true.

VI.

So I think, when days are sweetest,
 And the world is wholly fair,
 She may sometime steal upon me
 Through the dimness of the air,
 With the cross upon her bosom
 And the anaranth in her hair.

VII.

Once to meet her, ah ! to meet her,
 And to hold her gently fast
 Till I blessed her, till she blessed me, —
 That were happiness, at last :
 That were bliss beyond our meetings
 In the autumns of the Past !

IN WINTER.

THE valley stream is frozen,
 The hills are cold and bare,
 And the wild white bees of winter
 Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest :
 Was it ever green in June ?
 Did it burn with gold and crimson
 In the dim autumnal noon ?

I look on the barren meadow :
 Was it ever heaped with hay ?
 Did it hide the grassy cottage
 Where the skylark's children lay ?

I look on the desolate garden :
 Is it true the rose was there ?
 And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
 And the hyacinth's purple hair ?

I look on my heart, and marvel
 If Love were ever its own, —
 If the spring of promise brightened,
 And the summer of passion shone ?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
 And the root survives the blast ?
 Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
 Under the leaves of the Past ?

Ah, yes ! for a thousand Aprils
 The frozen germs shall grow,
 And the dews of a thousand summers,
 Wait in the womb of the snow !

YOUNG LOVE.

WE are not old, we are not cold,
 Our hearts are warm and tender yet,
 Our arms are eager to enfold
 More bounteous love than we have met.

Still many another heart lays bare
 Its secret chamber to our eyes,

Though dim with passion's lurid air,
Or pure as morns of Paradise.

They give the love, whose glory lifts
Desire beyond the realm of sense ;
They make us rich with lavish gifts,
The wealth of noble confidence.

We must be happy, must be proud,
So crowned with human trust and
truth ;

But ah ! the love that first we vowed,
The dear religion of our youth !

Voluptuous bloom and fragrance rare
The summer to its rose may bring ;
Far sweeter to the wooing air
The hidden violet of the spring.

Still, still that lovely ghost appears,
Too fair, too pure, to bid depart ;
No riper love of later years
Can steal its beauty from the heart.

O splendid sun that shone above !
O green magnificence of Earth !
Born once into that land of love,
No life can know a second birth.

Dear, boyish heart, that trembled so
With bashful fear and fond unrest, —
More frightened than a dove, to know
Another bird within its nest !

Sharp thrills of doubt, wild hopes that
came,
Fond words addressed, — each word
a pang :
Then — hearts, baptized in heavenly
flame,
How like the morning stars ye sang !

Love bound ye with his holiest link,
The faith in each that ask no more,
And led ye from the sacred brink
Of mysteries he held in store.

Love led ye, children, from the bowers
Where Strength and Beauty find his
crown :
Ye were not ripe for mortal flowers ;
God's angel brought an amaranth
down.

Our eyes are dim with fruitless tears,
Our eyes are dim, our hearts are sore :
That lost religion of our years
Comes never, never, nevermore !

THE CHAPEL.

LIKE one who leaves the trampled
street

For some cathedral, cool and dim,
Where he can hear in music beat
The heart of prayer, that beats for
him ;

And sees the common light of day,
Through painted panes, transfigured,
shine,

And casts his human woes away,
In presence of the Woe Divine :

So I, from life's tormenting themes
Turn where the silent chapel lies,
Whose windows burn with vanished
dreams,
Whose altar-lights are memories.

There, watched by pitying cherubim,
In sacred hush, I rest awhile,
Till solemn sounds of harp and hymn
Begin to sweep the haunted aisle :

A hymn that once but breathed com-
plaint,
And breathes but resignation now,
Since God has heard the pleading
saint,
And laid His hand upon my brow.

Restored and comforted, I go
To grapple with my tasks again ;
Through silent worship taught to know
The blessed peace that follows pain.

IF LOVE SHOULD COME AGAIN.

If Love should come again, I ask my
heart
In tender tremors, not unmixed with
pain,
Couldst thou be calm, nor feel thine
ancient smart,
If Love should come again ?

Couldst thou unbar the chambers where
his nest
So long was made, and made, alas
in vain,
Nor with embarrassed welcome chill thy
guest,
If Love should come again ?

Would Love his ruined quarters recog-
nize,
Where shrouded pictures of the Past
remain,
And gently turn them with forgiving
eyes,
If Love should come again ?

Would bliss, in milder type, spring up
anew,
As silent craters with the scarlet stain
Of flowers repeat the lava's ancient hue,
If Love should come again ?

Would Fate, relenting, sheathe the cruel
blade
Whereby the angel of thy youth was
slain,
That thou might'st all possess him, un-
afraid,
If Love should come again ?

In vain I ask : my heart makes no reply,
But echoes evermore the sweet re-
frain ;
Till, trembling lest it seem a wish, I sigh :
If Love should come again .

“ The darkness and the twilight have an end,”
Said Ernest, as he laid the book aside,
And, with a tenderness he could not hide,
Smiled, seeing in the eyes of wife and friend
The same soft dew that made his own so dim.
My heart was strangely moved, but not for him.
The holy night, the stars that twinkled faint,
Serfs of the regnant moon, the slumbering trees
And silvery hills, recalled fair memories
Of her I knew, his life's translated saint,
Who seemed too sacred now, too far removed,
To be by him lamented or beloved.
And yet she stood, I knew, by Ernest's side
Invisible, a glory in the heart,
A light of peace, the inner counterpart
Of that which round us poured its radiant tide.

We sat in silence, till a wind, astray
From some uneasy planet, shook the vines
And sprinkled us with snow of eglantines.
The laurels rustled as it passed away,
And, million-tongued, the woodland whisper crept
Of leaves that turned in sleep, from tree to tree
All down the lawn, and once again they slept.
Then Edith from her tender fantasy
Awoke, yet still her pensive posture kept,
Her white hands motionless upon her knee,
Her eyes upon a star that sparkled through
The mesh of leaves, and hummed a wandering air,
(As if the music of her thoughts it were,)
Low, sweet, and sad, until to words it grew
That made it sweeter, — words that Ernest knew :

*Love, I follow, follow thee,
Wipe thine eyes and thou shalt see :
Sorrow makes thee blind to me.*

*I am with thee, blessing, blest ;
Let thy doubts be laid to rest :
Rise, and take me to thy breast !*

*In thy bliss my steps behold :
Stretch thine arms and bliss enfold :
'T is thy sorrow makes me cold*

*Life is good, and life is fair,
Love awaits thee everywhere :
Love ! is Love's immortal prayer.*

*Live for love, and thou shalt be,
Loving others, true to me :
Love, I follow, follow thee !*

Thus Edith sang : the stars heard, and the night,
The happy spirits, leaning from the wall
Of Heaven, the saints, and God above them all,
Heard what she sang. She ceased : her brow was **bright**
With other splendor than the moon's : she rose,
Gave each a hand, and silently we trod
The dry, white gravel and the dewy sod,
And silently we parted for repose.

THIRD EVENING.

For days before, the wild-dove cooed for rain.
The sky had been too bright, the world too fair.
We knew such loveliness could not remain :
We heard its ruin by the flattering air -
Foretold, that o'er the field so sweetly blew,
Yet came, at night, a banshee, moaning through
The chimney's throat, and at the window wailed :
We heard the tree-toad trill his piercing note :
The sound seemed near us, when, on farms remote,
The supper-horn the scattered workmen hailed :
Above the roof the eastward-pointing vane
Stood fixed : and still the wild-dove cooed for rain.

So, when the morning came, and found no fire
Upon her hearth, and wrapped her shivering form
In cloud, and rising winds in many a gyre
Of dust foreran the footsteps of the storm,
And woods grew dark, and flowery meadows chill,
And gray annihilation smote the hill,
I said to Ernest : " 'T was my plan, you see :
Two days to Nature, and the third to me.
For you must stay, perforce : the day is doomed. •
No visitors shall yonder valley find,
Except the spirits of the rain and wind :
Here you must bide, my friends, with me entombed
In this dim crypt, where shelved around us lie
The mummied authors." " Place me, when I die,"
Laughed Ernest, " in as fair a catacomb,
I shall not call posterity unjust,
That leaves my bones in Shakespeare's, Goethe's **home**,
Like king and beggar mixed in Memphian dust.
But you are right : this day we well may give
To you, dear Philip, and to those who stand
Protecting Nature with a jealous hand,
At once her subjects and her haughty lords ;
Since, in the breath of their immortal words
Alone, she first begins to speak and live."

I kn^ow not, if that day of dreary rain
 Was not the happiest of the happy three.
 For Nature gives, but takes away again :
 Sound, odor, color — blossom, cloud, and tree
 Divide and scatter in a thousand rays
 Our individual being : but, in days
 Of gloom, the wandering senses crowding come
 To the close circle of the heart. So we,
 Cosily nestled in the library,
 Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.
 Each window was a picture of the rain :
 Blown by the wind, tormented, wet, and gray,
 Losing itself in cloud, the landscape lay ;
 Or wavered, blurred, behind the streaming pane
 Or, with a sudden struggle, shook away
 Its load, and like a foundering ship arose
 Distinct and dark above the driving spray,
 Until a fiercer onset came, to close
 The hopeless day. The roses writhed about
 Their stakes, the tall laburnums to and fro
 Rocked in the gusts, the flowers were beaten low,
 And from his pygmy house the wren looked out
 With dripping bill : each living creature fled,
 To seek some sheltering cover for its head :
 Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew
 We drew the closer, and the happier grew.

She with her needle, he with pipe and book,
 My guests contented sat : my cheerful dame,
 Intent on household duties, went and came,
 And I unto my childless bosom took
 The little two-year Arthur, Ernest's child,
 A darling boy, to both his parents true, —
 With father's brow, and mother's eyes of blue,
 And the same dimpled beauty when he smiled.
 Ah me ! the father's heart within me woke :
 The child that never was, I seemed to hold :
 The withered tenderness that bloomed of old
 In vain, revived when little Arthur spoke
 Of " Papa Philip ! " and his balmy kiss
 Renewed lost yearnings for a father's bliss.
 And something glittered in the boy's bright hair :
 I kissed him back, but turned away my head
 To hide the pang I would not have thee share,
 Dear wife ! from whom the dearest promise fled.
 God cannot chide so sacred a despair,
 But still I dream that somewhere there must be
 The spirit of a child that waits for me.

And evening fell, and Arthur, rosy-limbed
 And snowy-gowned, in human beauty sweet,
 Came pattering up with little naked feet
 To kiss the good-night cup, that overbrimmed
 With love two fathers and two mothers gave.
 The steady rain against the windows drave,
 And round the house the noises of the night
 Mixed in a lulling music : dry old wood
 Burned on the hearth in leaps of ruddy light,

And on the table purple beakers stood
 Of harmless wine, from grapes that ripened on
 The sunniest hillsides of the smooth Garonne.
 When Arthur slept, and doors were closed, and we
 Sat folded in a sweeter privacy
 Than even the secret-loving moon bestows,
 Spoke Ernest: "Edith, shall I read the rest?"
 She, while the spirit of a happy rose
 Visited her cheeks, consenting smiled, and pressed
 The hand he gave. "With what I now shall read,"
 He added, "Philip, you must be content.
 No further runs my journal, nor, indeed,
 Beyond this chapter is there further need;
 Because the gift of Song was chiefly lent
 To give consoling music for the joys
 We lack, and not for those which we possess:
 I now no longer need that gift, to bless
 My heart, — *your* heart, my Edith, and your boy's!"

Therewith he read: the fingers of the rain
 In light staccatos on the window played,
 Mixed with the flame's contented hum, and made
 Low harmonies to suit the varied strain.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAVE I passed through Death's uncon-
 scious birth,
 In a dream the midnight bare?
 I look on another and fairer Earth:
 I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,
 A spirit of love the plain;
 The shadows are bright, and the sun-
 shine fills
 The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,
 To the dance of a tune unheard:
 Is an angel singing where woods are
 dim,
 Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,
 Deep in the meadows seen,
 Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers
 Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,
 Or an opal taking wing?
 For my soul is dazzled through and
 through,
 With the splendor of the Spring.

Is it she that shines, as never before,
 The tremulous hills above, —

Or the heart within me, awake once more
 To the dawning light of love?

MORNING.

ALONG the east, where late the dark
 impended,
 A dusky gleam is born:
 The watches of the night are ended,
 And heaven foretells the morn!

The hills of home, no longer hurled to-
 gether,
 In one wide blotch of night,
 Lift up their heads through misty ether,
 Distinct in rising light.

Then, after pangs of darkness slowly
 dying,
 O'er the delivered world
 Comes Morn, with every banner flying
 And every sail unfurled!

So long the night, so chill, so blank and
 dreary,
 I thought the sun was dead;
 But yonder burn his beacons cheery
 On peaks of cloudy red:

And yonder fly his scattered golden ar-
 rows,
 And smite the hills with day,

While Night her vain dominion narrows
And westward wheels away.

A sweeter air revives the new creation,
The dews are tears of bliss,
And Earth, in amorous palpitation,
Receives her bridegroom's kiss.

Bathed in the morning, let my heart
surrender

The doubts that darkness gave,
And rise to meet the advancing splendor—
O Night! no more thy slave.

I breathe at last, thy gloomy reign forgetting,

Thy weary watches done,
Thy last pale star behind me setting,
The freedom of the sun!

THE VISION.

I.

SHE came, long absent from my side,
And absent from my dreams, she
came,

The earthly and the heavenly bride,
In maiden beauty glorified:
She looked upon me, angel-eyed:
She called me by my name.

II.

But I, whose heart to meet her sprang
And shook the fragile house of
dreams,

Stood, smitten with a guilty pang:
In other groves and temples rang
The songs that once for her I sang,
By woods and faery streams.

III.

Her eyes had power to lift my head,
And, timorous as a truant child,
I met the sacred light they shed,
The light of heaven around her spread:
She read my face; no word she said:
I only saw she smiled.

IV.

'Caust thou forgive me, Angel mine,'
I cried; "that Love at last beguiled
My heart to build a second shrine?"

Sec, still I kneel and weep at thine,
But I am human, thou divine!"
Still silently she smiled.

V.

"Dost undivided worship claim,
To keep thine altar undefiled?
Or must I bear thy tender blame,
And in thy pardon feel my shame,
Whene'er I breathe another name?"
She looked at me, and smiled.

VI.

"Speak, speak!" and then my tears
came fast,
My troubled heart with doubt grew
wild:
"Will't vex the love, which still thou
hast,
To know that I have peace at last?"
And from my dream the vision passed,
And still, in passing, smiled.

LOVE RETURNED.

I.

HE was a boy when first we met;
His eyes were mixed of dew and fire,
And on his candid brow was set
The sweetness of a chaste desire.
But in his veins the pulses beat
Of passion, waiting for its wing,
As ardent veins of summer heat
Throb through the innocence of
spring.

II.

As manhood came, his stature grew,
And fiercer burned his restless eyes,
Until I trembled, as he drew
From wedded hearts their young dis-
guise.
Like wind-fed flame his ardor rose,
And brought, like flame, a stormy
rain:
In tumult, sweeter than repose,
He tossed the souls of joy and pain

III.

So many years of absence change!
I knew him not when he returned:
His step was slow, his brow was strange,
His quiet eye no longer burned.

When at my heart I heard his knock,
 No voice within his right confessed :
 I could not venture to unlock
 Its chambers to an alien guest.

IV.

Then, at the threshold, spent and worn
 With fruitless travel, down he lay :
 And I beheld the gleams of morn
 On his reviving beauty play.
 I knelt, and kissed his holy lips,
 I washed his feet with pious care ;
 And from my life the long eclipse
 Drew off, and left his sunshine there.

V.

He burns no more with youthful fire ;
 He melts no more in foolish tears ;
 Serene and sweet, his eyes inspire
 The steady faith of balanced years.
 His folded wings no longer thrill,
 But in some peaceful flight of prayer :
 He nestles in my heart so still,
 I scarcely feel his presence there.

VI.

O Love, that stern probation o'er,
 Thy calmer blessing is secure !
 Thy beauteous feet shall stray no more,
 Thy peace and patience shall endure !
 The lightest wind deflowers the rose,
 The rainbow with the sun departs,
 But thou art centred in repose,
 And rooted in my heart of hearts !

A WOMAN.

I.

SHE is a woman : therefore, I a man,
 In so much as I love her. Could I
 more,
 Then I were more a man. Our natures
 ran
 Together, brimming full, not flooding
 o'er
 The banks of life, and evermore will run
 In one full stream until our days are
 done.

II.

She is a woman, but of spirit brave
 To bear the loss of girlhood's giddy
 dreams ;

The regal mistress, not the yielding slave
 Of her ideal, spurning that which
 seems
 For that which is, and, as her fancies
 fall,
 Smiling : the truth of love outweighs
 them all.

III.

She looks through life, and with a
 balance just
 Weighs men and things, beholding as
 they are
 The lives of others : in the common
 dust
 She finds the fragments of the ruined
 star :
 Proud, with a pride all feminine and
 sweet,
 No path can soil the whiteness of her
 feet.

IV.

The steady candor of her gentle eyes
 Strikes dead deceit, laughs vanity
 away ;
 She hath no room for petty jealousies,
 Where Faith and Love divide their
 tender sway.
 Of either sex she owns the nobler part :
 Man's honest brow and woman's faithful
 heart.

V.

She is a woman, who, if Love were guide,
 Would climb to power, or in obscure
 content
 Sit down : accepting fate with change-
 less pride —
 A reed in calm, in storm a staff un-
 bent :
 No pretty plaything, ignorant of life,
 But Man's true mother, and his equal
 wife.

THE COUNT OF GLEICHEN.

I READ that story of the Saxon knight,
 Who, leaving spouse and feudal for-
 tress, made
 The Cross of Christ his guerdon in the
 fight,
 And joined the last Crusade .

Whom, in the chase on Damietta's sands
 Estrayed, the Saracens in ambush
 caught,

And unto Cairo, to the Soldan's hands,
A wretched captive brought :

Whom then the Soldan's child, a damsel
brave,
Saw, pitied, comforted, and made him
free.

And with him flew, herself a willing
slave
In Love's captivity.

I read how he to bless her love was
fain,
To whom his renovated life he owed,
Yet with a pang the towers beheld again
Where still his wife abode :

The wife whom first he loved : would
she not scorn
The second bride he could not choose
but wed,
The second mother to his children, born
In her divided bed ?

Lo ! at his castle's foot the noble dame
With tears of blessing, holy, unde-
filed
By human pain, received him when he
came,
And kissed the Soldan's child !

My tears were on the pages as I read
The touching close : I made the story
mine,
Within whose heart, long plighted to
the dead,
Love built his living shrine.

I too had dared, a captive in the land,
To pay with love the love that broke
my chain :
Would she, who waited, stretch the
pardoning hand,
When I returned again ?

Would she, my freedom and my bliss to
know,
With my disloyalty be reconciled,
And from her bower in Eden look be-
low,
And bless the Soldan's child ?

For she is lost : but she, the later bride,
Who came my ruined fortune to re-
store,
Back from the desert wanders at my
side,
And leads me home once more.

If human love, she sighs, could move a
wife

The holiest sacrifice of love to make,
Then the transfigured angel of thy life
Is happier for thy sake ?

BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now the night is overpast,
And the mist is cleared away :
On my barren life at last
Breaks the bright, reluctant day.

Day of payment for the wrong
I was doomed so long to bear ;
Day of promise, day of song,
Day that makes the future fair !

Let me wake to bliss alone :
Let me bury every fear :
What I prayed for, is my own ;
What was distant, now is near.

For the happy hour that waits
No reproachful shade shall bring,
And I hear forgiving Fates
In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,
For the sweeter song begun :
Leave the blossom for the fruit,
And the rainbow for the sun !

POSSESSION.

I.

"It was our wedding-day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you
say.

If months, or years, or ages since have
passed,

I know not : I have ceased to question
Time.

I only know that once there pealed a
chime

Of joyous bells, and then I held you
fast,

And all stood back, and none my right
denied,

And forth we walked : the world was
free and wide

Before us. Since that day
I count my life : the Past is washed
away.

II.

It was no dream, that vow :
 It was the voice that woke me from a
 dream, —
 A happy dream, I think ; but I am
 waking now,
 And drink the splendor of a sun su-
 preme
 That turns the mist of former tears to
 gold.
 Within these arms I hold
 The fleeting promise, chased so long in
 vain :
 Ah, weary bird ! thou wilt not fly again :
 Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no
 more depart, —
 Thy nest is builded in my heart !

III.

I was the crescent ; thou
 The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
 Held in its bosom : in one glory now
 Our lives united shine, and many a
 year —
 Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we.
 One lustre, ever at the full, shall be :
 One pure and rounded light, one planet
 whole,
 One life developed, one completed soul !
 For I in thee, and thou in me,
 Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

IV.

God knew His chosen time :
 He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
 And from my boughs withheld the
 promised fruit,
 Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
 Secure, O Love ! secure
 Thy blessing is : I have thee day and
 night :
 Thou art become my blood, my life, my
 light :
 God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt
 endure !

UNDER THE MOON.

I.

From you and home I sleep afar,
 Under the light of a lonely star,
 Under the moon that marvels why
 Away from you and home I lie.

Ah ! love no language can declare,
 The hovering warmth, the tender care,
 The yielding, sweet, invisible air
 That clasps your bosom, and fans your
 cheek
 With the breath of words I cannot
 speak, —
 Such love I give, such warmth im-
 part :
 The fragrance of a blossomed heart.

II.

The moon looks in upon my bed,
 Her yearning glory rays my head,
 And round me clings, a lonely light,
 The aureole of the winter night ;
 But in my heart a gentle pain,
 A balmier splendor in my brain,
 Lead me beyond the frosty plane, —
 Lead me afar, to mellowed skies,
 Where under the moon a palace lies ;
 Where under the moon our bed is made,
 Half in splendor and half in shade.

III.

The marble flags of the corridor
 Through open windows meet the floor,
 And Moorish arches in darkness rise
 Against the gleam of the silver skies :
 Beyond, in flakes of starry light,
 A fountain prattles to the night,
 And dusky cypresses, withdrawn
 In silent conclave, stud the lawn ;
 While mystic woodlands, more remote,
 In seas of airy silver float,
 So hung in heaven, the stars that set
 Seem glossy leaves the dew has wet
 On topmost boughs, and sparkling yet.

IV.

In from the terraced garden blows
 The spicy soul of the tuberose,
 As if 't were the odor of strains that
 pour
 From the nightingale's throat as never
 before ;
 For he sings not now of wounding
 thorn,
 He sings as the lark in the golden
 morn, —
 A song of joy, a song of bliss,
 Passionate notes that clasp and kiss,
 Perfect peace and perfect pride,
 Love rewarded and satisfied,
 For I see you, darling, at my side.

v.

I see you, darling, at my side :
 I clasp you closer, in sacred pride.
 I shut my eyes, my senses fail,
 Becalmed by Night's ambrosial gale.
 Softer than dew's the plauets weep,
 Descends a sweeter peace than sleep ;
 All wandering sounds and motions die
 In the silent glory of the sky ;
 But, as the moon goes down the West,
 Your heart, against my happy breast,
 Says in its beating : Love is Rest.

THE MYSTIC SUMMER.

'T is not the dropping of the flower,
 The blush of fruit upon the tree,
 Though summer ripens, hour by hour,
 The garden's sweet maternity :

'T is not that birds have ceased to build,
 And wait their brood with tender care ;
 That corn is golden in the field,
 And clover balm is in the air ; —

Not these the season's splendor bring,
 And crowd with life the happy year,
 Nor yet, where yonder fountains sing,
 The blaze of sunshine, hot and clear.

In thy full womb, O Summer ! lies
 A secret hope, a joy unsung,
 Held in the hush of these calm skies,
 And trembling on the forest's tongue.

The lands of harvest throb anew
 In shining pulses, far away ;
 The Night distils a dearer dew,
 And sweeter eyelids has the Day.

And not in vain the peony burns
 In bursting globes, her crimson fire,
 Her incense-dropping ivory urns
 The lily lifts in many a spire :

And not in vain the tulips clash
 In revelry the cups they hold
 Of fiery wine, until they dash
 With ruby streaks the splendid gold !

Send down your roots the mystic charm
 That warms and flushes all your
 flowers,
 And with the summer's touch disarm
 The thralldom of the under powers,

Until, in caverns, buried deep,
 Strange fragrance reach the dia-
 mond's home,
 And murmurs of the garden sweep
 The houses of the frightened gnome !

For, piercing through their black re-
 pose,
 And shooting up beyond the sun,
 I see that Tree of Life, which rose
 Before the eyes of Solomon :

Its boughs, that, in the light of God,
 Their bright, innumerable leaves dis-
 play, —
 Whose hum of life is borne abroad
 By winds that shake the dead away.

And, trembling on a branch afar,
 The topmost nursling of the skies,
 I see my bud, the fairest star
 The ever dawned for watching eyes.

Unnoticed on the boundless tree,
 Its fragrant promise fills the air ;
 Its little bell expands, for me,
 A tent of silver, lily-fair.

All life to that one centre tends ;
 All joy and beauty thence outflow ;
 Her sweetest gifts the summer spends,
 'To teach that sweeter bud to blow.

So, compassed by the vision's gleam,
 In trembling hope, from day to day,
 As in some bright, bewildering dream,
 The mystic summer wanes away.

THE FATHER.

THE fateful hour, when Death stood
 by
 And stretched his threatening hand in
 vain,
 Is over now, and Life's first cry
 Speaks feeble triumph through its
 pain.

But yesterday, and thee the Earth
 Inscribed not on her mighty scroll :
 To-day she opens the gate of birth,
 And gives the spheres another soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me
 The rising winds of Time had hurled
 To-day, a father, — can it be
 A child of mine is in the world ?

I look upon the little frame,
As helpless on my arm it lies :
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's name,
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand :
His Power and Mystery seem more
near ;
Thou giv'st me honor in the land,
And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride ;
Love sees his star of triumph shine,
For Life nor Death can now divide
The souls that wedded breathe in
thine :

Mine and thy mother's, whence arose
The copy of my face in thee ;
And as thine eyelids first unclose,
My own young eyes look up to me.

Look on me, child, once more, once more,
Even with those weak, unconscious
eyes ;
Stretch the small hands that help in-
plore ;
Salute me with thy wailing cries !

This is the blessing and the prayer
A father's sacred place demands :
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,
And lead me with thy helpless hands !

THE MOTHER.

PALER, and yet a thousand times more
fair
Than in thy girlhood's freshest bloom,
art thou :
A softer sun-flush tints thy golden hair,
A sweeter grace adorns thy gentle
brow.

Lips that shall call thee "mother!" at
thy breast
Feed the young life, wherein thy nature
feels
Its dear fulfilment : little hands are
pressed
On the white fountain Love alone
unseals.

Look down, and let Life's tender day-
break throw
A second radiance on thy ripened
hour :
Retrace thine own forgotten advent
so,
And in the bud behold thy perfect
flower.

Nay, question not : whatever lies be-
yond
God will dispose. Sit thus, Madonna
mine,
For thou art haloed with a love as
fond
As Jewish Mary gave the Child Di-
vine.

I lay my own proud title at thy feet ;
Thine the first, holiest right to love
shalt be :
Though in his heart our wedded pulses
beat,
His sweetest life our darling draws
from thee.

The father in his child beholds this
truth,
His perfect manhood has assumed its
reign :
Thou wear'st anew the roses of thy
youth,—
The mother in her child is born
again.

Thus came the Poet's Journal to an end.
His heart's completed music ceased to flow
From Ernest's lips : the tale I wished to know
Was wholly mine. "I am content, dear friend,"
I said : "to me no voice can be obscure
Wherein your nature speaks : the chords I hear,
Too far and frail to strike a stranger's ear."
With that, I bowed to Edith's forehead pure,
And kissed her with a brother's blameless kiss :
"To you the fortune of these days I owe,
My other Ernest, like him most in this,
That you can hear the cries of ancient woe

With holy pity free from any blame
 Of jealous love, and find your highest bliss
 To know, through you his life's fulfilment came."
 "And through him, mine," the woman's heart replied ;
 For Love's humility is Love's true pride.

"These are your sweetest poems, and your best,"
 To him I said. "I know not," answered he,
 "They are my truest. I have ceased to be
 The ambitious knight of Song, that shook his crest
 In public tilts: the sober hermit I,
 Whose evening songs but few approach to hear, —
 Who, if those few should cease to lend an ear,
 Would sing them to the forest and the sky
 Contented: singing for myself alone.
 No fear that any poet dies unknown,
 Whose songs are written in the hearts that know
 And love him, though their partial verdict show
 The tenderness that moves the critic's blame.
 Those few have power to lift his name above
 Forgetfulness, to grant that noblest fame
 Which sets its trumpet to the lips of Love!"

'Nay, then," said I, "you are already crowned.
 If your ambition in the loving pride
 Of us, your friends, is cheaply satisfied,
 We are those trumpets: do you hear them sound?"
 And Edith smilingly together wound
 Light stems of ivy to a garland fair,
 And pressed it archly on her husband's hair ;
 But he, with earnest voice, though in his eyes
 A happy laughter shone, protesting, said :
 'Respect, dear friends, the Muse's sanctities,
 Nor mock, with wreaths upon a living head,
 The holy laurels of the deathless Dead.
 Crown Love, crown Truth when first her brow appears,
 And crown the Hero when his deeds are done :
 The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one,
 In the slow process of the doubtful years.
 Who seeks too eagerly, he shall not find :
 Who, seeking not, pursues with single mind
 Art's lofty aim, to him will she accord,
 At her appointed time, the sure reward."

The tall cloek, standing sentry in the hall,
 Struck midnight: on the panes no longer beat
 The weary storm: the wind began to fall,
 And through the breaking darkness glimmered, sweet
 With tender stars, the flying gleams of sky.
 "Come, Edith, lend your voice to crown the night,
 And give the new day sunny break," said I :
 She listening first in self-deceiving plight
 Of young maternal trouble, for a cry
 From Arthur's crib, sat down in happy calm,
 And sang to Ernest's heart his own thanksgiving psalm.

*Thou who sendest sun and rain,
 Thou who spendest bliss and pain,*

*Good with bounteous hand bestowing,
Evil for Thy will allowing, —
Though Thy ways we cannot see,
All is just that comes from Thee.*

*In the peace of hearts at rest,
In the child at mother's breast,
In the lives that now surround us,
In the deaths that sorely wound us,
Though we may not understand,
Father, we behold Thy hand !*

*Hear the happy hymn we raise ;
Take the love which is Thy praise ;
Give content in each condition ;
Bend our hearts in sweet submission,
And Thy trusting children prove
Worthy of the Father's love !*

POEMS OF THE ORIENT.

Da der West war durchgekostet,
Hat er nun den Ost entmostet.

RÜCKERT.



PROËM DEDICATORY.

AN EPISTLE FROM MOUNT TMOLUS.

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I.

O FRIEND, were you but couched on Tmolus' side,
In the warm myrtles, in the golden air
Of the declining day, which half lays bare,
Half drapes, the silent mountains and the wide
Embosomed vale, that wanders to the sea ;
And the far sea, with doubtful specks of sail,
And farthest isles, that slumber tranquilly
Beneath the Ionian autumn's violet veil ; —
Were you but with me, little were the need
Of this imperfect artifice of rhyme,
Where the strong Fancy peals a broken chime
And the ripe brain but sheds abortive seed.
But I am solitary, and the curse,
Or blessing, which has clung to me from birth —
The torment and the ecstasy of verse —
Comes up to me from the illustrious earth
Of ancient Tmolus ; and the very stones,
Reverberant, din the mellow air with tones
Which the sweet air remembers ; and they blend
With fainter echoes, which the mountains fling
From far oracular caverns : so, my Friend,
I cannot choose but sing !

II.

Unto mine eye, less plain the shepherds be,
Tending their browsing goats amid the broom,
Or the slow camels, travelling towards the sea,
Laden with bales from Baghdad's gaudy loom,
Or yon nomadic Turcomans, that go
Down from their summer pastures — than the twain
Immortals, who on Tmolus' thymy top
Sang, emulous, the rival strain !
Down the charmed air did light Apollo drop ;
Great Pan ascended from the vales below.
I see them sitting in the silent glow ;
I hear the alternating measures flow

From pipe and golden lyre ; — the melody
 Heard by the Gods between their nectar bowls,
 Or when, from out the chambers of the sea,
 Comes the triumphant Morning, and unrolls
 A pathway for the sun ; then, following swift,
 The dædal harmonies of awful caves
 Cleft in the hills, and forests that uplift
 Their sea-like boom, in answer to the waves,
 With many a lighter strain, that dances o'er
 The wedded reeds, till Echo strives in vain

To follow :

Hark ! once more,
 How floats the God's exultant strain
 In answer to Apollo !

*“ The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicàle above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass
 Are as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.”*

III.

I cannot separate the minstrels' worth ;
 Each is alike transcendent and divine.
 What were the Day, unless it lighted Earth ?
 And what were Earth, should Day forget to shine ?
 But were you here, my Friend, we twain would build
 Two altars, on the mountain's sunward side :
 There Pan should o'er my sacrifice preside,
 And there Apollo your oblation gild.
 He is your God, but mine is shaggy Pan ;
 Yet, as their music no discordance made,
 So shall our offerings side by side be laid,
 And the same wind the rival incense fan.

IV.

You strain your ear to catch the harmonies
 That in some finer region have their birth ;
 I turn, despairing, from the quest of these,
 And seek to learn the native tongue of Earth.
 In “ Fancy's tropic clime ” your castle stands,
 A shining miracle of rarest art ;
 I pitch my tent upon the naked sands,
 And the tall palm, that plumes the orient lands,
 Can with its beauty satisfy my heart.
 You, in your starry trances, breathe the air
 Of lost Elysium, pluck the snowy bells
 Of lotus and Olympian asphodels,
 And bid us their diviner odors share.
 I at the threshold of that world have lain,
 Gazed on its glory, heard the grand acclaim
 Wherewith its trumpets hail the sons of Fame,
 And striven its speech to master — but in vain.

And now I turn, to find a late content
 In Nature, making mine her myriad shows ;
 Better contented with one living rose
 Than all the Gods' ambrosia ; sternly bent
 On wresting from her hand the cup, whence flow
 The flavors of her ruddiest life — the change
 Of climes and races — the unshackled range
 Of all experience ; — that my songs may show
 The warm red blood that beats in hearts of men,
 And those who read them in the festering den
 Of cities, may behold the open sky,
 And hear the rhythm of the winds that blow,
 Instinct with Freedom. Blame me not, that I
 Find in the forms of Earth a deeper joy
 Than in the dreams which lured me as a boy,
 And leave the Heavens, where you are wandering still
 With bright Apollo, to converse with Pan ;
 For, though full soon our courses separate ran,
 We, like the Gods, can meet on 'Tmolus' hill.

v.

There is no jealous rivalry in Song :
 I see your altar on the hill-top shine,
 And mine is built in shadows of the Pine,
 Yet the same worships unto each belong.
 Different the Gods, yet one the sacred awe
 Their presence brings us, one the reverent heart
 Wherewith we honor the immortal law
 Of that high inspiration, which is Art.
 Take, therefore, Friend! these Voices of the Earth,
 The rhythmic records of my life's career,
 Humble, perhaps, yet wanting not the worth
 Of Truth, and to the heart of Nature near.
 Take them, and your acceptance, in the dearth
 Of the world's tardy praise, shall make them dear.

A PÆAN TO THE DAWN.

I.

The dusky sky fades into blue,
 And bluer waters bind us ;
 The stars are glimmering faint and few,
 The night is left behind us !
 Turn not where sinks the sullen dark
 Before the signs of warning,
 But crowd the canvas on our bark
 And sail to meet the morning.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the hues that fill
 The orient, flush and lighten ;
 And over the blue Ionian hill
 The Dawn begins to brighten !

II.

We leave the Night, that weighed so long
 Upon the soul's endeavor,

For Morning, on these hills of Song,
 Has made her home forever.
 Hark to the sound of trump and lyre,
 In the olive-groves before us,
 And the rhythmic beat, the pulse of fire
 Throbs in the full-voice chorus !
 More than Memnonian grandeur speaks
 In the triumph of the pæan,
 And all the glory of the Greeks
 Breathes o'er the old Ægean.

III.

Here shall the ancient Dawn return,
 That lit the earliest poet,
 Whose very ashes in his urn
 Would radiate glory through it, —
 The dawn of Life, when Life was Song,
 And Song the life of Nature,
 And the Singer stood amid the throng, —
 A God in every feature !

When Love was free, and free as air
 The utterance of Passion,
 And the heart in every fold lay bare,
 Nor shamed its true expression.

IV.

Then perfect limb and perfect face
 Surpassed our best ideal ;
 Unconscious Nature's law was grace, —
 The Beautiful was real.
 For men acknowledged true desires,
 And light as garlands wore them ;
 They were begot by vigorous sires,
 And noble mothers bore them.
 Oh, when the shapes of Art they planned
 Were living forms of passion,
 Impulse and Deed went hand in hand,
 And Life was more than Fashion !

V.

The seeds of Song they scattered first
 Flower in all later pages ;
 Their forms have woke the Artist's
 thirst
 Through the succeeding ages :
 But I will seek the fountain-head
 Whence flowed their inspiration,
 And lead the unshackled life they led,
 Accordant with Creation.
 The World's false life, that follows
 still,
 Has ceased its chain to tighten,
 And over the blue Ionian hill
 I see the sunrise brighten !

THE POET IN THE EAST.

THE Poet came to the Land of the
 East,
 When spring was in the air :
 The Earth was dressed for a wedding
 feast,
 So young she seemed, and fair ;
 And the Poet knew the Land of the
 East, —
 His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
 Of early and precious dreams, —
 Familiar visions that mocked his quest
 Beside the Western streams,
 Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds,
 unrolled
 In the sunset's dying beams.

He looked above in the cloudless calm,
 And the Sun sat on his throne ;
 The breath of gardens, deep in balm,
 Was all about him blown,
 And a brother to him was the princely
 Palm,
 For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
 And the flowers their welcome shed ;
 The meads of milk-white asphodel
 They knew the Poet's tread,
 And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
 The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
 The Rose sat in her bower,
 With a passionate thrill in her crimson
 heart —
 She had waited for the hour !
 And, like a bride's, the Poet kissed
 The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale, who sat above
 In the boughs of the citron-tree,
 Sang : We are no rivals, brother mine,
 Except in minstrelsy ;
 For the rose you kissed with the kiss of
 love,
 She is faithful still to me.

And further sang the Nightingale :
 Your bower not distant lies.
 I heard the sound of a Persian lute
 From the jasmimed window rise,
 And, twin-bright stars, through the lat-
 tice-bars,
 I saw the Sultana's eyes.

The Poet said : I will here abide,
 In the Sun's unclouded door ;
 Here are the wells of all delight
 On the lost Arcadian shore :
 Here is the light on sea and land,
 And the dream deceives no more.

THE TEMPTATION OF HASSAN
 BEN KHALED.

I.

HASSAN BEN KHALED, singing in the
 streets
 Of Cairo, sang these verses at my door :
 " Blessed is he, who God and Prophet
 greets
 Each morn with prayer ; but he is blest
 much more

Whose conduct is his prayer's inter-
preter.

Sweeter than musk, and pleasanter than
myrrh,

Richer than rubies, shall his portion be,
When God bids Azrael, 'Bring him
unto me!'

But woe to him whose life casts dirt
upon

The Prophet's word! When all his
days are done,

Him shall the Evil Angel trample down
Out of the sight of God." Thus, with
a frown

Of the severest virtue, Hassan sang
Unto the people, till the markets rang.

II.

But two days after this, he came again
And sang, and I remarked an altered
strain.

Before my shop he stood, with forehead
bent

Like one whose sin hath made him
penitent, —

In whom the pride, that like a stately
reed

Lifted his head, is broken. "Blest in-
deed,"

(These were his words,) "is he who
never fell,

But blest much more, who from the
verge of Hell

Climbs up to Paradise: for Sin is sweet;
Strong is Temptation; willing are the
feet

That follow Pleasure, manifold her
snares,

And pitfalls lurk beneath our very
prayers:

Yet God, the Clement, the Compas-
sionate,

In pity of our weakness keeps the gate
Of Pardon open, scorning not to wait

Till the last moment, when His mercy
flings

Splendor from the shade of Azrael's
wings."

"Wherefore, O Poet!" I to Hassan said,
"This altered measure? Wherefore

hang your head,
O Hassan! whom the pride of virtue
gives

The right to face the holiest man that
lives?

Enter, I pray thee: this poor house will
be

Honored henceforth, if it may shelter
thee."

Hassan Ben Khaled lifted up his eyes
To mine, a moment: then, in cheerful
guise,

He passed my threshold with unslip-
pered feet.

III.

I led him from the noises of the street
To the cool inner chambers, where my
slave

Poured out the pitcher's rosy-scented
wave

Over his hands, and laid upon his knee
The napkin, silver-fringed: and when
the pipe

Exhaled a grateful odor from the ripe
Latakian leaves, said Hassan unto me:

"Listen, O Man! no man can truly say
That he hath wisdom. What I sang
to-day

Was not less truth than what I sang be-
fore,

But to Truth's house there is a single
door,

Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his
breast,

And knows their strength or weakness
through his own.

The holy pride, that never was o'er-
thrown,

Was never tempted, and its words of
blame

Reach but the dull ears of the multi-
tude:

The admonitions, fruitful unto good,
Come from the voice of him who con-
quers shame."

IV.

"Give me, O Poet! (if thy friend may
be

Worthy such confidence,)" I said, "the
key

Unto thy words, that I may share with
thee

Thine added wisdom." Hassan's kindly
eye

Before his lips unclosed, spake will-
ingly,

And he began: "But two days since, I
went

Singing what thou didst hear, with sou-
intent

On my own virtue, all the markets
 through;
 And when about the time of prayer, I
 drew
 Near the Gate of Victory, behold!
 There came a man, whose turban
 fringed with gold
 And golden cimeter, bespake his wealth:
 'May God prolong thy days, O Hassan!
 Health
 And Fortune be thy wisdom's aids!' he
 cried;
 'Come to my garden by the river's side,
 Where other poets wait thee. Be my
 guest,
 For even the Prophets had their times
 of rest,
 And Rest, that strengthens unto virtu-
 ous deeds,
 Is one with Prayer.' Two royal-blooded
 steeds,
 Held by his grooms, were waiting at
 the gate,
 And though I shrank from such un-
 wanted state
 The master's words were manna to my
 pride,
 And, mounting straightway, forth we
 twain did ride
 Unto the garden by the river's side.

V.

"Never till then had I beheld such
 bloom.
 The west-wind sent its heralds of per-
 fume
 To bid us welcome, midway on the road.
 Full in the sun the marble portal glowed
 Like silver, but within the garden wall
 No ray of sunshine found a place to
 fall,
 So thick the crowning foliage of the
 trees,
 Roofing the walks with twilight; and
 the air
 Under their tops was greener than the
 seas,
 And cool as they. The forms that
 wandered there
 Resembled those who populate the floor
 Of Ocean, and the royal lineage own
 That gave a Princess unto Persia's
 throne.
 All fruits the trees of this fair garden
 bore,
 Whose balmy fragrance lured the
 tongue to taste

Their flavors: there bananas flung to
 waste
 Their golden flagons with thick honey
 filled;
 From splintered cups the ripe pome-
 granates spilled
 A shower of rubies; oranges that glow
 Like globes of fire, enclosed a heart of
 snow
 Which thawed not in their flame; like
 balls of gold
 The peaches seemed, that had in blood
 been rolled;
 Pure saffron mixed with clearest amber
 stained
 The apricots; bunches of amethyst
 And sapphire seemed the grapes, so
 newly kissed
 That still the mist of Beauty's breath
 remained;
 And where the lotus slowly swung in
 air
 Her snowy-bosomed chalice, rosy-veined,
 The golden fruit swung softly-cradled
 there,
 Even as a bell upon the bosom swings
 Of some fair dancer,—happy bell, that
 sings
 For joy, its golden tinkle keeping time
 To the heart's beating and the cymbal's
 chime!
 There dates of agate and of jasper lay,
 Dropped from the bounty of the preg-
 nant palm,
 And all ambrosial trees, all fruits of
 balm,
 All flowers of precious odors, made the
 day
 Sweet as a morn of Paradise. My
 breath
 Failed with the rapture, and with doubt-
 ful mind
 I turned to where the garden's lord re-
 clined,
 And asked, 'Was not that gate the Gate
 of Death?'

VI.

"The guests were near a fountain. As
 I came
 They rose in welcome, wedding to my
 name
 Titles of honor, linked in choicest phrase,
 For Poets' ears are ever quick to Praise,
 'The 'Open Sesamè!' whose magic art
 Forces the guarded entrance of the heart.
 Young men were they, whose manly
 beauty made

Their words the sweeter, and their
 speech displayed
 Knowledge of men, and of the Prophet's
 laws.
 Pleasant our converse was, where every
 pause
 Gave to the fountain leave to sing its
 song,
 Suggesting further speech; until, ere-
 long,
 There came a troop of swarthy slaves,
 who bore
 Ewers and pitchers all of silver ore,
 Wherein we washed our hands; then,
 tables placed,
 And brought us meats of every sumptu-
 ous taste
 That makes the blood rich, — pheasants
 stuffed with spice;
 Young lambs, whose entrails were of
 cloves and rice;
 Ducks bursting with pistachio nuts, and
 fish
 That in a bed of parsley swam. Each
 dish,
 Cooked with such art, seemed better
 than the last,
 And our indulgence in the rich repast
 Brought on the darkness ere we missed
 the day:
 But lamps were lighted in the fountain's
 spray,
 Or, pendent from the boughs, their col-
 ors told
 What fruits unseen, of crimson or of
 gold,
 Scented the gloom. Then took the gen-
 erous host
 A basket filled with roses. Every guest
 Cried, 'Give me roses!' and he thus ad-
 dressed
 His words to all: 'He who exalts them
 most
 In song, he only shall the roses wear.'
 Then sang a guest: 'The rose's cheeks
 are fair;
 It crowns the purple bowl, and no one
 knows
 If the rose colors it, or it the rose.'
 And sang another: 'Crimson is its
 hue,
 And on its breast the morning's crystal
 dew
 Is changed to rubies.' Then a third re-
 plied:
 'It blushes in the sun's enamored sight,
 As a young virgin on her wedding
 night,

When from her face the bridegroom lifts
 the veil.'
 When all had sung their songs, I, Has-
 san, tried.
 'The Rose,' I sang, 'is either red or
 pale,
 Like maidens whom the flame of passion
 burns,
 And Love or Jealousy controls, by
 turns.
 Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss;
 Its open flowers are like the blush of
 bli-s
 On lovers' cheeks; the thorns its armor
 are,
 And in its centre shines a golden star,
 As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows;
 And thus the garden's favorite is the
 Rose.'

VII.

"The master from his open basket shook
 The roses on my head. The others took
 Their silver cups, and filling them with
 wine,
 Cried, 'Pledge our singing, Hassan, as
 we thine!'"
 But I exclaimed, 'What is it I have
 heard?
 Wine is forbidden by the Prophet's
 word:
 Surely, O Friends! ye would not light-
 ly break
 The laws which bring ye blessing?'
 Then they spake:
 'O Poet, learn thou that the law was
 made
 For men, and not for poets. Turn thine
 eye
 Within, and read the nature there dis-
 played;
 The gifts thou hast doth Allah's grace
 decay
 To common men; they lift thee o'er
 the rules
 The Prophet fixed for sinners and for
 fools.
 The vine is Nature's poet: from his
 bloom
 The air goes reeling, tipsy with per-
 fume,
 And when the sun is warm within his
 blood
 It mounts and sparkles in a crimson
 flood;
 Rich with dumb songs he speaks not, till
 they find
 Interpretation in the Poet's mind.

If Wine be evil, Song is evil too ;
 Then cease thy singing, lest it bring
 thee sin ;
 But wouldst thou know the strains which
 Hafiz knew,
 Drink as he drank, and thus the secret
 win.
 They clasped my glowing hands ; they
 held the bowl
 Up to my lips, till, losing all control
 Of the fierce thirst, which at my scrup-
 les laughed,
 I drained the goblet at a single draught.
 It ran through every limb like fluid fire :
 ' More, O my Friends ! ' I cried, the new
 desire
 Raging within me : ' this is life indeed !
 From blood like this is coined the nobler
 seed
 Whence poets are begotten. Drink
 again,
 And give us music of a tender strain,
 Linking your inspiration unto mine,
 For music hovers on the lips of Wine ! '

VIII.

“ ‘ Music ! ’ they shouted, echoing my
 demand,
 And answered with a beckon of his
 hand
 The gracious host, whereat a maiden,
 fair
 As the last star that leaves the morning
 air,
 Came down the leafy paths. Her veil
 revealed
 The beauty of her face, which, half con-
 cealed
 Behind its thin blue folds, showed like
 the moon
 Behind a cloud that will forsake it soon.
 Her hair was braided darkness, but the
 glance
 Of lightning eyes shot from her counte-
 nance,
 And showed her neck, that like an ivory
 tower
 Rose o'er the twin domes of her marble
 breast.
 Were all the beauty of this age com-
 pressed
 Into one form, she would transcend its
 power.
 Her step was lighter than the young
 gazelle's,
 And as she walked, her anklet's golden
 bells

Tinkled with pleasure, but were quickly
 mute
 With jealousy, as from a case she drew
 With snowy hands the pieces of her
 lute,
 And took her seat before me. As it
 grew
 To perfect shape, her lovely arms she
 bent
 Around the neck of the sweet instru-
 ment,
 Till from her soft caresses it awoke
 To consciousness, and thus its rapture
 spoke :
 ' I was a tree within an Indian vale,
 When first I heard the love-sick night-
 ingale
 Declare his passion : every leaf was
 stirred
 With the melodious sorrow of the bird,
 And when he ceased, the song remained
 with me.
 Men came anon, and felled the harmless
 tree,
 But from the memory of the songs I
 heard,
 The spoiler saved me from the destiny
 Whereby my brethren perished. O'er
 the sea
 I came, and from its loud, tumultuous
 moan
 I caught a soft and solemn undertone ;
 And when I grew beneath the maker's
 hand
 To what thou seest, he sang (the while
 he planned)
 The mirthful measures of a careless
 heart,
 And of my soul his songs became a
 part.
 Now they have laid my head upon a
 breast
 Whiter than marble, I am wholly blest.
 The fair hands smite me, and my strings
 complain
 With such melodious cries, they smite
 again,
 Until, with passion and with sorrow
 swayed,
 My torment moves the bosom of the
 maid,
 Who hears it speak her own. I am the
 voice
 Whereby the lovers languish or rejoice ;
 And they caress me, knowing that my
 strain
 Alone can speak the language of their
 pain.'

IX.

'Here ceased the fingers of the maid
to stray
Over the strings; the sweet song died
away
In mellow, drowsy murmurs, and the
lute
Leaned on her fairest bosom, and was
mute.
Better than wine that music was to me:
Not the lute only felt her hands, but
she
Played on my heart-strings, till the
sounds became
Incarnate in the pulses of my frame.
Speech left my tongue, and in my tears
alone
Found utterance. With stretched arms
I implored
Continuance, whereat her fingers poured
A tenderer music, answering the tone
Her parted lips released, the while her
throat
Throbbled, as a heavenly bird were flut-
tering there,
And gave her voice the wonder of his
note.
'His brow,' she sang, 'is white beneath
his hair;
The fertile beard is soft upon his chin,
Shading the mouth that nestles warm
within,
As a rose nestles in its leaves; I see
His eyes, but cannot tell what hue they
be,
For the sharp eyelash, like a sabre,
speaks
The martial law of Passion; in his
cheeks
The quick blood mounts, and then as
quickly goes,
Leaving a tint like marble when a rose
Is held inside it: — bid him veil his eyes,
Lest all my soul should unto mine arise,
And he behold it!' As she sang, her
glance
Dwelt on my face; her beauty, like a
lance,
Transfixed my heart. I melted into
sighs,
Slain by the arrows of her beauteous
eyes.
'Why is her bosom made' (I cried) 'a
snare?
Why does a single ringlet of her hair
Hold my heart captive?' 'Would you
know?' she said;

'It is that you are mad with love, and
chains
Were made for madmen.' Then she
raised her head
With answering love, that led to other
strains,
Until the lute, which shared with her
the smart,
Rocked as in storm upon her beating
heart.
Thus to its wires she made impassioned
cries:
'I swear it by the brightness of his eyes;
I swear it by the darkness of his hair;
By the warm bloom his limbs and bosom
wear;
By the fresh pearls his rosy lips enclose;
By the calm majesty of his repose;
By smiles I coveted, and frowns I feared,
And by the shooting myrtles of his
beard, —
I swear it, that from him the morning
drew
Its freshness, and the moon her silvery
hue,
The sun his brightness, and the stars
their fire,
And musk and camphor all their odor-
ous breath:
And if he answer not my love's desire,
Day will be night to me, and Life be
Death!'

X.

"Scarce had she ceased, when, over
come, I fell
Upon her bosom, where the lute no more
That night was cradled; song was sil-
enced well
With kisses, each one sweeter than be-
fore,
Until their fiery dew so long was
quaffed,
I drank delirium in the infectious
draught.
The guests departed, but the sounds
they made
I heard not; in the fountain-haunted
shade
The lamps burned out; the moon rode
far above,
But the trees chased her from our nest
of love.
Dizzy with passion, in mine ears the
blood
Tingled and hummed in a tumultuous
flood,
Until from deep to deep I seemed to fall,

Like him, who from El Sirat's hair-
drawn wall
Plunges to cruel's guils. In broken
gleams
Glimmered the things I saw, so mixed
with dreams
The vain confusion blinded every sense,
And knowledge left me. Then a sleep
intense
Fell on my brain, and held me as the
dead,
Until a sudden tumult smote my head,
And a strong glare, as when a torch is
hurled
Before a sleeper's eyes, brought back
the world.

XI.

"Most wonderful! The fountain and
the trees
Had disappeared, and in the place of
these
I saw the well-known Gate of Victory.
The sun was high; the people looked at
me,
And marvelled that a sleeper should be
there
On the hot pavement, for the second
prayer
Was called from all the minarets. I
passed
My hand across my eyes, and found at
last
What man I was. Then straightway
through my heart
There rang a double pang,—the bitter
smart
Of evil knowledge, and the unhealthy
lust
Of sinful pleasure; and I threw the
dust
Upon my head, the burial of my pride,—
The ashen soil, wherein I plant the tree
Of Penitence. The people saw, and
cried,
'May God reward thee, Hassan! Truly,
thou,
Whom men have honored, addest to thy
brow
The crowning lustre of Humility :
As thou abasest, God exalteth thee !'
Which when I heard, I shed such tears
of shame
As might erase the record of my blame,
And from that time I have not dared to
curse
The unrighteous, since the man who
seemeth worse

Than I, may praver be; for, when I fell
Temptation reached a loftier pinnacle.
Therefore, O Man! be Charity thy aim:
Praise cannot harm, but weigh thy words
of blame.
Distrust the Virtue that itself exalts,
But turn to that which doth avow its
faults,
And from Repentance plucks a whole-
some fruit.
Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attri-
bute."

XII.

"The tale, O Poet! which thy lips have
told,"
I said, "is words of rubies set in gold.
Precious the wisdom which from evil
draws
Strength to fulfil the good, of Allah's
laws.
But lift thy head, O Hassan! Thine
own words
Shall best console thee, for my tongue
affords
No phrase but thanks for what thou
hast bestowed;
And yet I fain would have thee shake
the load
Of shame from off thy shoulders, seeing
still
That by this fall thou hast increased thy
will
To do the work which makes thee truly
blest."
Hassan Ben Khaled wept and smote his
breast :
"Hold! hold, O Man!" he cried : "why
make me feel
A deeper shame! Why force me to
reveal
That Sin is as the leprous taint no art
Can cleanse the blood from? In my
secret heart
I do believe I hold at dearer cost
The vanished Pleasure, than the Virtue
lost."

So saying, he arose and went his way ;
And Allah grant he go no more astray.

SHEKH AHNAF'S LETTER
FROM BAGHDAD.

IN Allah's name, the Ever Merciful,
The Most Compassionate! To thee, my
friend,

Ben-Arif, peace and blessing! May this
 scroll,
 A favored herald, tell thee in Tangier
 That Ahnaf follows soon, if Allah wills!
 Yes, after that last day at Arafât
 Whereof I wrote thee, — after weary
 moons,
 Delayed among the treacherous Waha-
 bees, —
 The long, sweet rest beneath Derreych's
 palms,
 That cooled my body for the burning
 bath
 Of naked valleys in the hither waste
 Beside Euphrates, — now behold me
 here
 In Baghdad! Here, and drinking from
 the well
 Whose first pure waters fertilized the
 West!

I, as thou knowest, with both my hands
 took hold
 Of Law and of Tradition, so to lift
 To knowledge and obedience my soul.
 Severe was I accounted — but my
 strength
 Was likewise known of all men; and I
 craved
 The sterner discipline which Islam first
 Endured, and knit the sinews of our race.
 What says the Law? — "Who changes
 or perverts,
 Conceals, rejects, or holds of small ac-
 count,
 Though it were but the slightest seem-
 ing word,
 Hath *all* concealed, perverted, slighted!"
 This,
 Thou knowest, I held, and hold. Here,
 I hoped,
 The rigid test should gladden limbs pre-
 pared
 To bend, accept, and then triumphant
 rise.
 Even as the weak of faith rejoice to
 find
 Some lax interpretation, I rejoiced
 In foretaste of the sure severity.
 As near I drew, across the sandy flats,
 Above the palms the yellow minaret
 Wrote on the sky my welcome: "Ahnaf,
 hail!
 Here, in the city of the Abbasid,
 Set thou thine evening by its morning
 star
 Of Faith, and bind the equal East and
 West!"

Ah me, Ben-Arif! how shall pen of
 mine
 Set forth the perturbation of the soul?
 To doubt were death; not hope, were
 much the same
 As not believe — but Allah tries my
 strength
 With tests far other than *ezzerest* law.
 When I had bathed, and then had
 cleansed with prayer
 My worn and dusty soul, (so, doubly pure,
 Pronounced the *jûthah* as 't is heard in
 Heaven),
 I sought the court-yard of Almansour's
 mosque,
 Where, after *asser*, creeping shadows cool
 The marble, and the shekhs in com-
 merce grave
 Keep fresh the ancient wisdom. Me
 they gave
 Reception kindly, though perchance I
 felt —
 Or fancied, only — lack of special
 warmth
 For vows accomplished and my pilgrim
 zeal.
 "Where is Tangier?" said one; whereat
 the rest
 With most indifferent knowledge did
 discuss
 The problem — none, had they but
 questioned me! —
 Then snatched again the theme they
 half let drop,
 And in their heat forgot me.

I, abashed,
 Sat listening: vainly did I prick mine
 ears.
 I knew the words, indeed, but missed
 therein
 The wonted sense: they stripped our
 Holy Book
 Of every verse which not contains the
 Law, —
 Spake Justice and Forgiveness, Peace
 and Love,
 Nor once the duties of the right hand
 fixed,
 Nor service of the left: the nature they
 Of Allah glorified, and not His names:
 Of customs and observances no word
 Their lips let fall: and I distinguished
 not.
 Save by their turbans, that they other
 were
 Than Jews, or Christians, or the Pagans
 damned.

Methought I dreamed and in my mind
withdrawn

At last heard only the commingling clash
Of voices near me, and the songs outside
Of boatmen on the Tigris. Then a hand
Came on my shoulder, and the oldest
shekh,

White-bearded Hatem, spake: "O Ahnaf!
thou

Art here a stranger, and it scarce be-
seems

That we should speak of weighty mat-
ters thus

To uninstructed ears — the less, to
thine,

Which, filled so long with idle sand, re-
quire

The fresh delight of sympathetic speech
That cools like yonder fountain, and
makes glad.

Nor wouldst thou hear, perchance, nor
could we give

An easy phrase as key to what so long
Hath here been forged: but come to-
night with me

Where this shall be applied, and more,
to bring

Islam a better triumph than the sword
Of Ali gave; for that but slew the foe,
This maketh him a friend."

I, glad at heart
To know my hope not false, yet won-
dering much,

Gave eager promise, and at nightfall
went

With Hatem to the college of a sect
We know not in the West — nor is there
need:

An ancient hall beneath a vaulted dome,
With hanging lamps well lit, and cush-
ioned seats

Where sat a grave and motley multi-
tude.

When they beheld my guide, they all
arose,

And "Peace be with thee, Hatem!"
greeting, cried.

Ha, whispering to me: "O Ahnaf, sit
And hear, be patient, wonder if thou
wilt,

But keep thy questions sagely to the end,
When I shall seek thee" — to a dais
passed,

And sat him down. And all were silent
there

In decent order, or in whispers spoke;
But great my marvel was when I beheld

Parsee and Jew and Christian — yea,
the race

Of Boodh and Brahma — with the Faith-
ful mixed

As if were no defilement! Lo! they
rose

Again, with equal honor to salute
The Rabbi Daood, Jewest of the Jews, —
And even so, for an Armenian priest!

Yet both some elder prophets share with
us,

And it might pass: but twice again
they rose, —

Once for a Parsee, tinged like smoky
milk,

His hat a leaning tower, — and once, a
dark,

Grave man, with turban thinner than a
wheel,

A wafer on his forehead (Satan's
sign!) —

A worshipper of Ganges and the cow!
These made my knees to smite: yet
Hatem stood

And gave his hand, and they beside him
sat.

Then one by one made speech; and
what the first,

The shrill-tongued Rabbi, claimed as
rule for all,

That they accepted. "Forasmuch"
(said he)

"As either of our sects hath special lore
Which not concerns the others — special
signs

And marvels which the others must re-
ject,

However holy and attested deemed,
Set we all such aside, and hold our
minds

Alone to that which in our creeds hath
power

To move, enlighten, strengthen, pu-
rify, —

The God behind the veil of miracles!
So speak we to the common brain of
each

And to the common heart; for what of
Truth

Grows one with life, is manifest to all,
Or Jew, or Moslem, or whatever name,
And none deny it: test we then how
much

This creed or that hath power to shape
true lives."

All there these words applauded: Ha-
tem most,

Who spake: "My acquiescence lies
 therein,
 That on thy truth, O Jew! I build the
 claim
 Of him, our Prophet, to authority."
 'Then some one near me, jeering, said:
 "Well done!
 He gives up Gabriel and the Beast
 Borak!"
 "Yea, but" — another answered —
 "must the Jew
 Not also lose his Pharaohs and his
 plagues,
 His rams'-horns and his Joshua and the
 sun?"
 "For once the Christians," whispered
 back a Jew,
 "Must cease to turn their water into
 wine,
 Or feed the multitude with five small
 loaves
 And two small fishes." Thus the peo-
 ple talked;
 While I, as one that in a dream appears
 To eat the flesh of swine, and cannot
 help
 The loathsome dream, awaited what
 should come.

To me it seemed — and doubtless to the
 rest,
 Though heretics and pagans — as the
 chiefs
 Who there disputed were both maimed
 and bound,
 So little dared they offer, shorn and
 lopped
 Of all their vigor, false as well as true.
 Was it of Islam that Shekh Hatem
 spake,
 With ringing tongue and fiery words
 that forced
 Unwilling tears from Pagan and from
 Jew,
 And cries of "*Allah Akbar!*" from his
 own?
 Forsooth, I know not: he was Islam's
 chief.
 How dared he nod his head and smile,
 to hear
 'The Jew declare his faith in God the
 Lord,
 The Christian preach of love and sacri-
 fice,
 The Parsee and the Hindoo recognize
 The gifts of charity and temperance,
 And peace and purity? If this be so,
 And heretic and pagan crowd with us

The gates of Allah's perfect Paradise,
 Why hath He sent His Prophet? Nay,
 — I write
 In anger, not in doubt: nor need I here
 To thee, Ben-Arif, faithful man and
 wise,
 Portray the features of my shame and
 grief.

Ere all had fully spoken, I, confused, —
 Hearing no word of washing or of prayer,
 Of cross, or ark, or fire, or symbol else
 Idolatrous, obscene, — could only say
 What creed was glorified before the
 crowd,
 By garb and accent of the chief who
 spake:
 And scarcely then; for oft, as one set
 forth
 His holiest duties, all, as with one voice,
 Exclaimed: "But also these are mine!"
 The strife
 Was then, how potent were they, how
 observed, —
 Made manifest in life? One cannot say
 That such are needless, but their sacred
 stamp
 Comes from observance of all forms of
 law,
 Which here — the strength of Islam —
 was suppressed.
 Their wrangling — scarcely could it so
 be called! —
 Was o'er the husks: the kernel of the
 creed
 They first picked out, and flung it to
 the winds.

I, pierced on every side with sorest
 stings,
 Waited uncasily the end delayed,
 When Hatem spake once more: his eye
 was bright,
 And the long beard that o'er his girdle
 rolled
 Shook as in storm. "Now, God be
 praised!" he cried:
 "God ever merciful, compassionate,
 Hath many children; these have many
 tongues:
 But of one blood are they, one truth
 they seek,
 One law of Love and Justice fits them
 all.
 And they have many Prophets: may it
 be,
 Though not of like commission, in so
 far

As they declare His truth, they speak
for Him!

Go past their histories: accept their
souls,

And whatsoever of perfect and of pure
Is breathed from each, in each and all
the same,

Confirms the others' office and its own!
Here is the centre of the moving
wheel, —

The point of rest, wherefrom the sepa-
rate creeds

Build out their spokes, that seem to
chase and flee,

Revolving in the marches of His Day!
If one be weak, destroy it: if it bear
Unstrained His glory of Eternal Truth,
And firmer fibre from the ages gain,
Behold, at last it shall replace the rest!
Even as He wills! The bright solution
grows

Nearer and clearer with the whirling
years:

Till finally the use of outward signs
Shall be outworn, the crumbling walls
thrown down,

And one Religion shall make glad the
world!"

More I could not endure: I did not
wait

For Hatem's coming, as he promised
me;

Yet — ere amid the crowds I could
escape —

I saw the Rabbi and the Christian priest
Fall on his neck with weeping. With
a groan,

A horrid sense of smothering in my
throat,

And words I will not write, I gained
the air,

And saw, O Prophet! how thy Cres-
cent shone

Above the feathery palm-tops, and the
dome

Of Haroun's tomb upon the Tigris'
bank.

And this is Baghdad! — Eblis, rather
say! —

O fallen city of the Abbasid,
Where Islam is defiled, and by its
sons!

Prepare, Ben-Arif, to receive thy friend,
Who with the coming moon shall west-
ward turn

To keep his faith undarkened in Tan-
gier!

EL KHALIL.

I AM no chieftain, fit to lead
Where spears are hurled and warriors
bleed;

No poet, in my chanted rhyme
To rouse the ghosts of ancient time;
No magian, with a subtle ken
To rule the thoughts of other men;
Yet far as sounds the Arab tongue
My name is known to old and young.

My form has lost its pliant grace,
There is no beauty in my face,
There is no cunning in my arm,
The Children of the Sun to charm;
Yet, where I go, my people's eyes
Are lighted with a glad surprise,
And in each tent a couch is free,
And by each fire a place, for me.

They watch me from the palms, and
some

Proclaim my coming ere I come.
The children lift my hand to meet
The homage of their kisses sweet;
With manly warmth the men embrace,
The veiled maidens seek my face,
And eyes, fresh kindled from the heart
Keep loving watch when I depart.

On God, the Merciful, I call,
To shed His blessing over all:
I praise His name, for He is Great,
And Loving, and Compassionate;
And for the gift of love I give —
The breath of life whereby I live —
He gives me back, in overflow,
His children's love, where'er I go.

Deep sunk in sin the man must be
That has no friendly word for me.
I pass through tribes whose trade is
death,

And not a sabre quits the sheath;
For strong, and cruel as they prove,
The sons of men are weak to Love.
The humblest gifts to them I bring;
Yet in their hearts I rule, a king.

SONG.

DAUGHTER of Egypt, veil thine eyes!
I cannot bear their fire;
Nor will I touch with sacrifice
Those altars of Desire.

For they are flames that shun the day,
And their unholy light
Is fed from natures gone astray
In passion and in night.

The stars of Beauty and of Sin,
They burn amid the dark,
Like beacons that to ruin win
The fascinated bark.
Then veil their glow, lest I forswear
Thy hopes thou canst not crown,
And in the black waves of thy hair
My struggling manhood drown !

AMRAN'S WOOING.

I.

You ask, O Frank ! how Love is born
Within these glowing climes of Morn,
Where envious veils conceal the charms
That tempt a Western lover's arms,
And how, without a voice or sound,
From heart to heart the path is found,
Since on the eye alone is flung
The burden of the silent tongue.
You hearken with a doubtful smile
Whene'er the wandering bards beguile
Our evening indolence with strains
Whose words gush molten through our
veins, —

The songs of Love, but half confessed,
Where Passion sobs on Sorrow's breast,
And mighty longings, tender fears,
Steep the strong heart in fire and tears.
The source of each accordant strain
Lies deeper than the Poet's brain.

First from the people's heart must spring
The passions which he learns to sing ;
They are the wind, the harp is he,
To voice their fitful melody, —
The language of their varying fate,
Their pride, grief, love, ambition,
hate, —

The talisman which holds inwrought
The touchstone of the listener's thought ;
That penetrates each vain disguise,
And brings his secret to his eyes.

For, like a solitary bird
That hides among the boughs unheard
Until some mate, whose carol breaks,
Its own betraying song awakes,
So, to its echo in those lays,
The ardent heart itself betrays.
Crowned with a prophet's honor, stands
The Poet, on Arabian sands ;
A chief, whose subjects love his thrall, —
The sympathizing heart of all.

II.

Vaunt not your Western maids to me,
Whose charms to every gaze are free :
My love is selfish, and would share
Scarcely with the sun, or general air,
The sight of beauty which has shone
Once for mine eyes, and mine alone.
Love likes concealment ; he can dress
With fancied grace the loveliness
That shrinks behind its virgin veil,
As hides the moon her forehead pale
Behind a cloud, yet leaves the air
Softer than if her orb were there.

And as the splendor of a star,
When sole in heaven, seems brighter far,
So shines the eye, Love's star and sun,
The brighter, that it shines alone.
The light from out its darkness sent
Is Passion's life and element ;
And when the heart is warm and young,
Let but that single ray be flung
Upon its surface, and the deep
Heaves from its unsuspecting sleep,
As heaves the ocean when its floor
Breaks over the volcano's core.

Who thinks if cheek or lip be fair ?
Is not all beauty centered where
The soul looks out, the feelings move,
And Love his answer gives to love ?
Look on the sun, and you will find
For other sights your eyes are blind.
Look — if the colder blood you share
Can give your heart the strength to
dare —

In eyes of dark and tender fire :
What more can blinded love desire ?

III.

I was a stripling, quick and bold,
And rich in pride as poor in gold,
When God's good will my journey bent
One day to Shekh Abdallah's tent.

My only treasure was a steed
Of Araby's most precious breed ;
And whether 't was in boastful whim
To show his mettled speed of limb,
Or that presumption, which, in sooth,
Becomes the careless brow of youth, —
Which takes the world as birds the air,
And moves in freedom everywhere, —
It matters not. But 'midst the tents
I rode in easy confidence,
Till to Abdallah's door I pressed
And made myself the old man's guest.
My "Peace be with you !" was returned
With the grave courtesy he learned

From age and long authority,
 And in God's name he welcomed me.
 The pipe replenished, with its stem
 Of jasmine wood and amber gem,
 Was at my lips, and while I drew
 The rosy-sweet, soft vapor through
 In ringlets of dissolving blue,
 Waiting his speech with reverence meet,
 A woman's garments brushed my feet,
 And first through boyish senses ran
 The pulse of love which made me man.
 The handmaid of her father's cheer,
 With timid grace she glided near,
 And, lightly dropping on her knee,
 Held out a silver zerb to me,
 Within whose cup the fragrance sent
 From Yemen's sunburnt berries blent
 With odors of the Persian rose.
 That picture still in memory glows
 With the same heat as then, — the gush
 Of fever, with its fiery flush
 Startling my blood; and I can see —
 As she this moment knelt to me —
 The shroned graces of her form;
 The half-seen arm, so round and warm;
 The little hand, whose tender veins
 Branched through the henna's orange
 stains;

The head, in act of offering bent;
 And through the parted veil, which lent
 A charm for what it hid, the eye,
 Gazelle-like, large, and dark, and shy,
 That with a soft, sweet tremble shone
 Beneath the fervor of my own,
 Yet could not, would not, turn away
 The fascination of its ray,
 But half in pleasure, half in fright,
 Grew unto mine, and builded bright
 From heart to heart a bridge of light.

IV.

From the fond trouble of my look
 The zerb within her fingers shook,
 As with a start, like one who breaks
 Some happy trance of thought, and
 wakes

Unto forgotten toil, she rose
 And passed. I saw the curtains close
 Behind her steps: the light was gone,
 But in the dark my heart dreamed on.
 Some random words — thanks ill ex-
 pressed —

I to the stately Shekh addressed,
 With the intelligence which he,
 My host, could not demand of me;
 How, wandering in the desert chase,
 I spied from far his camping-place,

And Arab honor bade me halt
 To break his bread and share his salt.
 Thereto, fit reverence for his name,
 The praise our speech is quick to frame,
 Which, empty though it seem, was dear
 To the old warrior's willing ear,
 And led his thoughts, by many a track,
 To deeds of ancient prowess back,
 Until my love could safely hide
 Beneath the covert of his pride.
 And when his "Go with God!" was
 said,

Upon El-Azrek's back I sped
 Into the desert, wide and far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And, fierce with passion, without heed
 Urged o'er the sands my snorting steed,
 As if those arites, feared of man, —
 Who watch the lonely caravan,
 And, if a loiterer lags behind,
 Efface its tracks with sudden wind,^o
 Then fill the air with cheating cries,
 And make false pictures to his eyes
 Till the bewildered sufferer dies, —
 Had breathed on me their demon breath,
 And spurred me to the hunt of Death.

V.

Yet madness such as this was worth
 All the cool wisdom of the earth,
 And sweeter glowed its wild unrest
 Than the old calm of brain and breast.
 The image of that maiden beamed
 Through all I saw, or thought, or
 dreamed,

Till she became, like Light or Air,
 A part of life. And she shall share,
 I vowed, my passion and my fate,
 Or both shall fail me, soon or late,
 In the vain effort to possess;
 For Life lives only in success.
 I could not, in her father's sight,
 Purchase the hand which was his right;
 And well I knew how quick denied
 The prayer would be to empty pride;
 But Heaven and Earth shall sooner move
 Than bar the energy of Love.
 The sinews of my life became
 Obedient to that single aim
 And desperate deed and patient thought
 Together in its service wrought.
 Keen as a falcon, when his eye
 In search of quarry reads the sky,
 I stole unseen, at eventide,
 Behind the well, upon whose side
 The girls their jars of water leaned.
 By one long, sandy hillock screened,

I watched the forms that went and came,
 With eyes that sparkled with the flame
 Up from my heart in flashes sent,
 As one by one they came and went
 Amid the sunset radiance cast
 On the red sands: they came and passed,
 And she, — thank God! — she came at last!

VI.

Then, while her fair companion bound
 The cord her pitcher's throat around,
 And steadied with a careful hand
 Its slow descent, upon the sand
 At the Shekh's daughter's feet, I sped
 A slender arrow, shaft and head
 With breathing jasmine-flowers entwined,
 And roses such as on the wind
 Of evening with rich odors fan
 The white kiosks of Ispahan.
 A moment, fired with love and hope,
 I stayed upon the yellow slope
 El-Azrek's hoofs, to see her raise
 Her startled eyes in sweet amaze, —
 To see her make the unconscious sign
 Which recognized the gift as mine,
 And place, before she turned to part,
 The flowery barb against her heart.

VII.

Again the Shekh's divan I pressed:
 The jasmine pipe was brought the guest,
 And Marian, lovelier than before,
 Knelt with the steamy cup once more.
 O bliss! within those eyes to see
 A soul of love look out on me, —
 A fount of passion, which is truth
 In the wild dialect of Youth, —
 Whose rich abundance is outpoured
 Like worship at a shrine adored,
 And on its rising deluge bears
 The heart to raptures or despairs.
 While from the cup the zerk contained
 The foamy amber juice I drained,
 A rose-bud in the zerk expressed
 The sweet confession of her breast.
 One glance of glad intelligence,
 And silently she glided thence.
 "O Shekh!" I cried, as she withdrew,
 'Short is the speech where hearts are true,
 "Thou hast a daughter; let me be
 A shield to her, a sword to thee!"

Abdallah turned his steady eye
 Full on my face, and made reply:
 "It cannot be. The treasure sent
 By God must not be idly spent.
 Strong men there are, in service tried,
 Who seek the maiden for a bride;
 And shall I slight their worth and truth
 To feed the passing flame of youth?"

VIII.

"No passing flame!" my answer ran;
 "But love which is the life of man,
 Warmed with his blood, fed by Lis
 breath,
 And, when it fails him, leaves but
 Death.
 O Shekh, I hoped not thy consent;
 But having tasted in thy tent
 An Arab welcome, shared thy bread,
 I come to warn thee I shall wed
 Thy daughter, though her suitors be
 As leaves upon the tamarind-tree.
 Guard her as thou mayst guard, I sweat
 No other bed than mine shall wear
 Her virgin honors, and thy race
 Through me shall keep its ancient place.
 Thou 'rt warned, and duty bids no more;
 For, when I next approach thy door,
 Her child shall intercessor be
 To build up peace 'twixt thee and me."
 A little flushed my boyish brow;
 But calmly then I spake, as now.
 The Shekh, with dignity that flung
 Rebuke on my impetuous tongue,
 Replied: "The young man's hopes are
 fair;
 The young man's blood would all things
 dare.
 But age is wisdom, and can bring
 Confusion on the soaring wing
 Of reckless youth. Thy words are just.
 But needless; for I still can trust
 A father's jealousy to shield
 From robber grasp the gem concealed
 Within his tent, till he may yield
 To fitting hands the precious store.
 Go, then, in peace; but come no more."

IX.

My only sequin served to bribe
 A cunning mother of the tribe
 To Marian's mind my plan to bring.
 A feather of the wild dove's wing,
 A lock of raven gloss and stain
 Sheared from El-Azrek's flowing mare

And that pale flower whose fragrant eup
Is closed until the moon comes up, —
But then a tenderer beauty holds
Than any flower the sun unfolds, —
Declared my purpose. Her reply
Let loose the winds of ecstasy :
Two roses and the moonlight flower
Told the acceptance, and the hour, —
Two daily suns to waste their glow,
And then, at moonrise, bliss — or woe.

X.

El-Azrek now, on whom alone
The burden of our fate was thrown,
Claimed from my hands a double meed
Of careful training for the deed.
I gave him of my choicest store, —
No guest was ever honored more.
With flesh of kid, with whitest bread
And dates of Egypt was he fed ;
The camel's heavy udders gave
Their frothy juice his thirst to lave :
A charger, groomed with better care,
The Sultan never rode to prayer.
My burning hope, my torturing fear,
I breathed in his sagacious ear ;
Caressed him as a brother might,
Implored his utmost speed in flight,
Hung on his neck with many a vow,
And kissed the white star on his brow.
His large and lustrous eyeball sent
A look which made me confident,
As if in me some doubt he spied,
And met it with a human pride.
"Enough : I trust thee. 'T is the hour,
And I have need of all thy power.
Without a wing, God gives thee wings,
And Fortune to thy forelock clings."

XI.

The yellow moon was rising large
Above the Desert's dusky marge,
And save the jackal's whining moan,
Or distant camel's gurgling groan,
And the lamenting monotone
Of winds that breathe their vain desire
And on the lonely sands expire,
A silent charm, a breathless spell,
Waited with me beside the well.
She is not there, — not yet, — but soon
A white robe glimmers in the moon.
Her little footsteps make no sound
On the soft sand ; and with a bound,
Where terror, doubt, and love unite
To blind her heart to all but flight,
Trembling, and panting, and oppressed,

She threw herself upon my breast.
By Allah ! like a bath of flame
The seething blood tumultuous came
From life's hot centre as I drew
Her mouth to mine : our spirits grew
Together in one long, long kiss, —
One swooning, speechless pulse of bliss
That, throbbing from the heart's core
met

In the united lips. Oh, yet
The eternal sweetness of that draught
Renews the thirst with which I quaffed
Love's virgin vintage : starry fire
Leapt from the twilights of desire,
And in the golden dawn of dreams
The space grew warm with radiant
beams,
Which from that kiss streamed o'er a
sea
Of rapture, in whose bosom we
Sank down, and sank eternally.

XII.

Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek ! Fling
Thy head aloft, and like a wing
Spread on the wind thy cloudy mane !
The hunt is up : their stallions strain
The urgent shoulders close behind,
And the wide nostril drinks the wind.
But thou art, too, of Nedjid's breed,
My brother ! and the falcon's speed
Slant down the storm's advancing line
Would laggard be if matched with thine.
Still leaping forward, whistling through
The moonlight-laden air, we flew ;
And from the distance, threateningly,
Came the pursuer's eager cry.
Still forward, forward, stretched our
flight
Through the long hours of middle night ;
One after one the followers lagged,
And even my faithful Azrek flagged
Beneath his double burden, till
The streaks of dawn began to fill
The East, and freshening in the race,
Their goaded horses gained apace.
I drew my dagger, cut the girth,
Tumbled my saddle to the earth,
And clasped with desperate energies
My stallion's side with iron knees ;
While Mariam, clinging to my breast,
The closer for that peril pressed.
They come ! they come ! Their shout
we hear,
Now faint and far, now fierce and near
O brave El-Azrek ! on the track
Let not one fainting sinew slack,

Or know thine agony of flight
 Endured in vain! The purple light
 Of breaking morn has come at last.
 O joy! the thirty leagues are past;
 And, gleaming in the sunrise, see,
 The white tents of the Areyzee!
 The warriors of the waste, the foes
 Of Shekh Abdallah's tribe, are those
 Whose shelter and support I claim,
 Which they bestow in Allah's name;
 While, wheeling back, the baffled few
 No longer venture to pursue.

XIII.

And now, O Frank! if you would see
 How soft the eyes that looked on me
 Through Mariam's silky lashes, scan
 Those of my little Solyman.
 And should you marvel if the child
 His stately grandsire reconciled
 To that bold theft, when years had
 brought
 The golden portion which he sought,
 And what upon this theme befell.
 The Shekh himself can better tell.

THE GARDEN OF IREM.

I.

HAVE you seen the Garden of Irem?
 No mortal knoweth the road thereto.
 Find me a path in the mists that gather
 When the sunbeams scatter the morn-
 ing dew,
 And I will lead you thither.
 Give me a key to the halls of the sun
 When he goes behind the purple sea,
 Or a wand to open the vaults that run
 Down to the afrite-guarded treasures,
 And I will open its doors to thee.
 Who hath tasted its countless pleasures?
 Who hath breathed, in its winds of spice,
 Raptures deeper than Paradise?
 Who hath trodden its ivory floors,
 Where the fount drops pearls from a
 golden shell,
 And heard the hinges of diamond doors
 Swing to the music of Israfeel?
 Its roses blossom, its palms arise,
 By the phantom stream that flows so fair
 Under the Desert's burning skies.
 Can you reach that flood, can you drink
 its tide,
 Can you swim its waves to the farther
 side,
 Your feet may enter there.

II.

I have seen the Garden of Irem.
 I found it, but I sought it not:
 Without a path, without a guide,
 I found the enchanted spot:
 Without a key its golden gate stood wide.
 I was young, and strong, and bold, and
 free
 As the milk-white foal of the Nedjidee,
 And the blood in my veins was like sap
 of the vine,
 That stirs, and mounts, and will not stop
 Till the breathing blossoms that bring
 the wine
 Have drained its balm to the last sweet
 drop.
 Lance and barb were all I knew,
 Till deep in the Desert the spot I found,
 Where the marvellous gates of Irem threw
 Their splendors over an unknown ground.
 Mine were the pearl and ivory floors,
 Mine the music of diamond doors,
 Turning each on a newer glory:
 Mine were the roses whose bloom outran
 The spring-time beauty of Gulistan,
 And the fabulous flowers of Persian story.
 Mine were the palms of silver stems,
 And blazing emerald for diadems;
 The fretted arch and the gossamer
 wreath,
 So light and frail you feared to breathe;
 Yet o'er them rested the pendant spars
 Of domes bespangled with silver stars,
 And crusted gems of rare adorning:
 And ever higher, like a shaft of fire,
 The lessening links of the golden spire
 Flamed in the myriad-colored morning.
 Like one who lies on the marble lip
 Of the blessed bath in a tranquil rest,
 And stirs not even a finger's tip
 Lest the beatific dream should slip,
 So did I lie in Irem's breast.
 Sweeter than Life and stronger than
 Death
 Was every draught of that blissful
 breath;
 Warmer than summer came its glow
 To the youthful heart in a mighty flood,
 And sent its bold and generous blood
 To water the world in its onward flow.
 There, where the Garden of Irem lies,
 Are the roots of the Tree of Paradise,
 And happy are they who sit below,
 When into this world of Strife and Death
 The blossoms are shaken by Allah's
 breath.

THE WISDOM OF ALL

AN ARAB LEGEND.

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,

Said: "I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate

Thereof is Ali." Wherefore, some who heard,

With unbelieving jealousy were stirred; And, that they might on him confusion bring,

Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.

"Let us in turn to Ali go," they said, "And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead

Of earthly riches; then, if he reply To each of us, in thought, accordantly, And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,

His shall the honor be, and ours the shame."

Now, when the first his bold demand did make,

These were the words which Ali straight-way spake:—

"Wisdom is the inheritance of those Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes."

Unto the second he said: "Thyself must be

Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third: "By Wisdom wealth is won;

But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth: "Thy goods the thief may take;

But into Wisdom's house he cannot break."

Unto the fifth: "Thy goods decrease the more

Thou giv'st; but use enlarges Wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth: "Wealth tempts to evil ways;

But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh: "Divide thy wealth each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart

Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be

All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth: "Wealth cannot keep itself;

But Wisdom is the steward even of self."

Unto the ninth: "The camels slowly bring

Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,

These were the ready words which Ali spake:—

"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;

But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,

And they declared: "The Prophet's words were true;

The mouth of Ali is the golden door Of Wisdom."

When his friends to Ali bore These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask

The same until my dying day, the task Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom's well,

Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

AN ORIENTAL IDYL.

A SILVER javelin which the hills Have hurled upon the plain below,

The fleetest of the Pharpar's rills, Beneath me shoots in flashing flow.

I hear the never-ending laugh Of jostling waves that come and go,

And suck the bubbling pipe, and quaff The sherbet cooled in mountain snow

The flecks of sunshine gleam like stars Beneath the canopy of shade;

And in the distant, dim bazaars
 I scarcely hear the hum of trade.
 No evil fear, no dream forlorn,
 Darkens my heaven of perfect blue ;
 My blood is tempered to the morn, —
 My very heart is steeped in dew.

What Evil is I cannot tell ;
 But half I guess what Joy may be ;
 And, as a pearl within its shell,
 The happy spirit sleeps in me.

I feel no more the pulse's strife, —
 The tides of Passion's ruddy sea, —
 But live the sweet, unconscious life
 That breathes from yonder jasmine tree.

Upon the glittering pageantries
 Of gay Damascus' streets I look
 As idly as a babe that sees
 The painted pictures of a book.

Forgotten now are name and race ;
 The Past is blotted from my brain ;
 For Memory sleeps, and will not trace
 The weary pages o'er again.

I only know the morning shines,
 And sweet the dewy morning air ;
 But does it play with tendrilled vines ?
 Or does it lightly lift my hair ?

Deep-sunken in the charmed repose,
 This ignorance is bliss extreme :
 And whether I be Man, or Rose,
 Oh, pluck me not from out my dream !

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire ;
 And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
 Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry :
 I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain ;
 I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.

Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
 And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
 To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
 Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
 And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !

DESERT HYMN TO THE SUN.

I.

UNDER the arches of the morning sky,
 Save in one heart, there beats no life
 of Man ;
 The yellow sand-hills bleak and track-
 less lie,
 And far behind them sleeps the cara-
 van.
 A silence, as before Creation, broods
 Sublimely o'er the desert solitudes.

II.

A silence as if God in Heaven were still,
 And meditating some new wonder !
 Earth
 And Air the solemn portent own, and
 thrill
 With awful prescience of the coming
 birth.
 And Night withdraws, and on their sil-
 ver cars
 Wheel to remotest space the trembling
 Stars.

III.

See ! an increasing brightness, broad
 and fleet,
 Breaks on the morning in a rosy flood,
 As if He smiled to see His work com-
 plete,
 And rested from it, and pronounced
 it good.

The sands lie still, and every wind is
furled :
The Sun comes up, and looks upon the
world.

IV.

Is there no burst of music to proclaim
The pomp and majesty of this new
lord ? —
A golden trumpet in each beam of flame,
Startling the universe with grand ac-
cord ?
Must Earth be dumb beneath the splen-
dors thrown
From his full orb to glorify her own ?

V.

No : with an answering splendor, more
than sound
Instinct with gratulation, she adores.
With purple flame the porphyry hills
are crowned,
And burn with gold the Desert's
boundless floors ;
And the lone Man compels his haughty
knee,
And, prostrate at thy footstool, wor-
ships thee.

VI.

Before the dreadful glory of thy face
He veils his sight ; he fears the fiery
rod
Which thou dost wield amid the bright-
ening space,
As if the sceptre of a visible god.
If not the shadow of God's lustre, thou
Art the one jewel flaming on His brow.

VII.

Wrap me within the mantle of thy
beams,
And feed my pulses with thy keenest
fire !
Here, where thy full meridian deluge
streams
Across the Desert, let my blood aspire
To ripen in the vigor of thy blaze,
And catch a warmth to shine through
darker lays !

VIII.

I am alone before thee : Lord of Light !
Begetter of the life of things that live !

Beget in me thy calm, self-balanced
might ;
To me thine own immortal ardor give,
Yea, though, like her who gave to Jove
her charms,
My being wither in thy fiery arms.

IX.

Whence came thy splendors ? Heaven
is filled with thee ;
The sky's blue walls are dazzling with
thy train ;
Thou sitt'st alone in the Immensity,
And in thy lap the World grows
young again.
Bathed in such brightness, drunken with
the Day,
He deems the Dark forever passed away.

X.

But thou dost sheathe thy trenchant
sword, and lean
With tempered grandeur towards the
western gate ;
Shedding thy glory with a brow serene,
And leaving heaven all golden with
thy state :
Not as a king discrowned and over-
thrown,
But one who keeps, and shall reclaim
his own.

NILOTIC DRINKING SONG.

I.

You may water your bays, brother-poets,
with lays
That brighten the cup from the stream
you doat on,
By the Schuylkill's side, or Cochituate's
tide,
Or the crystal lymph of the mountain
Croton :
(We may pledge from these
In our summer ease,
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile
us —)
But I, from the flood
Of his own brown blood,
Will drink to the glory of ancient
Nilus !

II.

Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the
Earth,
To river so grand and fair as this is

Not the waves that roll us the gold of
 Paetolus,
 Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Ilissus.
 The lily may dip
 Her ivory lip
 To kiss the ripples of clear Eurotas ;
 But the Nile brings balm
 From the myrrh and palm,
 And the ripe, voluptuous lips of the
 lotus.

III.

The waves that ride on his mighty tide
 Were poured from the urns of unvis-
 ited mountains ;
 And their sweets of the South mingle
 cool in the mouth
 With the freshness and sparkle of
 Northern fountains.
 Again and again
 The goblet we drain, —
 Diviner a stream never Nereid swam
 on :
 For Isis and Orus
 Have quaffed before us,
 And Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter
 Ammon.

IV.

Its blessing he pours o'er his thirsty
 shores,
 And floods the regions of Sleep and
 Silence,
 When he makes oases in desert plaees,
 And the plain is a sea, the hills are
 islands.
 And had I the brave
 Anacreon's stave,
 And lips like the honeyed lips of
 Hylas,
 I'd dip from his brink
 My bacchanal drink,
 And sing for the glory of ancient
 Nilus!

CAMADEVA.

THE sun, the moon, the mystic planets
 seven,
 Shone with a purer and serener flame,
 And there was joy on Earth and joy in
 Heaven
 When Camadeva came.

The blossoms burst, like jewels of the air,
 Putting the colors of the morn to
 shame ;

Breathing their odorous secrets every-
 where
 When Camadeva came.

The birds, upon the tufted tamarind
 spray,
 Sat side by side and cooed in amorous
 blame ;
 The lion sheathed his claws and left his
 prey
 When Camadeva came.

The sea slept, pillowed on the happy
 shore ;
 The mountain-peaks were bathed in
 rosy flame ;
 The clouds went down the sky, — to
 mount no more
 When Camadeva came.

The hearts of all men brightened like
 the morn ;
 The poet's harp then first deserved its
 fame,
 For rapture sweeter than he sang was
 born
 When Camadeva came.

All breathing life a newer spirit quaffed,
 A second life, a bliss beyond a name,
 And Death, half-conquered, dropped his
 idle shaft
 When Camadeva came.

NUBIA.

A LAND of Dreams and Sleep, — a pop-
 pied land !
 With skies of endless calm above her
 head,
 The drowsy warmth of summer noonday
 shed
 Upon her hills, and silence stern and
 grand
 Throughout her Desert's temple-burying
 sand.
 Before her threshold, in their ancient
 place,
 With closed lips, and fixed, majestic face,
 Noteless of Time, her dumb colossi stand.
 Oh, pass them not with light, irreverent
 tread ;
 Respect the dream that builds her fallen
 throne,
 And soothes her to oblivion of her woes.
 Hush ! for she does but sleep ; she is not
 dead :

Action and Toil have made the world
their own,
But she hath built an altar to Repose.

KILIMANDJARO.

I.

HAIL to thee, monarch of African
mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone, —
Who, from the heart of the tropical fer-
vors,
Liftest to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding forever the fountains that make
thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

II.

The years of the world are engraved on
thy forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy
first-fallen snows;
Yet, lost in the wilderness, nameless,
unnoted,
Of Man un beholden, thou wert not till
now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive
darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision
of Song.
Knowledge has born thee anew to Crea-
tion,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism
rejoices.
Take, then, a name, and be filled with
existence,
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering
poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy
feet.

III.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy mak-
ing,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and
fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern en-
chanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art revealed to my purified
vision.
I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy
co-mates,

Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the
Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of
granite,
The climates of Earth are displayed, as
an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Crea-
tion.
There, in the gorges that widen, de-
scending
From cloud and from cold into summer
eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-generated
fountains, —
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where
they dally
The blooms of the North and its ever-
green turfage,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There, in the wondering airs of the
Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of
cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loft-
iest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his
brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his
rival, the Palm.

IV.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of dis-
tance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes
and the forests,
Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperial
ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy
forehead, —
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a
stranger,
Garners where storeth his treasures the
Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows
the Hail!

V.

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give
welcome:
They, the baptized and the crowned of
ages,

Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,

Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.

Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,

Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba, Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm;

Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday, —

Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus

With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven,

Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,

Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

VI.

Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,

Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth :

Each in his lawful supremacy forces Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.

Absolute all, yet in dignity varied, None has a claim to the honors of story,

Or the superior splendors of song, Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled, —

Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,

Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

THE BIRTH OF THE PROPHET.

I.

THRICE three moons had waxed in heaven, thrice three moons had waned away,

Since Abdullah, faint and thirsty, on the Desert's bosom lay

In the fiery lay of Summer, the meridian of the day; —

II.

Since from out the sand upgushing, lo! a sudden fountain leapt;

Sweet as musk and clear as amber, to his parching lips it crept.

When he drank it straightway vanished, but his blood its virtue kept.

III.

Ere the morn his forehead's lustre, signet of the Prophet's line,

To the beauty of Amina had transferred its flame divine;

Of the germ within her sleeping, such the consecrated sign.

IV.

And with every moon that faded waxed the splendor more and more,

Till Amina's beauty lightened through the matron veil she wore,

And the tent was filled with glory, and of Heaven it seemed the door.

V.

When her quickened womb its burden had matured, and Life began

Struggling in its living prison, through the wide Creation rang

Premonitions of the coming of a God-appointed man.

VI.

For the oracles of Nature recognize a Prophet's birth, —

Blossom of the tardy ages, crowning type of human worth, —

And by miracles and wonders he is welcomed to the Earth.

VII.

Then the stars in heaven grew brighter, stooping downward from their zones;

Wheeling round the towers of Mecca, sang the moon in silver tones,

And the Kaaba's grisly idols trembled on their granite thrones.

VIII.

Mighty arcs of rainbow splendor, pillared shafts of purple fire,

Split the sky and spanned the darkness, and with many a golden spire,

Beacon-like, from all the mountains streamed the lambent meteors higher.

IX.

But when first the breath of being to the sacred infant came,

Paled the pomp of airy lustre, and the
stars grew dim with shame,
For the glory of his countenance out-
shone their feebler flame.

x.

Over Nedjid's sands it lightened, unto
Oman's coral deep,
Startling all the gorgeous regions of the
Orient from sleep,
Till, a sun on night new-risen, it illumed
the Indian steep.

xi.

They who dwelt in Mecca's borders saw
the distant realms appear
All around the vast horizon, shining
marvellous and clear,
From the gardens of Damascus unto
those of Bendemeer.

xii.

From the colonnades of Tadmor to the
hills of Hadramaut,
Ancient Araby was lighted, and her
sands the splendor caught,
Till the magic sweep of vision overtook
the track of Thought.

xiii.

Such on Earth the wondrous glory, but
beyond the sevenfold skies
God His mansions filled with gladness,
and the seraphs saw arise
Palaces of pearl and ruby from the
founts of Paradise.

xiv.

As the surge of heavenly anthems shook
the solemn midnight air,
From the shrines of false religions came
a wailing of despair,
And the fires on Pagan altars were ex-
tinguished everywhere.

xv.

Mid the sounds of salutation, 'mid the
splendor and the balm,
Knelt the sacred child, proclaiming, with
a brow of heavenly calm:
"God is God; there is none other; I
his chosen Prophet am!"

TO THE NILE.

MYSTERIOUS Flood,— that through the
silent sands

Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian
lands,

Which were not, but for thee,—

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began,
When dawned upon thy fresh, untram-
pled shore

The earliest life of Man ?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
Where the gray Past records its an-
cient speech ;

But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and
fears

Run blended, o'er the plains of His-
tory :

Thou tak'st no note of Man ; a thousand
years

Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals ?
Or Memnon's music on the Theban
plain ?

The carnage, when Cambyses made thy
halls

Ruddy with royal slain ?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines
were built

For worship of thine own majestic
flood ;

For thee the incense burned, — for thee
was spilt

The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose
Above thy palms, the pageantry and
state,

Thy current flowed, calmly as now it
flows,

Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might give.
Whose being is his bounty : from the
slime

Shaken from off thy skirts the nations
live,

Through all the years of Time

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
 Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
 My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the
 balm
 Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still : I bring
 No doubtful worship to thy shrine su-
 preme ;
 But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
 To float upon thy stream !

HASSAN TO HIS MARE.

COME, my beauty ! come, my desert
 darling !
 On my shoulder lay thy glossy head !
 Fear not, though the barley-sack be
 empty,
 Here's the half of Hassan's scanty
 bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my
 beauty !
 And thou know'st my water-skin is
 free :
 Drink and welcome, for the wells are
 distant,
 And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my
 kisses !
 Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye :
 Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the
 saddle, —
 Thou art proud he owns thee : so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
 Prancing with their diamond-studded
 reins ;
 They, my darling, shall not match thy
 fleetness
 When they course with thee the des-
 ert-plains !

Let the Sultan bring his famous horses,
 Let him bring his golden swords to
 me, —
 Bring his slaves, his eunuchs, and his
 harem ;
 He would offer them in vain for thee.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty !
 And the splendor of the Pashas there :
 What's their pomp and riches ? Why,
 I would not
 Take them for a handful of thy hair !

Khaled sings the praises of his mistress,
 And, because I've none, he pities me :
 What care I if he should have a thou-
 sand,
 Fairer than the morning ? I have
 thee.

He will find his passion growing cooler,
 Should her glance on other suitors
 fall ;
 Thou wilt ne'er, my mistress and my
 darling,
 Fail to answer at thy master's call.

By and by some snow-white Nedjid stal-
 lion
 Shall to thee his spring-time ardor
 bring ;
 And a foal, the fairest of the Desert,
 To thy milky dugs shall crouch and
 cling.

Then, when Khaled shows to me his
 children,
 I shall laugh, and bid him look at
 thine ;
 Thou wilt neigh, and lovingly caress me,
 With thy glossy neck laid close to
 mine.

CHARMIAN.

I.

O DAUGHTER of the Sun ;
 Who gave the keys of passion unto thee ?
 Who taught the powerful sorcery
 Wherein my soul, too willing to be won,
 Still feebly struggles to be free,
 But more than half undone ?
 Within the mirror of thine eyes,
 Full of the sleep of warm Egyptian
 skies, —
 The sleep of lightning, bound in airy
 spell,
 And deadlier, because invisible, —
 I see the reflex of a feeling
 Which was not, till I looked on thee :
 A power, involved in mystery,
 That shrinks, affrighted, from its own
 revealing.

II.

Thou sitt'st in stately indolence,
 Too calm to feel a breath of passion
 start
 The listless fibres of thy sense,
 The fiery slumber of thy heart.

Thine eyes are wells of darkness, by the
 veil
 Of languid lids half-sealed : the pale
 And bloodless olive of thy face,
 And the full, silent lips that wear
 A ripe serenity of grace,
 Are dark beneath the shadow of thy
 hair.
 Not from the brow of templed Athor
 beams
 Such tropic warmth along the path of
 dreams ;
 Not from the lips of hornèd Isis flows
 Such sweetness of repose !
 For thou art Passion's self, a goddess
 too,
 And aught but worship never knew ;
 And thus thy glances, calm and sure,
 Look for accustomed homage, and be-
 tray
 No effort to assert thy sway :
 Thou deem'st my fealty secure.

III.

O Sorceress ! those looks unseal
 The undisturbèd mysteries that press
 Too deep in nature for the heart to
 feel
 Their terror and their loveliness.
 Thine eyes are torches that illumè
 On secret shrines their unforeboded fires,
 And fill the vaults of silence and of
 gloom
 With the unresting life of new desires.
 I follow where their arrowy ray
 Pierces the veil I would not tear away,
 And with a dread, delicious awe behold
 Another gate of life unfold,
 Like the rapt neophyte who sees
 Some march of grand Osirian mysteries.
 The startled chambers I explore,
 And every entrance open lies,
 Forced by the magic thrill that runs be-
 fore
 Thy slowly-lifted eyes.
 I tremble to the centre of my being
 Thus to confess the spirit's poise o'er-
 thrown,
 And all its guiding virtues blown
 Like leaves before the whirlwind's fury
 fleeing.

IV.

But see ! one memory rises in my
 soul,
 And, beaming steadily and clear,

Scatters the lurid thunder-clouds that
 roll
 Through Passion's sultry atmosphere.
 An alchemy more potent borrow
 For thy dark eyes, enticing Sorcer-
 ess !
 For on the casket of a sacred Sor-
 row
 Their shafts fall powerless.
 Nay, frown not, Athor, from thy mystic
 shrine :
 Strong Goddess of Desire, I will not
 be
 One of the myriad slaves thou callest
 thine,
 To cast my manhood's crown of roy-
 alty
 Before thy dangerous beauty : I am
 free !

SMYRNA.

THE "Ornament of Asia" and the
 "Crown
 Of fair Ionia." Yea ; but Asia stands
 No more an empress, and Ionia's hands
 Have lost their sceptre. Thou, majestic
 town,
 Art as a diamond on a faded robe ;
 The freshness of thy beauty scatters
 yet
 The radiance of that sun of Empire
 set,
 Whose disk sublime illumed the ancient
 globe.
 Thou sit'st between the mountains and
 the sea ;
 The sea and mountains flatter thine
 array,
 And fill thy courts with Grandeur, not
 Decay ;
 And Power, not Death, proclaims thy
 cypress tree.
 Through thee, the sovereign symbols
 Nature lent
 Her rise, make Asia's fall magnificent.

TO A PERSIAN BOY,

IN THE BAZAAR AT SMYRNA.

THE gorgeous blossoms of that magic
 tree
 Beneath whose shade I sat a thousand
 nights,

Breathed from their opening petals all
delights
Embalmed in spice of Orient Poesy,
When first, young Persian, I beheld
thine eyes,
And felt the wonder of thy beauty grow
Within my brain, as some fair planet's
glow
Deepens, and fills the summer evening
skies.
From under thy dark lashes shone on
me
The rich, voluptuous soul of Eastern
land,
Impassioned, tender, calm, serenely
sad, —
Such as immortal Hafiz felt when he
Sang by the fountain-streams of Roc-
nabad,
Or in the bowers of blissful Samarcand.

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well ;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to
thee ;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of
balm ;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery !

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky ;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's
glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in
dance, —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like
wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid
sighs, —

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may
stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches
her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine !

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wood is ever won !

If I were a King, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build
for thee !

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite ;

With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoptase :

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new
lays, —

New measures sung to tones divine ;
But none, O Palm, should equal mine !

AURUM POTABILE.

I.

BROTHER Bards of every region, —
Brother Bards, (your name is Legion !)
Were you with me while the twilight
Darkens up my pine-tree skylight, —
Were you gathered, representing
Every land beneath the sun,
Oh, what songs would be indited,
Ere the earliest star is lighted,
To the praise of vino d'oro,
On the Hills of Lebanon !

II.

Yes ; while all alone I quaff its
Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its
Topaz waves and amber bubbles,
Still the thought my pleasure troubles,
That I quaff it all alone.

Oh for Hafiz, — glorious Persian !
 Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion
 Mocking Schiller's grave immersion ;
 Oh for wreathed Anacreon !
 Yet enough to have the living, —
 They, the few, the rapture-giving !
 (Blessèd more than in receiving,)
 Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath
 them,
 Once the solace might bequeath them,
 Once to taste of vino d'oro
 On the Hills of Lebanon !

III.

Lebanon, thou mount of story,
 Well we know thy sturdy glory,
 Since the days of Solomon ;
 Well we know the Five old Cedars,
 Scarred by ages, — silent pleaders,
 Preaching, in their gray sedateness,
 Of thy forest's fallen greatness,
 Of the vessels of the Tyrian,
 And the palaces Assyrian,
 And the temple on Moriah
 To the High and Holy One !
 Know the wealth of thy appointment, —
 Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment ;
 But we knew not, till we clomb thee,
 Of the nectar dropping from thee, —
 Of the pure, pellucid Ophir
 In the cups of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon !

IV.

We have drunk, and we have eaten,
 Where Egyptian sheaves are beaten ;
 Tasted Judah's milk and honey
 On his mountains, bare and sunny ;
 Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us
 Never more to leave Damascus ;
 And have sung a vintage pæan
 To the grapes of isles Ægean,
 And the flasks of Orvieto,
 Ripened in the Roman sun :
 But the liquor here surpasses
 All that beams in earthly glasses.
 'T is of this that Paracelsus
 (His elixir vitæ) tells us,
 That to happier shores can float us
 Than Lethean stems of lotus,
 And the vigor of the morning
 Straight restores when day is done.
 Then, before the sunset waneth,
 While the rosy tide, that staineth
 Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,
 We will take the fortune proffered, —

Ne'er again to be re-offered,
 We will drink of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon !
 Vino d'oro ! vino d'oro ! —
 Golden blood of Lebanon !

ON THE SEA.

THE splendor of the sinking moon
 Deserts the silent bay ;
 The mountain-isles loom large and faints
 Folded in shadows gray,
 And the lights of land are setting stars
 That soon will pass away.

O boatman, cease thy mellow song !
 O minstrel, drop thy lyre !
 Let us hear the voice of the midnight
 sea,
 Let us speak as the waves inspire,
 While the plashy dip of the languid
 oar
 Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day cannot make thee half so fair,
 Nor the stars of eve so dear :
 The arms that clasp and the breast that
 keeps,
 They tell me thou art near,
 And the perfect beauty of thy face
 In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below
 The vast and glimmering sea ;
 The world we leave is a tale that is
 told, —
 A fable, that cannot be.
 There is no life in the sphyry dark
 But the love in thee and me !

TYRE.

I.

THE wild and windy morning is lit with
 lurid fire ;
 The thundering surf of ocean beats on
 the rocks of Tyre, —
 Beats on the fallen columns and round
 the headland roars,
 And hurls its foamy volume along the
 hollow shores,
 And calls with hungry clamor, that
 speaks its long desire :
 "Where are the ships of Tarshish, the
 mighty ships of Tyre ?"

II.

Within her cunning harbor, choked with
 invading sand,
 No galleys bring their freightage, the
 spoils of every land,
 And like a prostrate forest, when au-
 tumn gales have blown,
 Her colonnades of granite lie shattered
 and o'erthrown ;
 And from the reef the pharos no longer
 flings its fire,
 To beacon home from Tarshish the
 lordly ships of Tyre.

III.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty
 on the waves, —
 Thou that thyself exalted, till Kings
 became thy slaves ?
 Thou that didst speak to nations, and
 saw thy will obeyed, —
 Whose favor made them joyful, whose
 anger sore afraid, —
 Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and
 thought them strong and sure,
 And boasted midst the waters, Shall I
 not aye endure ?

IV.

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped
 thy princely mart ?
 The pomp of purple trappings ; the
 gems of Syrian art ;
 The silken goats of Kedar ; Sabæa's
 spicy store ;
 The tributes of the islands thy squad-
 rons homeward bore,
 When in thy gates triumphant they
 entered from the sea
 With sound of horn and sackbut, of
 harp and psaltery ?

V.

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish ! the
 glory is laid waste :
 There is no habitation ; the mansions
 are defaced.
 No mariners of Sidon unfurl your
 mighty sails ;
 No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow
 in Shenir's vales
 And Bashan's oaks that boasted a
 thousand years of sun,
 Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty
 Lebanon.

VI.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot ! take up thy
 harp and sing :
 Call the rebellious islands to own their
 ancient king :
 Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with
 thy hair unbound,
 Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless
 and discrowned !
 There mix thy voice of wailing with the
 thunders of the sea,
 And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou
 remembered be !

VII.

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature
 still laments
 The pomp and power departed, the lost
 magnificence :
 The hills were proud to see thee, and
 they are sadder now ;
 The sea was proud to bear thee, and
 wears a troubled brow,
 And evermore the surges chant forth,
 their vain desire :
 " Where are the ships of Tarshish, the
 mighty ships of Tyre ? "

AN ANSWER.

You call me cold : you wonder why
 The marble of a mien like mine
 Gives fiery sparks of Poesy,
 Or softens at Love's touch divine.

Go, look on Nature, you will find
 It is the rock that feels the sun :
 But you are blind ; — and to the blind
 The touch of ice and fire is one.

L'ENVOI.

UNTO the Desert and the Desert steed
 Farewell ! The journey is completed
 now :
 Struck are the tents of Ishmael's wan-
 dering breed,
 And I unwind the turban from my
 brow.

The sun has ceased to shine ; the palms
 that bent,
 Inebriate with light, have disap-
 peared ;

And naught is left me of the Orient
 But the tanned bosom and the un-
 shorn beard.

Yet from that life my blood a glow re-
 tains,
 As the red sunshine in the ruby
 glows;
 These songs are echoes of its fiercer
 strains, —
 Dreams, that recall its passion and
 repose.

I found, among those Children of the
 Sun,
 The cipher of my nature, — the re-
 lease
 Of baffled powers, which else had never
 won
 That free fulfilment, whose reward is
 peace.

For not to any race or any clime
 Is the completed sphere of life re-
 vealed;
He who would make his own that round
 sublime,

Must pitch his tent on many a distant
 field.

Upon his home a dawning lustre beams,
 But through the world he walks to
 open day,
 Gathering from every land the prismatic
 gleams,
 Which, when united, form the perfect
 ray.

Go, therefore, Songs! — which in the
 East were born
 And drew your nurture — from your
 sire's control:
 Haply to wander through the West
 forlorn,
 Or find a shelter in some Orient
 soul.

And if the temper of our colder sky
 Less warmth of passion and of speech
 demands,
 They are the blossoms of my life, —
 and I
 Have ripened in the suns of many
 lands.

ROMANCES AND LYRICS.

TO

GEORGE H. BOKER.

To you the homage of this book I bring.
The earliest and the latest flowers I yield,
And though their hues betray a barren field,
I know you will not slight the offering.
You were the mate of my poetic spring ;
To you its buds of little worth concealed
More than the summer years have since revealed,
Or doubtful autumn from the stem shall fling.
But here they are, the buds, the blossoms blown ;
If rich or scant, the wreath is at your feet ;
And though it were the freshest ever grown,
To you its incense could not be more sweet,
Since with it goes a love to match your own,
A heart, dear Friend, that never falsely beat.

ROMANCES AND LYRICS.

PORPHYROGENITUS.

I.

BORN in the purple! born in the purple!
Heir to the sceptre and crown!
Lord over millions and millions of vas-
sals, —
Monarch of mighty renown!
Where, do you ask, are my banner-
proud castles?
Where my imperial town?

II.

Where are the ranks of my far-flashing
lances, —
Trumpets, courageous of sound, —
Galloping squadrons and rocking ar-
madass, —
Guarding my kingdom around?
Where are the pillars that blazon my
borders,
Threatening the alien ground?

III.

Vainly you ask, if you wear not the
purple,
Sceptre and diadem own;
Ruling, yourself, over prosperous re-
gions.
Seated supreme on your throne.
Subjects have nothing to give but alle-
giance:
Monarchs meet monarchs alone.

IV.

But, if a king, you shall stand on my
ramparts,
Look on the lands that I sway,
Number the domes of magnificent cities,
Shining in valleys away, —

Number the mountains whose foreheads
are golden,
Lakes that are azure with day.

V.

Whence I inherited such a dominion?
What was my forefathers' line?
Homer and Sophocles, Pindar and
Sappho,
First were anointed divine:
Theirs were the realms that a god
might have governed,
Ah, and how little is mine!

VI.

Hafiz in Orient shared with Petrarca
Thrones of the East and the
West;
Shakespeare succeeded to limitless em-
pire,
Greatest of monarchs, and best:
Few of his children inherited king-
doms,
Provinces only, the rest.

VII.

Keats has his vineyards, and Shelley
his islands;
Coleridge in Xanadu reigns;
Wordsworth is eyried aloft on the mount-
ains,
Goethe has mountains and plains;
Yet, though the world has been par-
celled among them,
A world to be parcelled remains.

VIII.

Blessing enough to be born in the
purple,
Though but a monarch in name, —

Though in the desert my palace is
 builded,
 Far from the highways of Fame :
 Up with my standards ! salute me with
 trumpets !
 Crown me with regal acclaim !

METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE PINE.

As when the haze of some wan moon-
 light makes
 Familiar fields a land of mystery,
 Where, chill and strange, a ghostly pres-
 ence wakes
 In flower, and bush, and tree, —

Another life, the life of Day o'erwhelms ;
 The Past from present consciousness
 takes hue,
 And we remember vast and cloudy
 realms
 Our feet have wandered through :

So, oft, some moonlight of the mind
 makes dumb
 The stir of outer thought : wide open
 seems
 The gate wherethrough strange sympa-
 thies have come,
 The secret of our dreams ;

The source of fine impressions, shooting
 deep
 Below the falling plummet of the
 sense ;
 Which strike beyond all Time, and back-
 ward sweep
 Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and
 clod,
 And the long process of the ages see
 From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of
 God
 Moved it to harmony.

All outward wisdom yields to that
 within,
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds
 the key ;
 We only feel that we have ever been,
 And evermore shall be.

And thus I know, by memories unfurled
 In rarer moods, and many a nameless
 sign,

That once in Time, and somewhere in
 the world,
 I was a towering Pine,

Rooted upon a cape that overhung
 The entrance to a mountain gorge ;
 whereon
 The wintry shadow of a peak was
 flung,
 Long after rise of sun.

Behind, the silent snows ; and wide be-
 low,
 The rounded hills made level, lessening
 down
 To where a river washed with sluggish
 flow
 A many-templed town.

There did I clutch the granite with firm
 feet,
 There shake my boughs above the
 roaring gulf,
 When mountain whirlwinds through the
 passes beat,
 And howled the mountain wolf.

There did I louder sing than all the
 floods
 Whirled in white foam above the
 precipice,
 And the sharp sleet that stung the naked
 woods
 Answer with sullen hiss :

But when the peaceful clouds rose white
 and high
 On blandest airs that April skies
 could bring,
 Through all my fibres thrilled the ten-
 der sigh,
 The sweet unrest of Spring.

She, with warm fingers laced in mine,
 did melt
 In fragrant balsam my reluctant
 blood ;
 And with a smart of keen delight I
 felt
 The sap in every bud,

And tingled through my rough old bark,
 and fast
 Pushed out the younger green, that
 smoothed my tones,
 When last year's needles to the wind I
 cast,
 And shed my scaly cones.

I held the eagle till the mountain mist
 Rolled from the azure paths he came
 to soar,
 And like a hunter, on my gnarled wrist
 The dappled falcon bore.

Poised o'er the blue abyss, the morning
 lark
 Sang, wheeling near in rapturous ca-
 rouse ;
 And hart and hind, soft-pacing through
 the dark,
 Slept underneath my boughs.

Down on the pasture-slopes the herds-
 man lay,
 And for the flock his birchen trumpet
 blew ;
 There ruddy children tumbled in their
 play,
 And lovers came to woo.

And once an army, crowned with tri-
 umph, came
 Out of the hollow bosom of the gorge,
 With mighty banners in the wind aflame,
 Borne on a glittering surge

Of tossing spears, a flood that homeward
 rolled,
 While cymbals timed their steps of
 victory,
 And horn and clarion from their throats
 of gold
 Sang with a savage glee.

I felt the mountain walls below me
 shake,
 Vibrant with sound, and through my
 branches poured
 The glorious gust : my song thereto did
 make
 Magnificent accord.

Some blind harmonic instinct pierced
 the rind
 Of that slow life which made me
 straight and high,
 And I became a harp for every wind,
 A voice for every sky ;

When fierce autumnal gales began to
 blow,
 Roaring all day in concert, hoarse
 and deep ;
 And then made silent with my weight
 of snow —
 A spectre on the steep ;

Filled with a whispering gush, like that
 which flows
 Through organ-stops, when sank the
 sun's red disk
 Beyond the city, and in blackness rose
 Temple and obelisk ;

Or breathing soft, as one who sighs in
 prayer,
 Mysterious sounds of portent and of
 might,
 What time I felt the wandering waves
 of air
 Pulsating through the night.

And thus for centuries my rhythmic
 chant
 Rolled down the gorge, or surged
 about the hill :
 Gentle, or stern, or sad, or jubilant,
 At every season's will.

No longer Memory whispers whence
 arose
 The doom that tore me from my place
 of pride :
 Whether the storms that load the peak
 with snows,
 And start the mountain-slide,

Let fall a fiery bolt to smite my
 top,
 Upwrenched my roots, and o'er the
 precipice
 Hurlled me, a dangling wreck, erelong
 to drop
 Into the wild abyss ;

Or whether hands of men, with scorn-
 ful strength
 And force from Nature's rugged
 armory lent,
 Sawed through my heart and rolled my
 tumbling length
 Sheer down the steep descent.

All sense departed, with the boughs I
 wore ;
 And though I moved with mighty
 gales at strife,
 A mast upon the seas, I sang no more,
 And music was my life.

Yet still that life awakens, brings again
 Its airy anthems, resonant and long,
 Till Earth and Sky, transfigured, fill my
 brain
 With rhythmic sweeps of song.

Thence am I made a poet : thence are
 sprung
 Those shadowy motions of the soul,
 that reach
 Beyond all grasp of Art, — for which
 the tongue
 Is ignorant of speech.

And if some wild, full-gathered har-
 mony
 Roll its unbroken music through my
 line,
 There lives and murmurs, faintly
 though it be,
 The Spirit of the Pine.

THE VINEYARD-SAINT.

SHE, pacing down the vineyard walks,
 Put back the branches, one by one,
 Stripped the dry foliage from the stalks,
 And gave their bunches to the sun.

On fairer hillsides, looking south,
 The vines were brown with cankerous
 rust,
 The earth was hot with summer drouth,
 And all the grapes were dim with
 dust.

Yet here some blessed influence rained
 From kinder skies, the season
 through ;

On every bunch the bloom remained,
 And every leaf was washed in dew.

I saw her blue eyes, clear and calm ;
 I saw the aureole of her hair ;
 I heard her chant some unknown psalm,
 In triumph half, and half in prayer.

"Hail, maiden of the vines !" I cried :
 "Hail, Oread of the purple hill !
 For vineyard fauns too fair a bride,
 For me thy cup of welcome fill !

"Unlatch the wicket ; let me in,
 And, sharing, make thy toil more
 dear :

No riper vintage holds the bin
 Than that our feet shall trample here.

"Beneath thy beauty's light I glow,
 As in the sun those grapes of thine :
 Touch thou my heart with love, and
 lo !
 The foaming must is turned to wine !"

She, pausing, stayed her careful task,
 And, lifting eyes of steady ray,
 Blew, as a wind the mountain's mask
 Of mist, my cloudy words away.

No troubled flush o'erran her cheek ;
 But when her quiet lips did stir,
 My heart knelt down to hear her speak
 And mine the blush I sought in her.

"Oh, not for me," she said, "the vow
 So lightly breathed, to break ere long
 The vintage-garland on the brow ;
 The revels of the dancing throng !

"To maiden love I shut my heart,
 Yet none the less a stainless bride ;
 I work alone, I dwell apart,
 Because my work is sanctified.

"A virgin hand must tend the vine,
 By virgin feet the vat be trod,
 Whose consecrated gush of wine
 Becomes the blessed blood of God !

"No sinful purple here shall stain,
 Nor juice profane these grapes afford ;
 But reverent lips their sweetness drain
 Around the Table of the Lord.

"The cup I fill, of chaster gold,
 Upon the lighted altar stands ;
 There, when the gates of heaven unfold,
 The priest exalts it in his hands.

"The censer yields adoring breath,
 The awful anthem sinks and dies,
 While God, who suffered life and death,
 Renews His ancient sacrifice.

"O sacred garden of the vine !
 And blessed she, ordained to press
 God's chosen vintage, for the wine
 Of pardon and of holiness !"

HYLAS.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the
 water.

No cloud was seen ; on blue and craggy
 Ida

The hot noon lay, and on the plain's
 enamel ;

Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Sca-
 mander.

"Why should I haste ?" said young and
 rosy Hylas :

“The seas were rough, and long the way from Colehis.
 Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
 Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
 The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
 On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
 Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
 Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander.”

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,
 And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
 Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms
 That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.
 Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
 And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,
 Naked, save one light robe that from his shoulder
 Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
 Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,
 Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
 Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
 He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting
 In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
 Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
 For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,
 Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
 A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,
 Whence Jove-begotten Héraclès, the mighty,
 To men though terrible, to him was gentle,
 Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
 When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
 Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
 Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
 Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
 Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips, parting,
 Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.
 His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
 Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
 Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded
 To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
 Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
 His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
 As if some pulse of power began to waken;
 The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,
 Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,
 Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.
 He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
 In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
 On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
 Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.
 Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching
 Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
 Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
 Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillowed,
 And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
 Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
 His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.
 There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,
 The lucid coolness folding close around him,

The lily-cradling ripples murmured,
 "Hylas!"
 He shook from off his ears the hyacin-
 thine
 Curls, that had lain unwet upon the
 water,
 And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas!
 Hylas!"
 He thought: "The voices are but ear-
 born music.
 Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is
 calling
 From some high cliff that tops a Thra-
 cian valley:
 So long mine ears, on tumbling Helles-
 pontus,
 Have heard the sea waves hammer
 Argo's forehead,
 That I misdeem the fluting of this cur-
 rent
 For some lost nymph —" Again the
 murmur, "Hylas!"
 And with the sound a cold, smooth arm
 around him
 Slid like a wave, and down the clear,
 green darkness
 Glimmered on either side a shining
 bosom, —
 Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever
 closer
 Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to
 his shoulders,
 Their checks lay nestled, while the pur-
 ple tangles
 Their loose hair made, in silken mesh
 enwound him.
 Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then
 uplifting,
 They kissed his neck with lips of humid
 coral,
 And once again there came a murmur,
 "Hylas!"
 Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where
 we wander
 Deep down beneath the green, translu-
 cent ceiling, —
 Where on the sandy bed of old Sea-
 mander
 With cool white buds we braid our
 purple tresses,
 Lulled by the bubbling waves around us
 stealing!
 Thou fair Greek boy, Oh, come with us!
 Oh, follow
 Where thou no more shalt hear Propon-
 tis riot,
 But by our arms be lapped in endless
 quiet,

Within the glimmering caves of Ocean
 hollow!
 We have no love; alone, of all the Im-
 mortals,
 We have no love. Oh, love us, we who
 press thee
 With faithful arms, though cold, —
 whose lips caress thee, —
 Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love
 us, Hylas!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining
 pressure
 Lock round his limbs, and bear him,
 vainly striving,
 Down from the noonday brightness.
 "Leave me, Naiads!
 Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me
 is dearer
 Than all your caves deep-sphered in
 Ocean's quiet.
 I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleas-
 ure:
 I would not change this flexile, warm
 existence,
 Though swept by storms, and shocked
 by Jove's dread thunder,
 To be a king beneath the dark-green
 waters."
 Still moaned the humid lips, between
 their kisses,
 "We have no love. Oh, love us, we
 who love thee!"
 And came in answer, thus, the words of
 Hylas:
 "My love is mortal. For the Argive
 maidens
 I keep the kisses which your lips would
 ravish.
 Unlock your cold white arms, — take
 from my shoulder
 The tangled swell of your bewildering
 tresses.
 Let me return: the wind comes down
 from Ida,
 And soon the galley, stirring from her
 slumber,
 Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight
 shadow
 Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt
 city.
 I am not yours, — I cannot braid the lilies
 In your wet hair, nor on your argent
 bosoms
 Close my drowsed eyes to hear your
 rippling voices.
 Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal
 being, —

Your world of watery quiet. Help,
 Apollo!
 For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy
 music,
 Dance in my heart and flood my sense
 with rapture!
 The joy, the warmth and passion now
 awaken,
 Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly
 sleeping.
 Oh, leave me, Naiads! loose your chill
 embraces,
 Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pin-
 ing."
 But still with unrelenting arms they
 bound him,
 And still, accordant, flowed their watery
 voices:
 "We have thee now,—we hold thy
 beauty prisoned;
 Oh, come with us beneath the emerald
 waters!
 We have no love: we have thee, rosy
 Hylas.
 Oh, love us, who shall nevermore release
 thee:
 Love us, whose milky arms will be thy
 cradle
 Far down on the untroubled sands of
 ocean,
 Where now we bear thee, clasped in our
 embraces."
 And slowly, slowly sank the amorous
 Naiads;
 The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked
 through the water,
 Pleading for help; but Heaven's im-
 mortal Archer
 Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid
 his forehead,
 And last, the thick, bright curls a mo-
 ment floated,
 So warm and silky that the stream up-
 bore them,
 Closing reluctant, as he sank forever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Im-
 bros.
 Argo was tugging at her chain; for
 freshly
 Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the
 restless billows.
 The voice of Jason roused the dozing
 sailors,
 And up the mast was heaved the snowy
 canvas.
 But mighty Héraclès, the Jove-begot-
 ten,

Unmindful stood, beside the cool Sea-
 mander,
 Leaning upon his club. A purple chla-
 mys
 Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay be-
 fore him:
 And when he called, expectant, "Hy-
 las! Hylas!"
 The empty echoes made him answer,—
 "Hylas!"

KUBLEH:

A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

THE black-eyed children of the Desert
 drove
 Their flocks together at the set of
 sun.
 The tents were pitched; the weary cam-
 els bent
 Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon
 the sand;
 The hunters quartered by the kindled
 fires
 The wild boars of the Tigris they had
 slain,
 And all the stir and sound of evening
 ran
 Throughout the Shammar camp. The
 dewy air
 Bore its full burden of confused delight
 Across the flowery plain; and while,
 afar,
 The snows of Koordish Mountains in
 the ray
 Flashed roseate amber, Nimroud's an-
 cient mound
 Rose broad and black against the burn-
 ing West.
 The shadows deepened, and the stars
 came out,
 Sparkling in violet ether; one by one
 Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires on the
 plain,
 And shapes of steed and horseman
 moved among
 The dusky tents, with shout and jostling
 cry,
 And neigh and restless prancing. Chil-
 dren ran
 To hold the thongs, while every rider
 drove
 His quivering spear in the earth, and by
 his door
 Tethered the horse he loved. In midst
 of all

Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared
not touch, —
The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the
Shekh
A dearer wealth than all his Georgian
girls.

But when their meal was o'er, — when
the red fires
Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer
bayed, —
When Shammar hunters with the boys
sat down
To cleanse their bloody knives, came
Alimàr,
The poet of the tribe, whose songs of
love
Are sweeter than Bassora's nightin-
gales, —
Whose songs of war can fire the Arab
blood
Like war itself: who knows not Alimàr?
Then asked the men, "O Poet, sing of
Kubleh!"
And boys laid down the burnished
knives and said,
"Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never
saw, —
Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer drew
the group,
With eager eyes, about the flickering fire,
While Alimàr, beneath the Assyrian
stars,
Sang to the listening Arabs:

"God is great!

O Arabs! never since Mohammed rode
The sands of Beder, and by Mecca's
gate
That wingèd steed bestrode, whose mane
of fire
Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah
called,
He bore the Prophet to the walls of
Heaven,
Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk's wondrous
mare:
Not all the milk-white barbs, whose hoofs
dashed flame,
In Baghdad's stables, from the marble
floor, —
Who, swathed in purple housings,
pranced in state
The gay bazaars, by great Al-Raschid
backed:
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed
That went o'er half the world with
Tamerlane:

Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago
From Ormuz brought by swarthy In-
dian grooms
To Persia's kings, — the foals of sacred
mares,
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea!

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can
tell
Whence came she? whence her like
shall come again?
O Arabs! sweet as tales of Scheherazade
Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts
are tried
On the hot eve of battle, are the words
That tell the marvels of her history.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters
say,
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.
The well had dried; her fierce, impa-
tient eye
Glared red and sunken, and her slight
young limbs
Were lean with thirst. He checked his
camel's pace,
And, while it knelt, untied the water-
skin,
And when the wild mare drank, she
followed him.
Thence none but Sofuk might the sad-
dle gird
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear
About her shining head, that brooked
no curb
From even him; for she, alike, was
royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting
grace,
Than some impassioned alme's, when
the dance
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets
gleam,
Through floating drapery, on the buoy-
ant air.
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;
Between her slender and transparent
ears
The silken forelock tossed; her nostril's
arch,
Thin-blown, in proud and pliant beauty
spread
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy
neck
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's
wing,

And all her matchless lines of flank and
limb
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes
of air.
When sounds of warlike preparation
rang
From tent to tent, her keen and restless
eye
Shone blood-red as a ruby, and her
neigh
Rang wild and sharp above the clash
of spears.

“The tribes of Tigris and the Desert
knew her :
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she
bore
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited
not
To bid her welcome ; and the savage
Koord,
Chased from his bold irruption on the
plain,
Has seen her hoof-prints in his mount-
ain snow.
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,
O'er ledge, and chasm, and barren steep
amid
The Sinjar-hills, she ran the wild ass
down.
Through many a battle's thickest brunt
she stormed,
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fet-
lock deep
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid
haze
Stified the crimson sun, she swept be-
fore
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty
mane
Flared in its vortex, while the camels
lay
Groaning and helpless on the fiery
waste.

“The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian
knew her :
The Georgian chiefs have heard her
trumpet neigh
Before the walls of Tiflis ; pines that
grow
On ancient Caucasus have harbored
her,
Sleeping by Sofuk in their spicy gloom.
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her
flanks,
When from the shore she saw the white-
sailed bark

That brought him home from Stain-
boul. Never yet,
O Arabs! never yet was like to Ku-
bleh !

“And Sofuk loved her. She was more
to him
Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.
For many years she stood beside his
tent,
The glory of the tribe.

“At last she died, —
Died, while the fire was yet in all her
limbs, —
Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she
loved.
The base Jebours, — on whom be Allah's
curse ! —
Came on his path, when far from any
camp,
And would have slain him, but that
Kubleh sprang
Against the javelin points, and bore
them down,
And gained the open Desert. Wounded
sore,
She urged her light limbs into madden-
ing speed,
And made the wind a laggard. On
and on
The red sand slid beneath her, and be-
hind
Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbu-
lence,
As when some star of Eblis, downward
hurled
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning
hair
The waste of darkness. On and on the
bleak,
Bare ridges rose before her, came, and
passed,
And every flying leap with fresher blood
Her nostrils stained, till Sofuk's brow
and breast
Were flecked with crimson foam. He
would have turned
To save his treasure, though himself
were lost,
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen
rein.
At last, when through her spent and
quivering frame
The sharp throes ran, our clustering
tents arose,
And with a neigh, whose shrill access
of joy

O'ercame its agony, she stopped and fell.

The Shammar men came round her as she lay,

And Sofuk raised her head, and held it close

Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye

Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.

Then like a child his bursting grief made way

In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe

Wept for the faithful mare.

“They dug her grave

Amid El-Hather's marbles, where she lies

Buried with ancient kings; and since that time

Was never seen, and will not be again, O Arabs! though the world be doomed to live

As many moons as count the desert sands,

The like of glorious Kubleh. God is great!”

MON-DA-MIN;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF MAIZE.

I.

LONG ere the shores of green America
Were touched by men of Norse and Saxon blood,

What time the Continent in silence lay,
A solemn realm of forest and of flood,
Where Nature wantoned wild in zones immense,

Unconscious of her own magnificence;

II.

Then to the savage race, who knew no world

Beyond the hunter's lodge, the council-fire,

The clouds of grosser sense were sometimes furled,

And spirits came to answer their desire, —

The spirits of the race, grotesque and shy;

Exaggerated powers of earth and sky.

III.

For Gods resemble whom they govern:
they,

The fathers of the soil, may not outgrow
The children's vision. In that earlier day,

They stooped the race familiarly to know;

From Heaven's blue prairies they descended then,

And took the shapes and shared the lives of men.

IV.

A chief there was, who in the frequent stress

Of want, yet in contentment, lived his days;

His lodge was built within the wilderness

Of Huron, clasping those transparent bays,

Those deeps of unimagined crystal, where

The bark canoe seems hung in middle air.

V.

There, from the lake and from the uncertain chase

With patient heart his sustenance he drew;

And he was glad to see, in that wild place,

The sons and daughters that around him grew,

Although more scant they made his scanty store,

And in the winter moons his need was sore.

VI.

The eldest was a boy, a silent lad,
Who wore a look of wisdom from his birth;

Such beauty, both of form and face, he had,

As until then was never known on earth:
And so he was (his soul so bright and far!)

Osséo named, — Son of the Evening Star.

VII.

This boy by nature was companionless:
His soul drew nurture only when it sucked

The savage dugs of Fable; he could guess
 The knowledge other minds but slowly
 plucked
 From out the heart of things; to him,
 as well
 As to his Gods, all things were possible.

VIII.

The heroes of that shapeless faith of his
 Took life from him: when gusts of
 powdery snow
 Whirled round the lodge, he saw Panp-
 puckewiss
 Floundering amid the drifts, and he
 would go
 Climbing the hills, while sunset faded
 wan,
 To seek the feathers of the Rosy Swan.

IX.

He knew the lord of serpent and of
 beast,
 The crafty Incarnation of the North;
 He knew, when airs grew warm and
 buds increased,
 The sky was pierced, the Summer is-
 sued forth,
 And when a cloud concealed some
 mountain's erest
 The Bird of Thunder brooded on his
 nest.

X.

Through Huron's mists he saw the en-
 chanted boat
 Of old Mishosha to his island go,
 And oft he watched, if on the waves
 might float,
 As once, the Fiery Plume of Wassamo;
 And when the moonrise flooded coast
 and bay,
 He climbed the headland, stretching far
 away;

XI.

For there — so ran the legend — nightly
 came
 The small Puck-wudjees, ignorant of
 harm:
 The friends of Man, in many a sportive
 game
 The nimble elves consoled them for the
 charm
 Which kept them exiled from their
 homes afar, —
 The silver lodges of a twilight star.

XII.

So grew Osséo, as a lonely pine,
 That knows the secret of the wander-
 ing breeze,
 And ever sings its canticles divine,
 Uncomprehended by the other trees:
 And now the time drew nigh, when he
 began
 The solemn fast whose issue proves the
 man.

XIII.

His father built a lodge the wood within,
 Where he the appointed space should
 duly bide,
 Till such propitious time as he had been
 By faith prepared, by fasting purified,
 And in mysterious dreams allowed to
 see
 What God the guardian of his life
 would be.

XIV.

The anxious crisis of the Spring was
 past,
 And warmth was master o'er the linger-
 ing cold.
 The alder's catkins dropped; the maple
 cast
 His crimson bloom, the willow's downy
 gold
 Blew wide, and softer than a squirrel's
 ear
 The white oak's foxy leaves began ap-
 pear.

XV.

There was a motion in the soil. A sound
 Lighter than falling seeds, shook out of
 flowers,
 Exhaled where dead leaves, sodden on
 the ground,
 Repressed the eager grass; and there
 for hours
 Osséo lay, and vainly strove to bring
 Into his mind the miracle of Spring.

XVI.

The wood-birds knew it, and their voices
 rang
 Around his lodge; with many a dart
 and whir
 Of saucy joy, the shrewish catbird sang
 Full-throated, and he heard the king-
 fisher,

Who from his God escaped with rum-
pled crest,
And the white medal hanging on his
breast.

XVII.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks
A scarlet rain; the yellow violet
Sat in the chariot of its leaves; the
phlox
Held spikes of purple flame in meadows
wet,
And all the streams with vernal-scented
reed
Were fringed, and streaky bells of mis-
kodeed.

XVIII.

The boy went musing: What are these,
that burst
The sod and grow, without the aid of
man?
What father brought them food? what
mother nursed
Them in her earthy lodge, till Spring
began?
They cannot speak; they move but with
the air;
Yet souls of evil or of good they bear.

XIX.

How are they made, that some with
wholesome juice
Delight the tongue, and some are
charged with death?
If spirits them inhabit, they can loose
Their shape sometimes, and talk with
human breath:
Would that in dreams one such would
come to me,
And thence my teacher and my guar-
dian be!

XX.

So, when more languid with his fast,
the boy
Kept to his lodge, he pondered much
thereon,
And other memories gave his mind em-
ploy;
Memories of winters when the moose
were gone,—
When tales of Manabozo failed to melt
The hunger-pang his pining brothers
felt.

XXI.

He thought: The Mighty Spirit knows
all things,
Is master over all. Could He not choose
Design his children food to ease the
stings
Of hunger, when the lake and wood re-
fuse?
If He will bless me with the knowl-
edge, I
Will for my brothers fast until I die.

XXII.

Four days were sped since he had tasted
meat;
Too faint he was to wander any more,
When from the open sky, that, blue and
sweet,
Looked in upon him through the lodge's
door,
With quiet gladness he beheld a fair
Celestial Shape descending through the
air.

XXIII.

He fell serenely, as a wingèd seed
Detached in summer from the maple
bough;
His glittering clothes unruffled by the
speed,
The tufted plumes unshaken on his
brow:
Bright, wonderful, he came without a
sound,
And like a burst of sunshine struck the
ground.

XXIV.

So light he stood, so tall and straight of
limb,
So fair the heavenly freshness of his face,
With beating heart Osséo looked at him,
For now a God had visited the place.
More brave a God his dreams had never
seen:
The stranger's garments were a shining
green.

XXV.

Sheathing his limbs in many a stately
fold,
That, parting on his breast, allowed the
eye
To note beneath, his vest of scaly gold,
Whereon the drops of slaughter, scarcely
dry,

Disclosed their blushing stain : his
shoulders fair
Gave to the wind long tufts of silky hair.

XXVI.

The plummy crest, that high and beautiful
Above his head its branching tassels hung,
Shook down a golden dust, while, fixing full
His eyes upon the boy, he loosed his tongue.
Deep in his soul Osséo did rejoice
To hear the reedy music of his voice :

XXVII.

“By the Great Spirit I am hither sent,
He knows the wishes whereupon you feed,—
The soul, that, on your brothers’ good intent,
Would sink ambition to relieve their need :
This thing is grateful to the Master’s eye,
Nor will His wisdom what you seek deny.

XXVIII.

“But blessings are not free ; they do not fall
In listless hands ; by toil the soul must prove
Its steadfast purpose master over all,
Before their wings in pomp of coming move :
Here, wrestling with me, must you overcome,
In me, the secret,—else, my lips are dumb.”

XXIX.

No match for his, Osséo’s limbs appeared,
Weak with the fast ; and yet in soul he grew
Composed and resolute, by accents cheered,
That spake in light what he but darkly knew.
He rose, unto the issue nerved ; he sent
Unto his arms the hope of the event.

XXX.

The shining stranger wrestled long and hard,
When, disengaging weary limbs, he said :
“It is enough ; with no unkind regard
The Master’s eye your toil hath visited.
He bids me cease ; to-day let strife remain ;
But on the morrow I will come again.”

XXXI.

And on the morrow came he as before,
Dropping serenely down the deep-blue air :
More weak and languid was the boy,
yet more
Courageous he, that crowning test to bear.
His soul so wrought in every fainting limb,
It seemed the cruel fast had strengthened him.

XXXII.

Again they grappled, and their sinews wrung
In desperate emulation ; and again
Came words of comfort from the stranger’s tongue
When they had ceased. He scaled the heavenly plain,
His tall, bright stature lessening as he rose,
Till lost amid the infinite repose.

XXXIII.

On the third day descending as before,
His raiment’s gleam surprised the silent sky ;
And weaker still the poor boy felt, yet more
Courageous he, and resolute to die,
So he might first the promised good embrace,
And leave a blessing unto all his race.

XXXIV.

This time with intertwining limbs they strove ;
The God’s green mantle shook in every fold,

And o'er Osséo's heated forehead drove
His silky hair, his tassel's dusty gold,
Till, spent and breathless, he at last
forbore,
And sat to rest beside the lodge's door.

XXXV.

"My friend," he said, "the issue now
is plain ;
Who wrestles in his soul must victor
be ;
Who bids his life in payment shall
attain
The end he seeks, — and you will van-
quish me.
Then, these commands fulfilling, you
shall win
What the Great Spirit gives in Mon-da-
Min.

XXXVI.

"When I am dead, strip off this green
array,
And pluck the tassels from my shrivelled
hair ;
Then bury me where summer rains shall
play
Above my breast, and sunshine linger
there.
Remove the matted sod ; for I would
have
The earth lie lightly, softly on my grave.

XXXVII.

"And tend the place, lest any noxious
weed
Through the sweet soil should strike its
bitter root ;
Nor let the blossoms of the forest breed,
Nor the wild grass in green luxuriance
shoot ;
But when the earth is dry and blistered,
fold
Thereon the fresh and dainty-smelling
mould.

XXXVIII.

'The clamoring crow, the blackbird
swarms that make
The meadow trees their hive, must
come not near :
Scare thence all hurtful things ; nor
quite forsake
Your careful watch until the woods ap-
pear

With crimson blotches deeply dashed
and crossed, —
Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.

XXXIX.

"This done, the secret, into knowledge
grown,
Is yours forevermore." With that, he
took
The yielding air. Osséo, left alone,
Followed his flight with hope-enraptured
look.
The pains of hunger fled ; a happy
flame
Danced in his heart until the trial came.

XL.

It happened so, as Mon-da-Min foretold ;
Osséo's soul, at every wreathing twist
Of palpitating muscle, grew more bold,
And from the limbs of his antagonist
Celestial vigor to his own he drew,
Till with one mighty heave he over-
threw.

XLI.

Then from the body, beautiful and cold,
He stripped the shining clothes ; but on
his breast
He left the vest, engrained with blush-
ing gold,
And covered him in decent burial-rest.
At sunset to his father's lodge he passed,
And soothed with meat the anguish of
his fast.

XLII.

Naught did he speak of all that he had
done
But day by day in secrecy he sought
An opening in the forest, where the sun
Warmed the new grave : so tenderly he
wrought,
So lightly heaped the mould, so care-
fully
Kept all the place from choking her-
bage free,

XLIII.

That in a little while a folded plume
Pushed timidly the covering soil aside,
And, fed by fattening rains, took
broader room,
Until it grew a stalk, and rustled wide

Its leafy garments, lifting in the air
Its tasselled top, and knots of silky hair.

XLIV.

Osséo marvelled to behold his friend
In this fair plant; the secret of the Spring
Was his at length; and till the Summer's end

He guarded him from every harmful thing.

He scared the cloud of blackbirds,
wheeling low;

His arrow pierced the reconnoitring
crow.

XLV.

Now came the brilliant mornings, kind-
ling all

The woody hills with pinnacles of fire;
The gum's ensanguined leaves began to
fall,

The buckeye blazed in prodigal attire,
And frosty vapors left the lake at night
To string the prairie grass with spangles
white.

XLVI.

One day, from long and unsuccessful
chase

The chief returned. Osséo through the
wood

In silence led him to the guarded place,
Where now the plant in golden ripeness
stood.

"Behold, my father!" he exclaimed,
"our friend,

Whom the Great Spirit unto me did
send,

XLVII.

"Then, when I fasted, and my prayer
He knew,

That He would save my brothers from
their want;

For this, his messenger I overthrew,
And from his grave was born this glori-
ous plant.

'Tis Mon-da-Min: his sheathing husks
enclose

Food for my brothers in the time of
snows.

XLVIII.

"I leave you now, my father! Here be-
fits

Me longer not to dwell. My pathway
lies

To where the West-wind on the mount-
ain sits,

And the Red Swan beyond the sunset
flies:

There may superior wisdom be in
store."

And so he went, and he returned no
more.

XLIX.

But Mon-da-Min remained, and still re-
mains;

His children cover all the boundless
land,

And the warm sun and frequent mellow
rains

Shape the tall stalks and make the
leaves expand.

A mighty army they have grown: he
drills

Their green battalions on the summer
hills.

L.

And when the silky hair hangs crisp
and dead,

Then leave their rustling ranks the
tasselled peers,

In broad encampment pitch their tents
instead,

And garner up the ripe autumnal ears:
The annual storehouse of a nation's
need,

From whose abundance all the world
may feed.

THE SOLDIER AND THE PARD.

A SECOND deluge! Well,—no matter:
here,

At least, is better shelter than the lean,
Sharp-elbowed oaks,—a dismal com-
pany!

That stood around us in the mountain
road

When that cursed axle broke: a roof of
thatch,

A fire of withered boughs, and best of
all,

This ruddy wine of Languedoc, that
warms

One through and through, from heart
to finger-ends.

No better quarters for a stormy night
A soldier, like myself, could ask; and

since

The rough Cevenues refuse to let us
 forth,
 Why, fellow-travellers, if so you will,
 I'll tell the story cut so rudely short
 When both fore-wheels broke from the
 diligence,
 Stocked in the rut, and pitched us all
 together :

I said, we fought beside the Pyramids ;
 And somehow, from the glow of this
 good wine,
 And from the gloomy rain, that shuts
 one in
 With his own self, — a sorry mate
 sometimes ! —

The scene comes back like life. As
 then, I feel
 The sun, and breathe the hot Egyptian
 air,
 Hear Kleber, see the sabre of Dessaix
 Flash at the column's front, and in the
 midst
 Napoleon, upon his Barbary horse,
 Calm, swarthy-browed, and wiser than
 the Sphinx
 Whose granite lips guard Egypt's mys-
 tery.

Ha! what a rout ! our cannon bellowed
 round
 The Pyramids : the Mamelukes closed
 in,
 And hand to hand like devils did we
 fight,
 Rolled towards Sakkara in the smoke
 and sand.

For days we followed up the Nile. We
 pitched
 Our tents in Memphis, pitched them on
 the site
 Of Antinoë, and beside the cliffs
 Of Aboufayda. Then we came anon
 On Kenneh, ere the sorely-frightened
 Bey
 Had time to pack his harem : nay, we
 took
 His camels, not his wives : and so, from
 day
 To day, past wrecks of temples half sub-
 merged
 In sandy inundation, till we saw
 Old noseless Memnon sitting on the
 plain,
 Both hands upon his knees, and in the
 east
 Karnak's propylon and its pillared court.
 The sphinxes wondered — such as had a
 face —

To see us stumbling down their avenues ;
 But we kept silent. One may whistle
 round
 Your Roman temples here at Nismes, or
 dance
 Upon the Pont du Gard ; — but, take my
 word,
 Egyptian ruins are a serious thing :
 You would not dare let fly a joke beside
 The maimed colossi, though your very
 feet
 Might catch between some mummied
 Pharaoh's ribs.

Dessaix was bent on chasing Mame-
 lukes,
 And so we rummaged tomb and cata-
 comb,
 Clambered the hills and watched the
 Desert's rim
 For sight of horse. One day my com-
 pany
 (I was but ensign then) found far within
 The sands, a two-days' journey from the
 Nile,
 A round oasis, like a jewel set.
 It was a grove of date-trees, clustering
 close
 About a tiny spring, whose overflow
 Trickled beyond their shade a little
 space,
 And the insatiate Desert licked it up.
 The fiery ride, the glare of afternoon
 Had burned our faces, so we stopped to
 feel
 The coolness and the shadow, like a bath
 Of pure ambrosial lymph, receive our
 limbs
 And sweeten every sense. Drowsed by
 the soft,
 Delicious greenness and repose, I crept
 Into a balmy nest of yielding shrubs,
 And floated off to slumber on a cloud
 Of rapturous sensation.

When I woke,
 So deep had been the oblivion of that
 sleep,
 That Adam, when he woke in Paradise,
 Was not more blank of knowledge ; he
 had felt
 As heedlessly, the silence and the shade ;
 As ignorantly had raised his eyes and
 seen —

As, for a moment, I — what then I saw
 With terror, freezing limb and voice like
 death,
 When the slow sense, supplying one lost
 link,

Ran with electric fleetness through the chain
 And showed me what I was,—no miracle,
 But lost and left alone amid the waste,
 Fronting a deadly Pard, that kept great eyes
 Fixed steadily on mine. I could not move :
 My heart beat slow and hard : I sat and gazed,
 Without a wink, upon those jasper orbs,
 Noting the while, with horrible detail,
 Where to my fascinated sight was bound,
 Their tawny brilliance, and the spotted fell
 That wrinkled round them, smoothly sloping back
 And curving to the short and tufted ears.
 I felt—and with a sort of fearful joy—
 The beauty of the creature: 't was a pard,
 Not such as one of those they show you caged
 In Paris,—lean and scurvy beasts enough !
 No: but a desert pard, superb and proud,
 That would have died behind the cruel bars.

I think the creature had not looked on man,
 For, as my brain grew cooler, I could see
 Small sign of fierceness in her eyes, but chief,
 Surprise and wonder. More and more entranced,
 Her savage beauty warmed away the chill
 Of deathlike terror at my heart: I stared
 With kindling admiration, and there came
 A gradual softness o'er the flinty light
 Within her eyes; a shadow crept around
 Their yellow disks, and something like a dawn
 Of recognition of superior will,
 Of brute affection, sympathy enslaved
 By higher nature, then informed her face.
 Thrilling in every nerve, I stretched my hand,—
 She silent, moveless,—touched her velvet head,

And with a warm, sweet shiver in my blood,
 Stroked down the ruffled hairs. She did not start;
 But, in a moment's lapse, drew up one paw
 And moved a step,—another,—till her breath
 Came hot upon my face. She stopped: she rolled
 A deep-voiced note of pleasure and of love,
 And gathering up her spotted length,
 Lay down,
 Her head upon my lap, and forward thrust
 One heavy-moulded paw across my knees,
 The glittering talons sheathing tenderly.
 Thus we, in that oasis all alone,
 Sat when the sun went down: the Pard and I,
 Caressing and caressed: and more of love
 And more of confidence between us came,
 I grateful for my safety, she alive
 With the dumb pleasure of companionship,
 Which touched with instincts of humanity
 Her brutish nature. When I slept, at last,
 My arm was on her neck.

The morrow brought
 No rupture of the bond between us twain.
 The creature loved me; she would bounding come,
 Cat-like, to rub her great, smooth, yellow head
 Against my knee, or with rough tongue would lick
 The hand that stroked the velvet of her hide.
 How beautiful she was! how lithe and free
 The undulating motions of her frame!
 How shone, like isles of tawny gold, her spots,
 Mapped on the creamy white! And when she walked,
 No princess, with the crown about her brows,
 Looked so superbly royal. Ah, my friends,
 Smile as you may, but I would give this life

With its fantastic pleasures — aye, even
that

One leads in Paris — to be back again
In the red Desert with my splendid
Pard.

That grove of date-trees was our home,
our world,

A star of verdure in a sky of sand.

Without the feathery fringes of its shade
The naked Desert ran, its burning
round

Sharp as a sword : the naked sky above,
Awful in its immensity, not shone

There only, where the sun supremely
flamed,

But all its deep-blue walls were pene-
trant

With dazzling light. God reigned in
Heaven and Earth,

An Everlasting Presence, and his care
Fed us, alike his children. From the
trees

That shook down pulpy dates, and from
the spring,

The quiet author of that happy grove,
My wants were sated ; and when mid-
night came,

Then would the Pard steal softly from
my side,

Take the unmeasured sand with flying
leaps

And vanish in the dusk, returning soon
With a gazelle's light carcass in her
jaws.

So passed the days, and each the other
taught

Our simple language. She would come
at call

Of the pet name I gave her, bound and
sport

When so I bade, and she could read my
face

Through all its changing moods, with
better skill

Than many a Christian comrade. Pard
and beast,

Though you may say she was, she had a
soul.

But Sin will find the way to Paradise.

Erelong the sense of isolation fed
My mind with restless fancies. I be-
gan

To miss the life of camp, the march, the
fight,

The soldier's emulation : youthful blood
Ran in my veins : the silence lost its
charm,

And when the morning sunrise lighted
up

The threshold of the Desert, I would
gaze

With looks of bitter longing o'er the
sand.

At last, I filled my soldier's sash with
dates,

Drank deeply of the spring, and while
the Pard

Roamed in the starlight for her forage,
took

A westward course. The grove already
lay

A dusky speck — no more — when
through the night

Came the forsaken creature's eager cry.
Into a sandy pit I crept, and heard

Her bounding on my track until she
rolled

Down from the brink upon me. Then
with cries

Of joy and of distress, the touching
proof

Of the poor beast's affection, did she
strive

To lift me — Pardon, friends ! these
foolish eyes

Must have their will : and had you seen
her then,

In her mad gambols, as we homeward
went,

Your hearts had softened too.

But I, possessed
By some vile devil of mistrust, became
More jealous and impatient. In my
heart

I cursed the grove, and with suspicions
wronged

The noble Pard. She keeps me here, I
thought,

Deceived with false caresses, as a cat
Toys with the trembling mouse she
straight devours.

Will she so gently fawn about my feet,
When the gazelles are gone ? Will she

crunch dates,
And drink the spring, whose only drink
is blood ?

Am I to ruin flattered, and by whom ? —
Not even a man, a wily beast of prey.

Thus did the Devil whisper in mine
ear,

Till those black thoughts were rooted in
my heart

And made me cruel. So it chanced one
day,

That as I watched a flock of birds, that
 wheeled,
 And dipped, and circled in the air, the
 Pard,
 Moved by a freak of fond solicitude
 To win my notice, closed her careful
 fangs
 About my knee. Scarce knowing what
 I did,
 In the blind impulse of suspicious fear,
 I plunged, full home, my dagger in her
 neck.
 God! could I but recall that blow! She
 loosed
 Her hold, as softly as a lover quits
 His mistress' lips, and with a single
 groan,
 Full of reproach and sorrow, sank and
 died.
 What had I done! Sure never on this
 earth
 Did sharper grief so base a deed requite.
 Its murderous fury gone, my heart was
 racked
 With pangs of wild contrition, spent
 itself
 In cries and tears, the while I called on
 God
 To curse me for my sin. There lay the
 Pard,
 Her splendid eyes all film, her blazoned
 fell
 Smirched with her blood; and I, her
 murderer,
 Less than a beast, had thus repaid her
 love.

Ah, friends! with all this guilty mem-
 ory
 My heart is sore: and little now remains
 To tell you, but that afterwards — how
 long,
 I could not know — our soldiers picked
 me up,
 Wandering about the Desert, wild with
 grief
 And sobbing like a child. My nerves
 have grown
 To steel, in many battles; I can step
 Without a shudder through the heaps
 of slain;
 But never, never, till the day I die,
 Prevent a woman's weakness when I
 think
 Upon my desert Pard: and if a man
 Deny this truth she taught me, to his
 face
 I say he lies: a beast may have a soul.

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
 I have watched them one by one,
 Fading on the shores of Dawn.
 Round and full the glorious sun
 Walks with level step the spray,
 Through his vestibule of Day,
 While the wolves that late did howl
 Slink to dens and covert fowl,
 Guarded by the demon owl,
 Who, last night, with mocking croon,
 Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
 And with eyes that blankly glared
 On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
 Still the nightingale doth sing; —
 All the isle, alive with Spring,
 Lies, a jewel of delight,
 On the blue sea's heaving breast:
 Not a breath from out the West,
 But some balmy smell doth bring
 From the sprouting myrtle buds,
 Or from meadowy vales that lie
 Like a green inverted sky,
 Which the yellow cowslip stars,
 And the bloomy almond woods,
 Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.
 All is life that I can spy,
 To the farthest sea and sky,
 And my own the only pain
 Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine
 Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
 All this orb of cloudless shine,
 All this youth in Nature's veins
 Tingling with the season's wine,
 With a sharper torment pain me.
 Pansies in soft April rains
 Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
 Drawn from Earth's prolific lap;
 But the sluggish blood she brings
 To the tough Pine's hundred rings
 Closer locks their cruel hold,
 Closer draws the scaly bark
 Round the crevice, damp and cold,
 Where my useless wings I fold, —
 Sealing me in iron dark.
 By this coarse and alien state
 Is my dainty essence wronged;
 Finer senses that belonged
 To my freedom, chafe at Fate,
 Till the happier elves I hate,
 Who in moonlight dances turn
 Underneath the palmy fern,

Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linkèd hands
To the Ocean's yellow sands.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass ;
Violets make the airs that pass
Telltales of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained, —
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.
Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands,
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brine,
Tenantless of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.
Oh, the songs that sung might be,
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
And the Pine been never cloven !

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds, that from the Cyclades
Came, to blow in wanton riot
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
Bore my wailings on the seas :
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Smarting in the cloven Pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which, perchance, shall set me free
From the damned Witch Sycorax.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song !" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps
allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
" We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from
Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang " Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of " Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring.

ICARUS.

I.

IO TRIUMPHE ! Lo, thy certain art,
My crafty sire, releases us at length !
False Minos now may knit his baffled
brows,
And in the labyrinth by thee devised
His brutish horns in angry search may
toss

The Minotaur, — but thou and I are
 free !
 See where it lies, one dark spot on the
 breast
 Of plains far-shining in the long-lost
 day,
 Thy glory and our prison ! Either hand
 Crete, with her hoary mountains, olive-
 clad
 In twinkling silver, 'twixt the vineyard
 rows,
 Divides the glimmering seas. On Ida's
 top
 The sun, discovering first an earthly
 throne,
 Sits down in splendor ; lucent vapors rise
 From folded glens among the awaking
 hills,
 Expand their hovering films, and touch,
 and spread
 In airy planes beneath us, hearths of air
 Whereon the Morning burns her hun-
 dred fires.

II.

Take thou thy way between the cloud
 and wave.
 O Dædalus, my father, steering forth
 To friendly Samos, or the Carian shore !
 But me the spaces of the upper heaven
 Attract, the height, the freedom, and
 the joy.
 For now, from that dark treachery
 escaped,
 And tasting power which was the lust
 of youth,
 Whene'er the white blades of the sea-
 gull's wings
 Flashed round the headland, or the
 barbèd files
 Of cranes returning clanged across the
 sky,
 No half-way flight, no errand incom-
 plete
 I purpose. Not, as once in dreams, with
 pain
 I mount, with fear and huge exertion
 hold
 Myself a moment, ere the sickening fall
 Breaks in the shock of waking.
 Launched, at last,
 Uplift on powerful wings, I veer and
 float
 Past sunlit isles of cloud, that dot with
 light
 The boundless archipelago of sky.
 I fan the airy silence till it starts

In rustling whispers, swallowed up as
 soon ;
 I warm the chilly ether with my breath ;
 I with the beating of my heart make
 glad
 The desert blue. Have I not raised my-
 self
 Unto this height, and shall I cease to
 soar ?
 The curious eagles wheel about my
 path :
 With sharp and questioning eyes they
 stare at me,
 With harsh, impatient screams they
 menace me,
 Who, with these vans of cunning work-
 maunship
 Broad-spread, adventure on their high
 dounain, —
 Now mine, as well. Henceforth, ye
 clamorous birds,
 I claim the azure empire of the air !
 Henceforth I breast the current of the
 morn,
 Between her crimson shores : a star,
 henceforth,
 Upon the crawling dwellers of the earth
 My forehead shines. The steam of
 sacred blood,
 The smoke of burning flesh on altars
 laid,
 Fumes of the temple-wine, and sprinkled
 myrrh,
 Shall reach my palate ere they reach the
 Gods.

III.

Nay, am not I a God ? What other
 wing,
 If not a God's, could in the rounded
 sky
 Hang thus in solitary poise ? What
 need,
 Ye proud Immortals, that my balanced
 plumes
 Should grow, like yonder eagle's from
 the nest ?
 It may be, ere my crafty father's line
 Sprang from Erectheus, some artificer,
 Who found you roaming wingless on
 the hills,
 Naked, asserting godship in the dearth
 Of loftier claimants, fashioned you the
 same.
 Thence did you seize Olympus : thence
 your pride
 Compelled the race of men, your slaves,
 to tear

The temple from the mountain's marble
womb,
To carve you shapes more beautiful
than they,
To sate your idle nostrils with the
reek
Of gums and spices, heaped on jewelled
gold.

IV.

Lo, where Hyperion, through the glow-
ing air
Approaching, drives! Fresh from his
banquet-meats,
Flushed with Olympian nectar, angrily
He guides his fourfold span of furious
steeds,
Convojed by that bold Hour whose
ardent torch
Burns up the dew, toward the narrow
beach,
This long, projecting spit of cloudy
gold
Whereon I wait to greet him when he
comes.
Think not I fear thine anger: this day,
thou,
Lord of the silver bow, shalt bring a
guest
To sit in presence of the equal Gods
In your high hall: wheel but thy
chariot near,
That I may mount beside thee!
— What is this?
I hear the crackling hiss of singèd
plumes!
The stench of burning feathers stifles
me!
My loins are stung with drops of molten
wax! —
Ail! ail! my ruined vans! — I fall! I
die!

Ere the blue noon o'erspanned the bluer
strait
Which parts Icaria from Samos, fell,
Amid the silent wonder of the air,
Fell with a shock that startled the still
wave,
A sbrivelled wreck of crisp, entangled
plumes,
A head whence eagles' beaks had
plucked the eyes,
And clots of wax, black limbs by eagles
torn
In falling: and a circling eagle screamed
Around that floating horror of the sea
Derision, and above Hyperion shone.

THE BATH

OFF, fetters of the falsèr life, —
Weeds, that conceal the statuè's form!
This silent world with truth is rife,
This wooing air is warm.

Now fall the thin disguises, planned
For men too weak to walk unblamed:
Naked beside the sea I stand, —
Naked and not ashamed.

Where yonder dancing billows dip,
Far-off, to ocean's misty verge,
Ploughs Morning, like a full-sailed
ship,
The Orient's cloudy surge.

With spray of scarlet fire before
The ruffled gold that round her dies,
She sails above the sleeping shore,
Across the waking skies.

The dewy beach beneath her glows;
A pencilled beam, the lighthouse
burns:
Full-breathed, the fragrant sea-wind
blows, —
Life to the world returns!

I stand, a spirit new-born,
White-limbed and pure, and strong,
and fair;
The first-begotten son of Morn,
The nursling of the air!

There, in a heap, the masks of Earth,
The cares, the sins, the griefs, are
thrown:
Complete, as through diviner birth,
I walk the sands alone.

With downy hands the winds caress,
With frothy lips the amorous sea,
As welcoming the nakedness
Of vanished gods, in me.

Along the ridged and sloping sand,
Where headlands clasp the crescent
cove,
A shining spirit of the land,
A snowy shape, I move:

Or, plunged in hollow-rolling lullaby,
In emerald cradles rocked and swayed,
The sceptre of the sea is mine,
And mine his endless song.

For Earth with primal dew is wet,
Her long-lost child to rebaptize ;
Her fresh, immortal Edens yet
Their Adam recognize.

Her ancient freedom is his fee ;
Her ancient beauty is his dower :
She bares her ample breasts, that he
May suck the milk of power.

Press on, ye hounds of life, that lurk
So close, to seize your harried prey ;
Ye fiends of Custom, Gold, and Work,—
I hear your distant bay !

And, like the Arab, when he bears
To the insulted camel's path
His garment, which the camel tears,
And straight forgets his wrath ;

So, yonder badges of your sway,
Life's paltry husks, to you I give :
Fall on, and in your blindness say :
We hold the fugitive !

But leave to me this brief escape
To simple manhood, pure and free, —
A child of God, in God's own shape,
Between the land and sea !

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

The Coliseum lifts at night
Its broken cells more proudly far
Than in the noonday's naked light,
For every rent enshrines a star :
On Cæsar's hill the royal Lar
Presides within his mansion old :
Decay and Death no longer mar
The moon's atoning mist of gold.

Still lingering near the shrines renewed,
We sadly, fondly, look our last ;
Each trace concealed of spoilage rude
From old or late iconoclast,
Till, Trajan's whispering forum passed,
We hear the waters, showering bright,
Of Trevi's ancient fountain, cast
Their woven music on the night.

The Genius of the Tiber nods
Benign, above his tilted urn ;
Kneel down and drink ! the beckoning
 gods
This last libation will not spurn.
Drink, and the old enchantment learn
That hovers yet o'er Trevi's foam, —

The promise of a sure return,
Fresh footsteps in the dust of Rome !

Kneel down and drink ! the golden days
Here lived and dreamed, shall dawn
again :

Albano's hill, through purple haze,
Again shall crown the Latin plain.
Whatever stains of Time remain,
Left by the years that intervene,
Lo ! Trevi's fount shall toss its rain
To wash the pilgrim's forehead clean.

Drink, and depart ! for Life is just :
She gives to Faith a master-key
To ope the gate of dreams august,
And take from joys in memory
The certainty of joys to be :
And Trevi's basins shall be bare
Ere we again shall fail to see
Their silver in the Roman air.

PROPOSAL.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea ;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea ;
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss — thee !

The oriole weds his mottled mate .
The lily's bride o' the bee ;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the
earth —
Shall I wed thee ?

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

WHEN Peter led the First Crusade,
A Norseman wooed an Arab maid.

He loved her lithe and palmy grace,
And the dark beauty of her face :

She loved his cheeks, so ruddy fair,
His sunny eyes and yellow hair.

He called : she left her father's tent ;
She followed wheresoe'er he went.

She left the palms of Palestine
To sit beneath the Norland pine.

She sang the musky Orient strains
Where Winter swept the snowy plains.

Their natures met like Night and Morn
What time the morning-star is born.

The child that from their meeting
grew
Hung, like that star, between the two.

The glossy night his mother shed
From her long hair was on his head :

But in its shade they saw arise
The morning of his father's eyes.

Beneath the Orient's tawny stain
Wandered the Norseman's crimson vein :

Beneath the Northern force was seen
The Arab sense, alert and keen.

His were the Viking's sinewy hands,
The arching foot of Eastern lands.

And in his soul conflicting strove
Northern indifference, Southern love ;

The chastity of temperate blood,
Impetuous passion's fiery flood ;

The settled faith that nothing shakes,
The jealousy a breath awakes ;

The planning Reason's sober gaze,
And fancy's meteoric blaze.

And stronger, as he grew to man,
The contradicting natures ran, —

As mingled streams from Etna flow,
One born of fire, and one of snow.

And one impelled, and one withheld,
And one obeyed, and one rebelled.

One gave him force, the other fire ;
This self-control, and that desire.

One filled his heart with fierce unrest ;
With peace serene the other blessed.

He knew the depth and knew the height,
The bounds of darkness and of light ;

And who these far extremes has seen
Must needs know all that lies between.

So, with untaught, instinctive art,
He read the myriad-natured heart.

He met the men of many a land ;
They gave their souls into his hand ;

And none of them was long unknown
The hardest lesson was his own.

But how he lived, and where, and when,
It matters not to other men ;

For, as a fountain disappears,
To gush again in later years,

So hidden blood may find the day,
When centuries have rolled away ;

And fresher lives betray at last
The lineage of a far-off Past.

That nature, mixed of sun and snow
Repeats its ancient ebb and flow :

The children of the Palm and Pine
Renew their blended lives — in mine.

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O FAIR young land, the youngest, fair-
est far
Of which our world can boast, —
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver
star
Illumes thy golden coast, —

How art thou conquered, tamed in all
the pride
Of savage beauty still !
How brought, O panther of the splendid
hide,
To know thy master's will !

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose ;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy
knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy
streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn
A nobler seed shall be :

Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not
mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the
grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall
curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams
superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains
now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's
brow, —
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple
wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian
dream
Restored again in thee!

EUPHORION.

"I will not longer
Earth-bound linger:
Loosen your hold on
Hand and on ringlet,
Girdle and garment;
Leave them: they're mine!"

"Bethink thee, bethink thee
To whom thou belongest!
Say, wouldst thou wound us,
Rudely destroying
Threifold the beauty, —
Mine, his, and thine?"

FAUST, SECOND PART.

NAÏF, fold your arms, beloved Friends,
Above the hearts that vainly beat!
Or catch the rainbow where it bends,
And find your darling at its feet;

Or fix the fountain's varying shape,
The sunset-cloud's elusive dye,

The speech of winds that round the
cape
Make music to the sea and sky:

So may you summon from the air
The loveliness that vanished hence,
And Twilight give his beauteous hair,
And Morning give his countenance,

And Life about his being clasp
Her rosy girdle once again: —
But no! let go your stubborn grasp
On some wild hope, and take your
pain!

For, through the crystal of your tears,
His love and beauty fairer shine;
The shadows of advancing years
Draw back, and leave him all divine.

And Death, that took him, cannot claim
The smallest vesture of his birth, —
The little life, a dancing flame
That hovered o'er the hills of earth, —

The finer soul, that unto ours
A subtle perfume seemed to be,
Like incense blown from April flowers
Beside the scarred and stormy tree, —

The wondering eyes, that ever saw
Some fleeting mystery in the air,
And felt the stars of evening draw
His heart to silence, childhood's
prayer!

Our suns were all too fierce for him;
Our rude winds pierced him through
and through:
But Heaven has valleys cool and dim,
And bosage sweet with starry dew.

There knowledge breathes in balmy air,
Not wrung, as here, with panting
breast:
The wisdom born of toil you share;
But he, the wisdom born of rest.

For every picture here that slept,
A living canvas is unrolled;
The silent harp he might have swept
Leans to his touch its strings of
gold.

Believe, dear Friends, they murmur still
Some sweet accord to those you play,
That happier winds of Eden thrill
With echoes of the earthly lay;

That he, for every triumph won,
 Whereto your poet-souls aspire,
 Sees opening in that perfect sun,
 Another blossom's bud of fire!

Each song, of Love and Sorrow born,
 Another flower to crown your boy,—
 Each shadow here his ray of morn,
 Till Grief shall clasp the hand of Joy!

WIND AND SEA.

I.

THE sea is a jovial comrade,
 He laughs wherever he goes;
 His merriment shines in the dimpling
 lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose;
 He lays himself down at the feet of the
 Sun,
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint
 on the shore,
 In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

II.

But the Wind is sad and restless,
 And cursed with an inward pain;
 You may hark as you will, by valley or
 hill,
 But you hear him still complain.
 He wails on the barren mountains,
 And shrieks on the wintry sea;
 He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the
 pine,
 And shudders all over the aspen tree.

III.

Welcome are both their voices,
 And I know not which is best,—
 The laughter that slips from the Ocean's
 lips,
 Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
 A joy in the heart of pain,
 And the Wind that saddens, the Sea
 that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain!

MY DEAD.

GIVE back the soul of youth once
 more!
The years are fleeting fast away,

And this brown hair will soon be
 gray,
 These cheeks be pale and furrowed
 o'er.

Ah, no, the child is long since dead,
 Whose light feet spurred the laggard
 years,
 Who breathed in future atmospheres,
 Ere Youth's eternal Present fled.

Dead lies the boy, whose timid eye
 Shunned every face that spake not
 love;
 Whose simple vision looked above,
 And saw a glory in the sky.

And now the youth has sighed his last;
 I see him cold upon his bier,
 But in these eyes there is no tear:
 He joins his brethren of the Past.

'T was time he died: the gates of Art
 Had shut him from the temple's
 shrine,
 And now I climb her mount divine,
 But with the sinews, not the heart.

How many more, O Life! shall I
 In future offer up to thee?
 And shall they perish utterly,
 Upon whose graves I clomb so high?

Say, shall I not at last attain
 Some height, from whence the Past
 is clear,
 In whose immortal atmosphere
 I shall behold my Dead again?

THE LOST CROWN.

You ask me why I sometimes drop
 The threads of talk I weave with you,
 And midway in expression stop
 As if a sudden trumpet blew.

It is because a trumpet blows
 From steeps your feet will never
 climb:
 It calls my soul from present woes
 To rule some buried realm of Time.

Wide open swing the guarded gates,
 That shut from you the vales of
 dawn;
 And there my car of triumph waits,
 By white, immortal horses drawn.

A throne of gold the wheels uphold,
Each spoke a ray of jewelled fire:
The crimson banners float unrolled,
Or falter when the winds expire.

Lo! where the valley's bed expands,
Through cloudy censer-smoke, up-
curled —

The avenue to distant lands —
The single landscape of a world!

I mount the throne; I seize the rein;
Between the shouting throngs I go,
The millions crowding hill and plain,
And now a thousand trumpets blow!

The armies of the world are there,
The pomp, the beauty, and the power,
Far-shining through the dazzled air,
To crown the triumph of the hour.

Enthroned aloft, I seem to float
On wide, victorious wings upborne,
Past the rich vale's expanding throat,
To where the palace burns with
morn.

My limbs dilate, my breast expands,
A starry fire is in my eye;
I ride above the subject lands,
A god beneath the hollow sky.

Peal out, ye clarions! shout, ye throngs,
Beneath your banners' reeling folds!
This pageantry to me belongs, —
My hand its proper sceptre holds.

Surge on, in still augmenting lines,
Till the great plain be overrun,
And my procession far outshines
The bended pathway of the sun!

But when my triumph overtops
This language, which from vassals
grew,
The crown from off my forehead drops,
And I again am serf with you.

STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

I.

AT HOME.

THE rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;

And, stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

The winds are moaning, as they pass
Through tangled knots of autumn
grass, —

A weary, dreary sound of woe,
As if all joy were dead below.

I sit alone, I wait in vain
Some voice to lull this nameless pain;
But from my neighbor's cottage near
Come sounds of happy household cheer.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild:
I have no wife, I have no child:
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

II.

THE NEIGHBOR.

How cool and wet the lowlands lie
Beneath the cloaked and hooded sky!
How softly beats the welcome rain
Against the plashy window-pane!

There is no sail upon the bay:
We cannot go abroad to-day,
But, darlings, come and take my hand,
And hear a tale of Fairy-land.

The baby's little head shall rest
In quiet on his father's breast,
And mother, if he chance to stir,
Shall sing him songs once sung to her.

Ah, little ones, ye do not fret
Because the garden grass is wet;
Ye love the rains, whene'er they come
That all day keep your father home.

No fish to-day the net shall yield;
The happy oxen graze afield;
The thirsty corn will drink its fill,
And louder sing the woodland rill.

Then, darlings, nestle round the hearth;
Ye are the sunshine of the earth:
Your tender eyes so fondly shine,
They bring a welcome rain to mine.

III

UNDER THE STARS.

How the hot revel's fever dies,
 Beneath the stillness of the skies !
 How suddenly the whirl and glare
 Shoot far away, and this cold air
 Its icy beverage brings, to chase
 The burning wine-flush from my face !
 The window's gleam still faintly falls,
 And music sounds at intervals,
 Jarring the pulses of the night
 With whispers of profane delight ;
 But on the midnight's awful strand,
 Like some wrecked swimmer flung to
 land,
 I lie, and hear those breakers roar :
 And smile—they cannot harm me more !

Keep, keep your lamps ; they do not mar
 The silver of a single star.
 The painted roses you display
 Drop from your cheeks, and fade away ;
 The snowy warmth you bid me see
 Is hollowness and mockery ;
 The words that make your sin so fair
 Grow silent in this vestal air ;
 The loosened madness of your hair,
 That wrapped me in its snaky coils,
 No more shall mesh me in your toils ;
 Your very kisses on my brow
 Burn like the lips of devils now.
 O sacred night ! O virgin calm !
 Teach me the immemorial psalm
 Of your eternal watch sublime
 Above the grovelling lusts of Time !
 Within, the orgie shouts and reels ;
 Without, the planets' golden wheels
 Spin, circling through the utmost space ;
 Within, each flushed and reckless face
 Is masked to cheat a haunting care ;
 Without, the silence and the prayer.
 Within, the beast of flesh controls ;
 Without, the God that speaks in souls !

IV.

IN THE MORNING.

THE lamps were thick ; the air was hot ;
 The heavy curtains hushed the room ;
 The sultry midnight seemed to blot
 All life but ours in vacant gloom.

You spoke : my blood in every vein
 Throbb'd, as by sudden fever stirred,

And some strange whirling in my brain
 Subdued my judgment, as I heard.

Ah, yes ! when men are dead asleep,
 When all the tongues of day are still,
 The heart must sometimes fail to keep
 Its natural poise 'twixt good and ill.

You knew too well its blind desires,
 Its savage instincts, scarce confessed ;
 I could not see you touch the wires,
 But felt your lightning in my breast

For you, Life's web displayed its flaws,
 The wrong which Time transforms to
 right :

The iron mesh of social laws
 Was but a cobweb in your sight.

You showed that tempting freedom,
 where
 The passions bear their perfect fruit,
 The cheats of conscience cannot scare,
 And Self is monarch absolute.

And something in me seemed to rise,
 And trample old obedience down :
 The serf sprang up, with furious eyes,
 And clutched at the imperial crown.

That fierce rebellion overbore
 The arbiter that watched within,
 Till Sin so changed an aspect wore,
 It was no longer that of Sin.

You gloried in the fevered flush
 That spread, defiant, o'er my face,
 Nor thought how soon this morning's
 blush
 Would chronicle the night's disgrace.

I wash my eyes ; I bathe my brow ;
 I see the sun on hill and plain :
 The old allegiance claims me now,
 The old content returns again.

Ah, seek to stop the sober glow
 And healthy airs that come with day,
 For when the cocks at dawning crow
 Your evil spirits flee away.

SUNKEN TREASURES.

WHEN the uneasy waves of life sub-
 side,
 And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy
 rest,

I see, submerged beyond or storm or
 tide,
 The treasures gathered in its greedy
 breast.

There still they shine, through the trans-
 lucent Past,
 Far down on that forever quiet floor ;
 No fierce upheaval of the deep shall cast
 Them back, — no wave shall wash
 them to the shore.

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when
 Erewhile they floated, convoys of my
 fate ;
 The barks of lovely women, noble men,
 Full-sailed with hope, and stored with
 Love's own freight.

The sunken ventures of my heart as
 well,
 Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn ;
 My golden palace heaves beneath the
 swell
 To meet my touch, and is again with-
 drawn.

There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply
 won,
 That led Ambition to his utmost
 verge,
 And still his visions, like a drowning
 sun,
 Send up reeeding splendors through
 the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick
 ties,
 Whence the heart knows its kin,
 wherever cast ;
 And there the partings, when the wist-
 ful eyes
 Caress each other as they look their
 last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious
 eves,
 The soft green valleys drenched with
 light divine,
 The lispng murmurs of the chestnut
 leaves,
 The hand that lay, the eyes that
 looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture
 yet,
 The perilled climax of the passionate
 years ;

There still the rains of wan December
 wet
 A naked mound, — I cannot see for
 tears !

There are they all : they do not fade or
 waste,
 Lapped in the arms of the embalming
 brine ;
 More fair than when their beings mine
 embraced, —
 Of nobler aspect, beauty more di-
 vine.

I see them all, but stretch my hands in
 vain ;
 No deep-sea plummet reaches where
 they rest ;
 No cunning diver shall descend the
 main,
 And bring a single jewel from its
 breast.

THE VOYAGERS.

No longer spread the sail !
 No longer strain the oar !
 For never yet has blown the gale
 Will bring us nearer shore.

The swaying keel slides on,
 The helm obeys the hand ;
 Fast we have sailed from dawn to dawn,
 Yet never reach the land.

Each morn' we see its peaks,
 Made beautiful with snow ;
 Each eve its vales and winding creeks,
 That sleep in mist below.

At noon we mark the gleam
 Of temples tall and fair ;
 At midnight watch its bonfires stream
 In the auroral air.

And still the keel is swift,
 And still the wind is free,
 And still as far its mountains lift
 Beyond the enchanted sea.

Yet vain is all return,
 Though false the goal before ;
 The gale is ever dead astern,
 The current sets to shore.

O shipmates, leave the ropes, —
 And what though no one steers,

We sail no faster for our hopes,
No slower for our fears.

Howe'er the bark is blown,
Lie down and sleep awhile:
What profits toil, when chance alone
Can bring us to the isle?

SONG.

Now the days are brief and drear:
Naked lies the new-born Year
In his cradle of the snow,
And the winds unbridled blow,
And the skies hang dark and low, —
For the Summers come and go.

Leave the clashing cymbals mute!
Pipe no more the happy flute!
Sing no more that dancing rhyme
Of the rose's harvest-time; —
Sing a requiem, sad and low:
For the Summers come and go.

Where is Youth? He strayed away
Through the meadow-flowers of May.
Where is Love? The leaves that fell
From his trysting-bower, can tell.
Wisdom stays, sedate and slow,
And the Summers come and go.

Yet a few more years to run,
Wheeling round in gloom and sun:
Other raptures, other woes, —
Toil alternate with Repose:
Then to sleep where daisies grow,
While the Summers come and go.

THE MYSTERY

THOU art not dead; thou art not gone
to dust;
No line of all thy loveliness shall
fall
To formless ruin, smote by Time, and
thrust
Into the solemn gulf that covers
all.

THOU canst not wholly perish, though
the sod
Sink with its violets closer to thy
breast;
Though by the feet of generations trod,
The headstone crumbles from thy
place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;
The sweetness of thy presence shall
not fade;
Earth gave not all the glory of thine
eye, —
Death may not keep what Death has
never made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange
and cold,
Nor those dumb lips, they hid beneath
the snow;
Thy heart would throb beneath that
passive fold,
Thy hands for me that stony clasp
forego.

But thou hadst gone, — gone from the
dreary land,
Gone from the storms let loose on
every hill,
Lured by the sweet persuasion of a
hand
Which leads thee somewhere in the
distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou wearest
yet
The same bewildering beauty, sancti-
fied
By calmer joy, and touched with soft
regret
For him who seeks, but cannot reach
thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of old,
And seek thy place in Nature, as a
child
Whose hand is parted from his play-
mate's hold,
Wanders and cries along a lonesome
wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I
hear
The messages of purer life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering
near,
The darkness hides the way that I
should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms
restore
That form, the symbol of thy heavenly
part?
Or on the fields of barren silence pour
That voice, the perfect music of thy
heart?

Oh once, once bending to these widowed
lips,
Take back the tender warmth of life
from me,
Or let thy kisses cloud with swift
eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death
with thee ?

A PICTURE.

SOMETIMES, in sleeping dreams of night,
Or waking dreams of day,
The selfsame picture seeks my sight
And will not fade away.

I see a valley, cold and still,
Beneath a leaden sky :
The woods are leafless on the hill,
The fields deserted lie.

The gray November eve benumbs
The damp and cheerless air ;
A wailing from the forest comes,
As of the world's despair.

But on the verge of night and storm,
Far down the valley's line,
I see the lustre, red and warm,
Of cottage windows shine.

And men are housed, and in their
place
In snug and happy rest,
Save one, who walks with weary pace
The highway's frozen breast.

His limbs, that tremble with the cold,
Shrink from the coming storm ;
But underneath his mantle's fold
His heart beats quick and warm.

He hears the laugh of those who sit
In Home's contented air ;
He sees the busy shadows flit
Across the window's glare.

His heart is full of love unspent,
His eyes are wet and dim ;
For in those circles of content
There is no room for him.

He clasps his hands and looks above ;
He makes the bitter cry :
' All, all are happy in their love, —
All are beloved but I ! '

Across no threshold streams the light,
Expectant, o'er his track ;
No door is opened on the night,
To bid him welcome back.

There is no other man abroad
In all the wintry vale,
And lower upon his lonely road
The darkness and the gale.

I see him through the doleful shades
Press onward, sad and slow,
Till from my dream the picture fades,
And from my heart the woe.

IN THE MEADOWS.

I LIE in the summer meadows,
In the meadows all alone,
With the infinite sky above me,
And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses
Is sweeter than any rose,
And a million happy insects
Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding
Feels the sun on her wings,
And the deeps of the noonday glitter
With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me
To the fathomless blue above,
The creatures of God are happy
In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite bliss of Nature
I feel in every vein ;
The light and the life of Summer
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
By thunder-clouds unfurled,
The awful truth arises,
That Death is in the world !

And the sky may beam as ever,
And never a cloud be curled ;
And the airs be living odors,
But Death is in the world !

Out of the deeps of sunshine
The invisible bolt is hurled :
There's life in the summer meadows,
But Death is in the world !

"DOWN IN THE DELL I WANDERED."

Down in the dell I wandered,
The loneliest of our dells,
Where grow the lowland lilies,
Dropping their foam-white bells,
And the brook among the grasses
Toys with its sand and shells.

Fair were the meads and thickets
And sumptuous grew the trees,
And the folding hills of harvest
Were thrilled with the rippling breeze,
But I heard beyond the valley,
The hum of the plunging seas.

The birds and the vernal grasses,
They wooed me sweetly and long,
But the magic of ocean called me,
Murmuring free and strong,
And the voice of the peaceful valley
Mixed with the billow's song!

"Stay in the wood's embraces!
Stay in the dell's repose!"
"Float on the limitless azure,
Flecked with its foamy snows!"
These were the flattering voices,
Mingled in musical close.

Bliss in the soft, green shelter,
Fame on the boundless blue;
Free with the winds of the ages,
Nestled in shade and dew:
Which shall I yield forever?
Which shall I clasp and woo?

SONG.

THEY call thee false as thou art fair,
They call thee fair and free, —
A creature pliant as the air
And changeful as the sea:
But I, who gaze with other eyes, —
Who stand and watch afar, —
Behold thee pure as yonder skies
And steadfast as a star!

Thine is a rarer nature, born
To rule the common crowd,
And thou dost lightly laugh to scorn
The hearts before thee bowed.
Thou drest of a different love
Than comes to such as these;
That soars as high as heaven above
Their shallow sympathies.

A star that shines with flickering spark,
Thou dost not wane away,
But shed'st adown the purple dark
The fulness of thy ray:
A rose, whose odors freely part
At every zephyr's will,
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart
Its virgin sweetness still!

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come, —
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments, —
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long : but lo ! a whisper
 Beyond the open door,
 And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
 A shadow on the floor !

Ah ! 't is the whispering pine that calls
 me,
 The vine, whose shadow strays ;
 And my patient heart must still await
 her,
 Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary
 waiting,
 As many a time before :
 Her foot is ever at the threshold,
 Yet never passes o'er.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

FROM "FAUST."

CASTLES with lofty
 Ramparts and towers, —
 Maidens disdainful
 In Beauty's array, —
 All shall be ours !
 Bold is the venture,
 Splendid the pay !

Lads, let the trumpets
 For us be suing,
 Calling to pleasure,
 Calling to ruin !
 Stormy our life is ;
 Such is its boon :
 Maidens and castles
 Capitulate soon.
 Bold is the venture,
 Splendid the pay !
 And the soldiers go marching,
 Marching away.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

FROM GOETHE.

UP yonder on the mountain
 A thousand times I stand,
 Leant on my crook, and gazing
 Down on the valley-land.

follow the flock to the pasture ;
 My little dog watches them still .
 have come below, but I know not
 How I descended the hill.

The beautiful meadow is covered
 With blossoms of every hue ;
 I pluck them, alas ! without knowing
 Whom I shall give them to.

I seek, in the rain and the tempest,
 A refuge under the tree :
 Yonder the doors are fastened,
 And all is a dream to me.

Right over the roof of the dwelling
 I see a rainbow stand ;
 But she has departed forever,
 And gone far out in the land.

Far out in the land, and farther, —
 Perhaps to an alien shore :
 Go forward, ye sheep ! go forward, —
 The heart of the shepherd is sore.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

FROM UHLAND.

OF the beautiful Garden of Roses
 I will sing, with your gracious leave :
 There the dames walked forth at morn-
 ing,
 And the heroes fought at eve.

" My Lord is King of the country,
 But I am the Garden's Queen ;
 His crown with the red gold sparkles,
 And mine with the rose's sheen.

" So hear me, ye youthful gallants,
 My favorite guardsmen three ;
 The garden is free to the maidens,
 To the knights it must not be.

" They would trample my beautiful roses,
 And bring me trouble enow," —
 Said the Queen, as she walked in the
 morning,
 With the garland on her brow.

Then went the three young gallants
 And guarded the gate about ;
 And peacefully blossomed the roses
 And sent their odors out.

Now came three fair young maidens,
 Virgins that knew not sin :
 " Ye guardsmen, ye gallant three guards-
 men,
 Open, and let us in !"

And when they had gathered the roses,
They spake, with looks forlorn :
"What makes our hands so bloody
Is it the prick of the thorn?"

And still the three young gallants
Guarded the gate about,
And peacefully blossomed the roses,
And sent their odors out.

Now came upon prancing stallions
Three lawless knights, and cried :
"Ye guardsmen, ye surly three guards-
men,
Open the portal wide!"

"The portal is shut and bolted :
Our naked swords will teach
That the price of the roses is costly ;
Ye must pay a wound for each!"

Then fought the knights and the gal-
lants,
But the knights had the victory,
And the roses were torn and trampled,
And died with the guardsmen three.

And when the evening darkened,
The Queen came by with her train :
"Now that my roses are trampled
And my faithful guardsmen slain,

"I will lay them on leaves of roses,
And bury them solemnly :
And where was the Garden of Roses,
The Garden of Lilies shall be.

"But who will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white ?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and the stars by
night!"

THE THREE SONGS.

FROM UHLAND.

KING Siegfried sat in his lofty hall :
"Ye harpers! who sings the best song
of all?"
Then a youth stepped forth with a scorn-
ful lip,
The harp in his hand, and the sword at
his hip.
' Three songs I know ; but this first song
Thou, O King! hast forgotten long :

Thou hast stabbed my brother with mur-
derous hand,—
Hast stabbed my brother with murder-
ous hand!

"The second song I learned aright
In the midst of a dark and stormy night
Thou must fight with me for life or
death,—
Must fight with me for life or death!"

On the banquet-table he laid his harp,
And they both drew out their swords so
sharp ;
And they fought in the sight of the
harpers all,
Till the King sank dead in the lofty hall.

"And now for the third, the proudest,
best!
I shall sing it, sing it, and never rest :
King Siegfried lies in his red, red
blood,—
Siegfried lies in his red, red blood!"

THE SONG OF MIGNON.

FROM GOETHE.

KNOWS'T thou the land where citron-
flowers unfold ?
Through dusky foliage gleams the
orange-gold ;
Soft breezes float beneath the dark-blue
sky ;
The myrtle sleeps, the laurel shoots on
high ?
Thither — that land dost thou not
know ?
Would I with thee, O my Belovèd, go !
Know'st thou the house, its roof on pil-
lars fair ?
The long hall shines, the chambers
glimmer there ;
And marble statues stand and gaze on
me :
Poor child, they say, what ill was done
to thee ?
Thither — that house dost thou not
know ?
Would I with thee, O my Protector, go .
Know'st thou the mountain ? Through
the cloud it soars ;
In rolling mist the mule his path ex-
plores ;

The ancient dragons haunt its caverns
 deep,
 And o'er the crashing rock the torrents
 leap ?
 Thither — the hills dost thou not
 know ?
 Our pathway leads: O Father, let us
 go !

HARTZ—JOURNEY IN WINTER.

FROM GOETHE.

THE vulture like —
 Who, on heavy clouds of morning
 With quiet pinion poising,
 Keeps watch for prey —
 Hover, my song !

For a God hath
 Unto each his path
 Fixed beforehand,
 Which the fortunate
 Tread till the happy
 Goal is reached :
 But he, the wretched,
 Whose heart is pinched with pain,
 He struggles vainly
 Against the restrictions
 Of Fate's thread of iron,
 Which the shears still unwelcome
 But once shall slit.

In dusk of thickets
 Crowd the rough-coated deer,
 And with the sparrows
 Have the rich already
 Buried themselves in muck and mire.

Easy the chariot to follow
 Driven by Fortune's hand,
 Easy as unto the troop
 Following the Prince's entry
 Is the convenient highway.
 But, who fares on by-paths ?

In the copse he loses his way,
 After him rustle
 The branches together,
 The grass springs up again,
 The wilderness hides him.

Ah, his pangs who shall solace —
 His, whose balm becomes poison ?
 Who beth hate of man

Drank from very abundance of love !
 First despised, and now the despiser,
 Thus in secret he
 His own worth consumes
 In unsatisfying self-love.

Is there in Thy psalter,
 Father of Love, but a tone
 Unto his ear accessible,
 Then refresh Thou his heart,
 To his clouded sight reveal
 Where are the thousand fountains
 Near to the thirsty one
 In the Desert.

Thou, the Creator of joys,
 Giving the fullest cup to each,
 Favor the sons of the chase,
 Tracking signs of their game
 With reckless ardor of youth,
 Murderous, joyous,
 Late avengers of losses,
 Which the peasant so vainly
 Fought for years with his bludgeon,

But the Solitary fold
 In clouds that are golden !
 Entwine with winter-green,
 Till the rose again is in blossom,
 The moistened tresses,
 O Love, of thy Poet !

With thy glimmering flambeau
 Lightest thou him
 Through the waters by night,
 Over fathomless courses
 On desolate lowlands ;
 With the thousand hues of the morning
 Mak'st thou his heart glad ;
 With the sting of the storm
 Bear'st thou him high aloft :
 Winter-torrents plunge from the granite.
 In psalms he singeth,
 An altar of gratitude sweet
 Is for him the perilous summit's
 Snow-enshrouded forehead,
 Which with circling phantoms
 Crowned the faith of the races.

Thou with inscrutable bosom standest
 Mysterious in revelation
 Above the astonished world,
 From clouds down-looking
 On all its kingdoms and splendid shows
 Which thou from the veins dost water
 Of brothers beside thee.



CALIFORNIAN BALLADS AND
POEMS.



CALIFORNIAN BALLADS AND POEMS.

MANUELA.

FROM the doorway, Manuela, in the sunny April morn,
Southward looks, along the valley, over leagues of gleaming corn ;
Where the mountain's misty rampart like the wall of Eden towers,
And the isles of oak are sleeping on a painted sea of flowers.

All the air is full of music, for the winter rains are o'er,
And the noisy magpies chatter from the budding sycamore ;
Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels, over all the grassy slope ;
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the antelope.

Gentle eyes of Manuela! tell me wherefore do ye rest
On the oak's enchanted islands and the flowery ocean's breast ?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the highway's mark
Far beyond the belts of timber, to the mountain-shadows dark ?

Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom and the sprouting verdure shine
With the tears of amber dropping from the tassels of the pine,
And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her sunny cheek, —
Little becketh Manuela of the tales of Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice on the mountain-harvests glowed,
She had watched a gallant horseman riding down the valley road ;

Many times she saw him turning, looking back with parting thrills,
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the hills.

Ere the cloudless moons were over, he had passed the Desert's sand,
Crossed the rushing Colorado and the wild Apachè Land,
And his laden mules were driven, when the time of rains began,
With the traders of Chihuahua, to the Fair of San Juan.

Therefore watches Manuela, — therefore lightly doth she start,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems the beating of her heart ;
Not a wind the green oak rustles or the redwood branches stirs,
But she hears the silver jingle of his ringing bit and spurs.

Often, out the hazy distance, come the horsemen, day by day,
But they come not as Bernardo, — she can see it, far away ;
Well she knows the airy gallop of his mettled alazan,
Light as any antelope upon the Hills of Gavilan.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his free and gallant air ;
By the featly-knit sarapé, such as wealthy traders wear ;
By his brodered calzoneros and his saddle, gayly spread,
With its cantle rimmed with silver, and its horn a lion's head.

None like him the light riata on the
maddened bull can throw ;
None amid the mountain-cañons track
like him the stealthy doe ;
And at all the Mission festivals, few in-
deed the revellers are
Who can dance with him the jota, touch
with him the gay guitar.

He has said to Manuela, and the echoes
linger still
In the cloisters of her bosom, with a se-
cret, tender thrill,
When the bay again has blossomed, and
the valley stands in corn,
Shall the bells of Santa Clara usher in
the wedding morn.

He has pictured the procession, all in
holiday attire,
And the laugh of bridal gladness, when
they see the distant spire ;
Then their love shall kindle newly, and
the world be doubly fair
In the cool, delicious crystal of the sum-
mer morning air.

Tender eyes of Manuela ! what has
dimmed your lustrous beam ?
'T is a tear that falls to glitter on the
casket of her dream.
Ah, the eye of Love must brighten, if
its watches would be true,
For the star is falsely mirrored in the
rose's drop of dew !

But her eager eyes rekindle, and her
breathless bosom thrills,
As she sees a horseman moving in the
shadow of the hills :
Now in love and fond thanksgiving they
may loose their pearly tides, —
'T is the alazán that gallops, 't is Ber-
nardo's self that rides !

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees ;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide ;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the
rider
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind ;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him —
Good reason had he to be gone !
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the break-
ers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily
round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steep of the head-
land
Were slippery and wet, as he trod :
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tink-
ling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

"Back !" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And "Back !" shouted Pablo, in
wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrink-
ing,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse
war ;
And "Back, or you perish !" cried
Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar !"

The gray mule stood firm as the head-
land :
He clutched at the jingling rein,

When Pablo rose up in his saddle
 And smote till he dropped it again.
 A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
 And brandished his dagger, still red,
 While fiercely stont Pablo leaned forward,
 And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
 Shone red through the misty blast ;
 Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
 The broad breast of Bernal at last.
 And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
 Closed on him with terrible strength,
 And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
 Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
 On the slippery edge of the wall ;
 They swayed on the brink, and together
 Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
 A cry of the wildest death-anguish
 Rang faint through the mist afar,
 And the riderless mule went homeward
 From the flight of the Paso del Mar.

THE PINE FOREST OF MONTE-REY.

WHAT point of Time, unchronicled, and dim
 As yon gray mist that canopies your heads,
 Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun
 Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary Pines ?
 When, from the barren bosoms of the hills,
 With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,
 Of these remote and latest-fashioned shores
 The first-born forest ? Titans gnarled and rough,
 Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew
 To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth,
 What fresh commixture of the elements,
 What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil
 Slow-mastering, engendered ye to give
 The hills a mantle and the wind a voice ?

Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,
 Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse chant,—
 Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch
 In elder regions,—fill the awful stops
 Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.
 Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound,
 To syllable the secret,—no still voice
 To give your airy myths a shadowy form,
 And make us of lost centuries of lore
 The rich inheritors ?

The sea-winds pluck
 Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep,
 Vex your high heads, and with your sinewy arms
 Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,
 Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells
 Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.
 Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast,
 And from the promontory's utmost verge
 Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood,
 When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,
 Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail ;
 And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound
 Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath
 Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,
 And backward from its staff shook out the folds
 Of Spain's emblazoned banner.

Ancient Pines,
 Ye bear no record of the years of man.
 Spring is your sole historian,—Spring,
 that paints
 These savage shores with hues of Paradise ;
 That decks your branches with a fresher green,
 And through your lonely, far cañadas pours
 Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye
 That wander down to lakes and widening seas

Of blossom and of fragrance, — laugh-
ing Spring,
That with her wanton blood refills your
veins,
And weds ye to your juicy youth again
With a new ring, the while your rifted
bark
Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibres
yield
To the light touch of her unfailling pen,
As freely as the lupin's violet cup.
Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of
her stay,
As in their shells the avelonès keep
Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly
glow.
The wild northwest, that from Alaska
sweeps,
To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud
And white sea-foam, may rend your
boughs and leave
Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale ;
Your steadfast hearts are mailed against
the shock,
And on their annual tablets naught in-
scribe
Of such rude visitation. Ye are still
The simple children of a guiltless soil,
And in your natures show the sturdy
grain
That passion cannot jar, nor force re-
lax,
Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs
compel
To gentler mood. No disappointed heart
Has sighed its bitterness beneath your
shade ;
No angry spirit ever came to make
Your silence its confessional ; no voice,
Grown harsh in Crime's great market-
place, the world,
Tainted with blasphemy your evening
hush
And aromatic air. The deer alone, —
The ambushed hunter that brings down
the deer, —
The fisher wandering on the misty shore
To watch sea-lions wallow in the
flood, —
The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase
and fly,
When swift vaqueros, dashing through
the herds,
Ride down the angry bull, — perchance,
the song
Some Indian heired of long-forgotten
sires, —
Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stately Pines,
But few more years arround the promon-
tory
Your chant will meet the thunders of
the sea.
No more, a barrier to the encroaching
sand,
Against the surf ye'll stretch defiant
arm,
Though with its onset and besieging
shock
Your firm knees tremble. Never more
the wind
Shall pipe shrill music through your
mossy beards,
Nor sunset's yellow blaze athwart your
heads
Crown all the hills with gold. Your
race is past :
The mystic cycle, whose unnoted birth
Coeval was with yours, has run its sands,
And other footsteps from these changing
shores
Frighten its haunting Spirit. Men will
come
To vex your quiet with the din of toil ;
The smoky volumes of the forge will
stain
This pure, sweet air ; loud keels will
ride the sea,
Dashing its glittering sapphire into
foam ;
Through all her green cañadas Spring
will seek
Her lavish blooms in vain, and clasping
ye,
O mournful Pines, within her glowing
arms,
Will weep soft rains to find ye fallen low.
Fall, therefore, yielding to the fiat !
Fall,
Ere the maturing soil, whose first dull
life
Fed your belated germs, be rent and
seamed !
Fall, like the chiefs ye sheltered, stern,
unbent,
Your gray beards hiding memorable
scars !
The winds will mourn ye, and the bar-
ren hills
Whose breast ye clothed ; and when the
pauses come
Between the crashing cataracts of the
surf,
A funeral silence, terrible, profound,
Will make sad answer to the listening
sea.

EL CANELO.

I.

Now saddle EL CANELO! — the freshen-
ing wind of morn,
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring
through the corn;
The thin smoke of the ranches grows
red with coming day,
And the steed is fiercely stamping, in
haste to be away.

II.

My glossy-limbed Canelo, thy neck is
curved in pride,
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy
nostril straining wide;
And as thy quick neigh greets me, and
I catch thee by the mane,
I'm off with the winds of morning, —
the chieftain of the plain!

III.

I feel the swift air whirring, and see
along our track,
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks
go streaming back;
And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep
the dark defile,
Where the red guerillas ambush for
many a lonely mile.

IV.

They reach not El Canelo; with the
swiftness of a dream
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and
San Fernando's stream;
But where, on sweeping gallop, my bul-
let backward sped,
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will
wheel above the dead.

V.

On! on, my brave Canelo! we've dashed
the sand and snow
From peaks upholding heaven, from des-
erts far below, —
We've thundered through the forest,
while the crackling branches rang,
And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair
and covert sprang.

VI.

We've swum the swollen torrent, —
we've distanced in the race
The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted
with the chase;
And still thy mane streams backward, at
every thrilling bound,
And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats
with its morning sound!

VII.

The seaward winds are wailing through
Santa Barbara's pines,
And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pa-
cific shines;
Hold to thy speed, my arrow! at night-
fall thou shalt lave
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath
his silver wave!

VIII.

My head upon thy shoulder, along the
sloping sand
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out
the mountain land;
The pines will sound in answer to the
surges on the shore,
And in our dreams, Canelo, we'll make
the journey o'er.

THE SUMMER CAMP.

HERE slacken rein; here let the dusty
mules
Unsaddled graze! The shadows of the
oaks
Are on our brows, and through their
knotted boles
We see the blue round of the boundless
plain
Vanish in glimmering heat: these aged
oaks,
The island speck that beckoned us afar
Over the burning level, — as we came,
Spreading to shore and cape, and bays
that ran
To leafy headlands, balanced on the
haze,
Faint and receding as a cloud in air.
The mules may roam unsaddled: we
will lie
Beneath the mighty trees, whose shade
like dew

Poured from the urns of Twilight, dries
 the sweat
 Of sunburnt brows, and on the heavy
 lid
 And heated eyeball sheds a balm, than
 sleep
 Far sweeter. We have done with
 travel, — we
 Are weary now, who never dreamed of
 Rest,
 For until now did never Rest unbar
 Her palace-doors, nor until now our ears
 The silence drink, beyond all melodies
 Of all imagined sound, that wraps her
 realm.
 Here, where the desolating centuries
 Have left no mark ; where noises never
 came
 From the far world of battle and of toil ;
 Where God looks down and sends no
 thunderbolt
 To smite a human wrong, for all is good,
 She finds a refuge. We will dwell with
 her.

No more of travel, where the flaming
 sword
 Of the great sun divides the heavens ;
 no more
 Of climbing over jutting steeps that swim
 In driving sea-mist, where the stunted
 tree
 Slants inland, mimicking the stress of
 winds
 When wind is none ; of plain and steam-
 ing marsh
 Where the dry bulrush crackles in the
 heat ;
 Of camps by starlight in the columned
 vault
 Of sycamores, and the red, dancing fires
 That build a leafy arch, efface and build,
 And sink at last, to let the stars peep
 through ;
 Of cañons grown with pine and folded
 deep
 In golden mountain-sides ; of airy
 sweeps
 Of mighty landscape, lying all alone
 Like some deserted world. They tempt
 no more.
 It is enough that such things were : too
 blest,
 O comrades mine, to lie in Summer's
 arms,
 Lodged in her Camp of Rest, we will
 not dream
 That they may vex us more.

The sun goes down :
 The dun mules wander idly : motionless
 Beneath the stars, the heavy foliage
 lifts
 Its rich, round masses, silent as a cloud
 That sleeps at midday on a mountain
 peak.
 All through the long, delicious night no
 stir
 Is in the leaves ; spangled with broken
 gleams,
 Before the pining Moon, — that fain
 would drop
 Into the lap of this deep quiet, — swerve
 Eastward the shadows : Day comes on
 again.
 Where is the life we led ? Whither
 hath fled
 The turbulent stream that brought us
 hither ? How,
 So full of sound, so lately dancing down
 The mountains, turbid, fretted into
 foam, —
 How has it slipped, with scarce a gurg-
 ling coil,
 Into this calm transparence, noise or
 wind
 Hath ruffled never ? Ages past, per-
 chance,
 Such wild turmoil was ours, or did
 some Dream
 Malign, that last night nestled in the oak,
 Whisper our ears, when not a star could
 see ?
 Give o'er the fruitless doubt : we will
 not waste
 One thought of rest, nor spill one radi-
 ant drop
 From the full goblet of this summer
 balm.

Day after day the mellow sun slides o'er,
 Night after night the mellow moon.
 The clouds
 Are laid, enchanted : soft and bare, the
 heavens
 Fold to their breast the dozing Earth,
 that lies
 In languor of deep bliss. At times, a
 breath,
 Remnant of gales far off, forgotten now,
 Rustles the never-fading leaves, then
 drops
 Affrighted into silence. Near a slough
 Of dark, still water, in the early morn
 The shy coyotas prowl, or trooping elk
 From the close covert of the bulrush-
 fields

Their dewy antlers toss : nor other
 sight,
 Save when the falcon, poised on wheel-
 ing wings,
 His bright eye on the burrowing coney,
 cuts
 His arrowy plunge. Along the distant
 trail,
 Dim with the heat, sometimes the
 miners go,
 Bearded and rough, the swart Sonorians
 drive
 Their laden asses, or vaqueros whirl
 The lasso's coil and carol many a
 song,
 Native to Spanish hills. As when we
 lie
 On the soft brink of Sleep, not pillowed
 quite
 To blest forgetfulness, some dim ar-
 ray
 Of masking forms in long procession
 comes,
 A sweet disturbance to the popped
 sense,
 That will not cease, but gently holds it
 back
 From slumber's haven, so their figures
 pass,
 With such disturbance cloud the blessèd
 calm,
 And hold our beings, ready to slip forth
 O'er unmolested seas, still rocking near
 The coasts of Action.

Other dreams are ours,
 Of shocks that were, or seemed ; whereof
 our souls
 Feel the subsiding lapse, as feels the
 sand
 Of tropic island-shores the dying pulse
 Of storms that racked the Northern sea.
 My Soul,
 I do believe that thou hast toiled and
 striven,
 And hoped and suffered wrong. I do
 believe
 Great aims were thine, deep loves and
 fiery hates,
 And though I may have lain a thousand
 years
 Beneath these Oaks, the baffled trust of
 Youth,
 Thy first keen sorrow, brings a gentle
 pang
 To temper joy. Nor will the joy I
 drank
 To wild intoxication, quit my heart :

It was no dream that still has power to
 droop
 The soft-suffusing lid, and lift desire
 Beyond this rapt repose. No dream,
 dear love !
 For thou art with me in our Camp of
 Peace.

O Friend, whose history is writ in deeds
 That make your life a marvel, come no
 gleams
 Of past adventure, echoes of old storms,
 And Battle's tingling hum of flying
 shot,
 To touch your easy blood and tempt
 you o'er
 The round of yon blue plain ? Or have
 they lost,
 Heroic days, the virtue which the heart
 That did their hest rejoicing, proved so
 high ?
 Back through the long, long cycles of
 our rest
 Your memory travels : through this
 hush you hear
 The Gila's dashing, feel the yawning
 jaws
 Of black volcanic gorges close you in
 On waste and awful tracts of wilder-
 ness,
 Which other than the eagle's cry, or
 bleat
 Of mountain-goat, hear not : the scorch-
 ing sand
 Eddies around the tracks your fainting
 mules
 Leave in the desert : thorn and cactus
 pierce
 Your bleeding limbs, and stiff with rag-
 ing thirst
 Your tongue forgets its office. Leave
 untried
 That cruel trail, and leave the wintry
 hills
 And leave the tossing sea ! The Sum-
 mer here
 Builds us a tent of everlasting calm.

How shall we wholly sink our lives in
 thee,
 Thrice-blessèd Deep ? O many-natured
 Soul,
 Chameleon-like, that, steeped in every
 phase
 Of wide existence, tak'st the hue of
 each,
 Here with the silent Oaks and azure
 Air

Incorporate grow! Here loosen one by
 one
 Thy vexing memories, burdens of the
 Past,
 Till all unrest be laid, and strong De-
 sire
 Sleeps on his nerveless arm. Content to
 find
 In liberal Peace thy being's high result
 And crown of aspiration, gather all
 The dreams of sense, the reachings of
 the mind
 For ampler issues and dominion vain,
 To fold them on her bosom, happier
 there
 Than in exultant action: as a child
 Forgets his meadow butterflies and
 flowers,
 Upon his mother's breast.

It may not be.

Not in this Camp, in these enchanted
 Trees,
 But in ourselves, must lodge the calm
 we seek,
 Ere we can fix it here. We cannot
 take
 From outward nature power to snap the
 curse
 Which clothed our birth; and though
 't were easier
 This hour to die than yield the blessèd
 cup
 Wherefrom our hearts divinest comfort
 draw,
 It clothes us yet, and yet shall drive us
 forth
 To breast the world. Then come: we
 will not bide
 To tempt a ruin to this paradise,
 Fulfilling Destiny. A mighty wind
 Would gather on the plain, a cloud
 arise
 To blot the sky, with thunder in its
 heart,
 And the black column of the whirlwind
 spin
 Out of the cloud, straight downward to
 this grove,
 Take by their heads the shuddering
 trees, and wrench
 With fearful clamor, limb from limb,
 till Rest
 Should flee forever. Rather set at
 once
 Our faces towards the noisy world again,
 And gird our loins for action. Let us
 go!

THE BISON TRACK.

I.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not
 a vapor streaks the dawn,
 And the frosted prairie brightens to the
 westward, far and wan:
 Prime afresh the trusty rifle, — sharpen
 well the hunting spear —
 For the frozen sod is trembling, and a
 noise of hoofs I hear!

II.

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as
 they snuff the morning's fire;
 Their impatient heads are tossing, and
 they neigh with keen desire.
 Strike the tent! the saddles wait us, —
 let the bridle-reins be slack,
 For the prairie's distant thunder has be-
 trayed the bison's track.

III.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark,
 the onward-surgng roar,
 Like the din of wintry breakers on a
 sounding wall of shore!
 Dust and sand behind them whirling,
 snort the foremost of the van,
 And their stubborn horns are clashing
 through the crowded caravan.

IV.

Now the storm is down upon us: let the
 maddened horses go!
 We shall ride the living whirlwind,
 though a hundred leagues it blow!
 Though the cloudy manes should thicken,
 and the red eyes' angry glare
 Lighten round us as we gallop through
 the sand and rushing air!

V.

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our
 wild, resistless race,
 And a sound, like mighty waters, thun-
 der down the desert space:
 Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor
 the rider's eye look back —
 Death to him whose speed should slack
 en, on the maddened bison's
 track!

VI.

Now the trampling herds are threaded,
and the chase is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the
edges of the storm:
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso, — swing
your rifles as we run:
See! the dust is red behind him, —
shout, my comrades, he is won!

VII.

Look not on him as he staggers, — 't is
the last shot he will need!
More shall fall, among his fellows, ere
we run the mad stampede, —
Ere we stem the brinded breakers, while
the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on
the bloody Bison Track!



EARLIER POEMS.



EARLIER POEMS.

THE HARP : AN ODE.

I.

WHEN bleak winds through the Northern pines were sweeping,
Some hero-skald, reclining on the sand,
Attuned it first, the chords harmonious keeping
With murmuring forest and with moaning strand :
And when, at night, the horns of mead foamed over,
And torches flared around the wassail board,
It breathed no song of maid, nor sigh of lover,
It rang aloud the triumphs of the sword !
It mocked the thunders of the ice-ribbed ocean,
With clenched hands beating back the dragon's prow ;
It gave Berserker arms their battle motion,
And swelled the red veins on the Viking's brow !

II.

No myrtle, plucked in dalliance, ever sheathed it,
To melt the savage ardor of its flow ;
The only gauds wherewith its lord entwined it,
The lusty fir and Druid mistletoe.
Thus bound, it kept the old, accustomed cadence,
Whether it pealed through slumberous ilex bowers
In stormy wooing of Byzantine maidens,
Or shook Trinacria's languid lap of flowers ;

Whether Genseric's conquering march it chanted,
Till cloudy Atlas rang with Gothic staves,
Or where gray Calpè's pillared feet are planted,
Died grandly out upon the unknown waves !

III.

Not unto Scania's bards alone belonging,
The craft that loosed its tongues of changing sound,
For Ossian played, and ghosts of heroes, thronging,
Leaned on their spears above the misty mound.
The Cambrian eagle, round his eyrie winging,
Heard the wild chant through mountain-passes rolled,
When bearded throats chimed in with mighty singing,
And monarchs listened, in their torques of gold :
Its dreary wail, blent with the sea-mews' clangor,
Surged round the lonely keep of Penmaen-Mawr ;
It pealed aloud, in battle's glorious anger,
Behind the banner of the Blazing Star !

IV.

The strings are silent ; who shall dare to wake them,
Though later deeds demand their living powers ?
Silent in other lands, what hand shall make them
Leap as of old, to shape the songs of ours ?

Here, while the sapless bulk of Europe
moulders,
Springs the rich blood to hero-veins
unsealed, —
Source of that Will, that on its fearless
shoulders
Would bear the world's fate lightly
as a shield :

Here moves a larger life, to grander
measures

Beneath our sky and through our forests
rung ;

Why sleeps the harp, forgetful of its
treasures, —

Buried in songs that never yet were
sung ?

V.

Great, solemn songs, that with majestic
sounding

Should swell the Nation's heart from
sea to sea ;

Informed with power, with earnest hope
abounding

And prophecies of triumph yet to be !
Songs, by the wild wind for a thousand
ages

Hummed o'er our central prairies,
vast and lone ;

Glassed by the Northern lakes in crystal
pages,

And carved by hills on pinnacles of
stone ;

Songs chanted now, where undiscovered
fountains

Make in the wilderness their babbling
home,

And through the deep-hewn cañons of
the mountains

Plunge the cold rivers in perpetual
foam !

VI.

Sung but by these: our forests have no
voices ;

Rapt with no loftier strain our rivers
roll ;

Far in the sky, no song-crowned peak
rejoices

In words that give the silent air a soul.

Wake, mighty Harp ! and thrill the
shores that hearken

For the first peal of thine immortal
rhyme :

Call from the shadows that begin to
darken

The beaming forms of our heroic
time :

Sing us of deeds, that on thy strings
outsoaring

The ancient soul they glorified so
long,

Shall win the world to hear thy grand
restoring,

And own thy latest thy sublimest
song !

SERAPION.

COME hither, Child ! thou silent, shy
Young creature of the glorious eye !

Though never yet by ruder air
Than father's kiss or mother's prayer

Were stirred the tendrils of thy hair,
The sadness of a soul that stands

Withdrawn from Childhood's frolic
bands,

A stranger in the land, I trace
Upon thy brow's cherubic grace

The tender pleadings of thy face,
Where other stars than Joy and Hope

Have cast thy being's horoscope.

For thee, the threshold of the world
Is yet with morning dews impearled ;

The nameless radiance of Birth
Imbathes thy atmosphere of Earth,

And, like a finer sunshine, swims
Round every motion of thy limbs :

The sweet, sad wonder and surprise
Of waking glimmers in thine eyes,

And wiser instinct, purer sense,
And gleams of rare intelligence

Betray the converse held by thee
With the angelic family.

Come hither, Boy ! For while I press
Thy lips' confiding tenderness,

Less broad and dark the spaces be
Which Life has set 'twixt thee and me

Thy soul's white feet shall soon depart
On paths I walked with eager heart ;

God give thee, in His kindly grace,
A brighter road, a loftier place !

I see thy generous nature flow
In boundless trust to friend and foe,

And leap, despite of shocks and harms
To clasp the world in loving arms.

I see that glorious circle shrink
Back to thy feet, at Manhood's brink,

Narrowed to one, one image fair,
And all its splendor gathered there.

The shackles of experience then
Sit lightly as on meaner men :

In flinty paths thy feet may bleed,

Thorns pierce thy flesh, thou shalt not heed,
 Till when, all panting from the task,
 Thine arms outspread their right shall ask,
 Thine arms outspread that right shall fly,
 The star shall burst, the splendor die !
 Go, with thy happier brothers play,
 As heedless and as wild as they ;
 Seek not so soon thy separate way,
 Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray !

Whence camest thou ? what angel bore
 Thee past so many a fairer shore
 Of guarding love, and guidance mild,
 To drop thee on this barren wild ?

Thy soul is lonely as a star,
 When all its fellows muffled are, —
 A single star, whose light appears
 To glimmer through subduing tears.
 The father who begat thee sees
 In thee no deeper mysteries
 Than load his heavy ledger's page,
 And swell for him thy heritage.
 A hard, cold man, of punctual face,
 Renowned in Credit's holy-place,
 Whose very wrinkles seem arrayed
 In cunning hieroglyphs of trade, —
 Whose gravest thought but just unlocks
 The problems of uncertain stocks, —
 Whose farthest flights of hope extend
 From dividend to dividend.
 Thy mother, — but a mother's name
 Too sacred is, too sweet for blame.
 No doubt she loves thee, — loves the shy,

Strange beauty of thy glorious eye ;
 Loves the soft mouth, whose drooping
 line

Is silent music ; loves to twine
 Thy silky hair in ringlets trim ;
 To watch thy lightsome play of limb ;
 But, God forgive me ! I, who find
 The soul within that beauty shrined,
 I love thee more, I know thy worth
 Better, than she who gave thee birth.

Are they thy keepers ? They would thrust

The priceless jewel in the dust ;
 Would tarnish in their careless hold
 The vessel of celestial gold.
 Who gave them thee ? What fortune lent

Their hands the delicate instrument,
 Which finer hands might teach to hymn
 The harmonies of Seraphim,

Which they shall make discordant soon,
 The sweet bells jangled, out of tune ?
 Mine eyes are dim : I cannot see
 The purposes of Destiny,
 But than my love Heaven could not shine

More lovingly, if thou wert mine !
 Rest then securely on my heart :
 Give me thy trust : *my* child thou art,
 And I shall lead thee through the years
 To Hopes and Passions, Loves and Fears,

Till, following up Life's endless plan
 A strong and self-dependent Man,
 I see thee stand and strive with men :
 Thy Father now, thy Brother then.

“MOAN, YE WILD WINDS !”

MOAN, ye wild winds ! around the pane,
 And fall, thou drear December rain !
 Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
 Tear the last clinging leaves away !
 Reckless as yonder naked tree,
 No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and stern embrace,
 And pour your baptism on my face .
 Sound in mine ears the airy moan
 That sweeps in desolate monotone,
 Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat
 The marches of your homeless feet.

Moan on, ye winds ! and pour, thou
 rain !

Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,
 If shed for her whose fading eyes
 Will open soon on Paradise :
 The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,
 Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

TAURUS.

I.

THE Scorpion's stars crawl down behind
 the sun,
 And when he drops below the verge
 of day,

The glittering fangs, their fervid courses
 run,

Cling to his skirts and follow him
 away.

Then, ere the heels of flying Capricorn
 Have touched the western mountain's
 darkening rim,

I mark, stern Taurus, through the twilight gray
 The glinting of thy horn,
 And sullen front, uprising large and dim,
 Bent to the starry hunter's sword, at bay.

II.

Thy hoofs, unwilling, climb the spheric vault;
 Thy red eye trembles with an angry glare,
 When the hounds follow, and in fierce assault
 Bay through the fringes of the lion's hair.
 The stars that once were mortal in their love,
 And by their love are made immortal now,
 Cluster like golden bees upon thy mane,
 When thou, possessed with Jove,
 Bore sweet Europa's garlands on thy brow,
 And stole her from the green Sicilian plain.

III.

Type of the stubborn force that will not bend
 To loftier art, — soul of defiant breath
 That blindly stands and battles to the end,
 Nerving resistance with the throes of death, —
 Majestic Taurus! when thy wrathful eye
 Flamed brightest, and thy hoofs a moment stayed
 Their march at Night's meridian, I was born:
 But in the western sky,
 Like sweet Europa, Love's fair star delayed,
 To hang her garland on thy silver horn.

IV.

Thou giv'st that temper of enduring mould,
 That slights the wayward bent of Destiny, —
 Such as sent forth the shaggy Jarls of old
 To launch their dragons on the unknown sea:

Such as keep strong the sinews of the sword,
 The proud, hot blood of battle, — welcome made
 The headsman's axe, the rack, the martyr-fire,
 The ignominious eerd,
 When but to yield, had pomps and honors laid
 On heads that moulder in ignoble mire.

V.

Night is the summer when the soul grows ripe
 With Life's full harvest: of her myriad suns,
 Thou dost not gild the quiet herdsman's pipe,
 Nor royal state, that royal actions shuns.
 But in the noontide of thy ruddy stars
 Thrive strength, and daring, and the blood whence springs
 The Heraclidean seed of heroes; then
 Were sundered Gaza's bars;
 Then, 'mid the smitten Hydra's loosened rings,
 His slayer rested, in the Lernean fen.

VI.

Thine is the subtle element that turns
 To fearless act the impulse of the hour, —
 The secret fire, whose flash electric burns
 To every source of passion and of power.
 Therefore I hail thee, on thy glittering track:
 Therefore I watch thee, when the night grows dark,
 Slow-rising, front Orion's sword along
 The starry zodiac,
 And from thy mystic beam demand a spark
 To warm my soul with more heroic song.

AUTUMNAL VESPERS.

THE clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,
 Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough

Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now ;
 Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,
 And huskers whistling round the tented corn :
 The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,
 Scared by the chill, sad hour that makes forlorn
 The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out on field and wold ;
 The life is dying in the leaves and grass.
 The World's last breath no longer dims the glass
 Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold.
 His genial pulse, which Summer made so bold,
 Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread thy decent pall !
 The silent, stiffening Frost makes havoc : fold
 The darkness over all !

The light is dying out o'er all the land,
 And in my heart the light is dying.
 She,
 My life's best life, is fading silently
 From Earth, from me, and from the dreams we planned,
 Since first Love led us with his beaming hand
 From hope to hope, yet kept his crown in store.
 The light is dying out o'er all the land :
 To me it comes no more.

The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,
 Stricken with deadly blight : more wan and weak
 Her love replies in blanching lip and cheek,
 And gentler in her dear eyes, day by day.
 God, in Thy mercy, bid the arm delay,
 Which through her being smites to dust my own !
 Thou gav'st the seed thy sun and showers ; why slay
 The blossoms yet unblown ?

In vain, — i vain ! God will not bid the Spring
 Replace with sudden green the Autumn's gold ;
 And as the night-mists, gathering damp and cold,
 Strike up the vales where watercourses sing,
 Death's mists shall strike along her veins, and cling
 Thenceforth forever round her glorious frame :
 For all her radiant presence, May shall bring
 A memory and a name.

What know the woods, that soon shall be so stark ?
 What know the barren fields, the songless air,
 Locked in benumbing cold, of blooms more fair
 In mornings ushered by the April lark ?
 Weak solace this, which grief will never hark ;
 Blind as a bud in stiff December's mail,
 To lift her look beyond the frozen dark
 No memory can avail.

I never knew the autumnal eyes could wear,
 With all their pomp, so drear a hue of Death ;
 I never knew their still and solemn breath
 Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear,
 Feeding the blank submission of despair.
 Yet, peace, sad soul ! reproach and pity shine
 Suffused through starry tears : bend thou in prayer,
 Rebuked by Love divine.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
 In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
 With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
 And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.
 I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar
 His grace and blessing, and I fall supine :
 In my own hands my want and weakness are, —
 My strength, O God ! in Thine

ODE TO SHELLEY.

I.

WHY art thou dead? Upon the hills
 once more
 The golden mist of waning Autumn
 lies;
 The slow-pulsed billows wash along the
 shore,
 And phantom isles are floating in the
 skies.
 They wait for thee: a spirit in the sand
 Hushes, expectant for thy coming
 tread;
 The light wind pants to lift thy trem-
 bling hair;
 Inward, the silent land
 Lies with its mournful woods;—why
 art thou dead,
 When Earth demands that thou shalt
 call her fair?

II.

Why art thou dead? I too demand thy
 song,
 To speak the language yet denied to
 mine,
 Twin-doomed with thee, to feel the scorn
 of Wrong,
 To worship Beauty as a thing divine!
 Thou art afar: wilt thou not soon re-
 turn
 To tell me that which thou hast never
 told?
 To clasp my throbbing hand, and, by
 the shore
 Or dewy mountain-fern,
 Pour out thy heart as to a friend of
 old,
 Touched with a twilight sadness? Nev-
 ermore.

III.

I could have told thee all the sylvan
 joy
 Of trackless woods; the meadows far
 apart,
 Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely
 boy,
 I thought of God; the trumpet at my
 heart,
 When on bleak mountains roared the
 midnight storm,
 And I was bathed in lightning, broad
 and grand:

Oh, more than all, with soft and rever-
 ent breath
 And forehead flushing warm,
 I would have led thee through the
 summer land
 Of early Love, and past my dreams of
 Death!

IV.

In thee, Immortal Brother! had I found
 That Voice of Earth, that fails my
 feebler lines:
 The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral
 ground;
 The dusky hymn of Vallombrosa's
 pines!
 From thee the noise of Ocean would
 have taken
 A grand defiance round the moveless
 shores,
 And vocal grown the Mountain's silent
 head:
 Canst thou not yet awaken
 Beneath the funeral cypress? Earth
 implores
 Thy presence for her son;—why art
 thou dead?

V.

I do but rave: for it is better thus.
 Were once thy starry nature given to
 mine,
 In the one life which would encircle
 us
 My voice would melt, my soul be lost
 in thine.
 Better to bear the far sublimer pain
 Of Thought that has not ripened into
 speech,
 To hear in silence Truth and Beauty
 sing
 Divinely to the brain;
 For thus the Poet at the last shall
 reach
 His own soul's voice, nor crave a broth-
 er's string.

SICILIAN WINE.

I've drunk Sicilia's crimson wine!
 The blazing vintage pressed
 From grapes on Etna's breast,
 What time the mellowing autumn sun
 did shine:
 I've drunk the wine!

I feel its blood divine
 Poured on the sluggish tide of mine,
 Till, kindling slow,
 Its fountains glow
 With the light that swims
 On their trembling brims,
 And a molten sunrise floods my limbs !
 What do I here ?
 I've drunk the wine,
 And lo ! the bright blue heaven is clear
 Above the ocean's bluer sphere,
 Seen through the long arcades of pine,
 Inwoven and arched with vine !
 The glades are green below ;
 The temple shines afar ;
 Above, old Etna's snow
 Sparkles with many an icy star :
 I see the mountain and its marble wall,
 Where gleaming waters fall
 And voices call,
 Singing and calling
 Like chorals falling
 Through pearly doors of some Olympian hall,
 Where Love holds bacchanal.

Sicilian wine ! Sicilian wine !
 Summer, and Music, and Song divine
 Are thine, — all thine !
 A sweet wind over the roses plays ;
 The wild bee hums at my languid ear ;
 The mute-winged moth serenely strays
 On the downy atmosphere,
 Like hovering Sleep, that overweighs
 My lids with his shadow, yet comes not
 near.

Who 'll share with me this languor ?
 With me the juice of Etna sip ?
 Who press the goblet's lip,
 Refusing mine the while with love's en-
 chanting anger ?
 Would I were young Adonis now !
 With what an ardor bold
 Within my arms I'd fold
 Fair Aphrodite of Idalian mould,
 And let the locks that hide her gleam-
 ing brow
 Fall o'er my shoulder as she lay
 With the fair swell of her immortal
 breast
 Upon my bosom pressed,
 Giving Olympian thrills to its enamored
 clay !

Bacchus and Pan have fled :
 No heavy Satyr crushes with his tread
 The verdure of the meadow ground,
 But in their stead

The Nymphs are leading a bewildering
 round,
 Vivid and light, as o'er some flowering
 rise
 A dance of butterflies,
 Their tossing hair with slender lilies
 crowned,
 And greener ivy than o'erran
 The brows of Bacchus and the reed of
 Pan !

I faint, I die :
 The flames expire,
 That made my blood a lurid fire :
 Steeped in delicious weariness I lie.
 Oh lay me in some pearlèd shell,
 Soft-balanced on the rippling sea,
 Where sweet, cheek-kissing airs may
 wave
 Their fresh wings over me ;
 Let me be wafted with the swell
 Of Nereid voices : let no billow rave
 To break the cool green crystal of the
 sea.

For I will wander free
 Past the blue islands and the fading
 shores,
 To Calpè and the far Azores,
 And still beyond, and wide away,
 Beneath the dazzling wings of tropic
 day,
 Where, on unruffled seas,
 Sleep the green isles of the Hesperides.

The Triton's trumpet calls :
 I hear, I wake, I rise :
 The sound peals up the skies,
 And mellowed Echo falls
 In answer back from Heaven's cerutean
 walls.
 Give me the lyre that Orpheus played
 upon,
 Or bright Hyperion, —
 Nay, rather come, thou of the mighty
 bow,
 Come thou below,
 Leaving thy steeds unharnessed go !
 Sing as thou wilt, my voice shall dare
 to follow,
 And I will sun me in thine awful
 glow,
 Divine Apollo !
 Then thou thy lute shalt twine
 With Bacchic tendrils of the glorious
 vine
 That gave Sicilian wine :
 And henceforth when the breezes run
 Over its clusters, ripening in the sun,

The leaves shall still be playing,
 Unto thy lute its melody repaying,
 And I, that quaff, shall evermore be free
 To mount thy car and ride the heavens
 with thee !

STORM-LINES.

WHEN the rains of November are dark
 on the hills, and the pine-trees
 incessantly roar

To the sound of the wind-beaten crags,
 and the floods that in foam
 through their black channels
 pour :

When the breaker-lined coast stretches
 dimly afar through the desolate
 waste of the gale,

And the clang of the sea-gull at night-
 fall is heard from the deep, like a
 mariner's wail :

When the gray sky drops low, and the
 forest is bare, and the laborer is
 housed from the storm,

And the world is a blank, save the light
 of his home through the gust
 shining redly and warm : —

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart
 with its tropical fulness of life
 overflow, —

If the sun of thy bliss in the zenith is
 hung, nor a shadow reminds thee
 of woe !

Leave the home of thy love ; leave thy
 labors of fame ; in the rain and
 the darkness go forth,

When the cold winds unpausingly wail
 as they drive from the cheerless
 expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was
 mantling before ; thou shalt hear
 the eternal despair

Of the hearts that endured and were
 broken at last, from the hills and
 the sea and the air !

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the ma-
 ternal, laments for the children
 she nurtured with tears, —

How the forest but deepens its wail and
 the breakers their roar, with the
 march of the years !

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall
 dwindle away, and the lips of thy
 loved ones be still ;

And thy soul shall lament in the moan
 of the storm, sounding wide on
 the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at
 thy heart, and the sad eyes of
 myriads implore,

In the darkness and storm of their
 being, the ray, streaming out
 through thy radiant door.

Look again : how that star of thy Para-
 dise dims, through the warm
 tears, unwittingly shed ; —

Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly
 wrung never fell on the dust of
 the Dead !

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold
 on thy cheek, and the proud
 pulses chill in thy frame,

Till the love of thy bosom is grateful
 and sad, and thou turn'st from
 the mockery of Fame !

Take with humble acceptance the gifts
 of thy life ; let thy joy touch the
 fountain of tears ;

For the soul of the Earth, in endurance
 and pain, gathers promise of hap-
 pier years !

THE TWO VISIONS.

THROUGH days of toil, through nightly
 fears,

A vision blessed my heart for years ;
 And so secure its features grew,
 My heart believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,
 In consummated peace of love,
 And sweeter joy and saintlier grace
 Breathed o'er the beauty of her face :

The joy and grace of love at rest,
 The fireside music of the breast.
 When vain desires and restless schemes
 Sleep, pillowed on our early dreams.

Nor her alone : beside her stood,
 In gentler types, our love renewed ;
 Our separate beings one, in Birth, —
 The darling miracles of Earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,
And home's serene, abounding bliss ;
The fruitage of a life that bore
But idle summer blooms before ;

Such was the vision, far and sweet,
That, still beyond Time's lagging feet,
Lay glimmering in my heart for years,
Dim with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died, in drops of woe,
In blotting drops, dissolving slow :
Now, toiling day and sorrowing night,
Another vision fills my sight.

A cold mound in the winter snow ;
A colder heart at rest below ;
A life in utter loneliness hurled,
And darkness over all the world.

STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the
moon,
A misty light is on the sea ;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry
tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering
roar,
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-
room,
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who
sleep !
The wild and whistling deck have
we ;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we 'll
keep,
While the tempest is on the sea !

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible
grip,
And the naked spars be snapped
away,
Lashed to the helm, we 'll drive our
ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray !

Hark ! how the surges o'erleap the deck !
Hark ! how the pitiless tempest raves !
Ah, daylight will look upon many a
wreck
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers ! we trust the
wave,
With God above us, our guiding
chart :
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
Be it still with a cheery heart !

SONG.

I PLUCKED for thee the wilding rose
And wore it on my breast,
And there, till daylight's dusky close,
Its silken cheek was pressed ;
Its desert breath was sweeter far
Than palace-rose could be,
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite
Of lips that failed my own,
And Love recalled that sacred night
His blushing flower was blown.
I vowed, no rose should rival mine,
Though withered now, and pale,
Till those are plucked, whose white
buds twine
Above thy bridal veil.

THE WAVES.

I.

CHILDREN are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee,
We follow our race,
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean-space !
Who hath beheld where the race begun ?
Who shall behold it run ?
Who shall behold it run ?

II.

When the smooth airs keep
Their noontide sleep,
We dimple the cheek of the dreaming
deep ;
When the rough winds come,
From their cloudy home,
At the tap of the hurricane's thunder-
drum,
Deep are the furrows of wrath we
plough,
Ridging his darkened brow !
Ridging his darkened brow !

III.

Over us born,
The unclouded Morn
Trumpets her joy with the Triton's
horn,
And sun and star
By the thousand are
Orbed in our glittering, near and far:
And the splendor of Heaven, the pomp
of Day,
Shine in our laughing spray !
Shine in our laughing spray !

IV.

We murmur our spell
Over sand and shell ;
We girdle the reef with a combing swell ;
And bound in the vice
Of the Arctic ice,
We build us a palace of grand de-
vice, —
Walls of crystal and splintered spires,
Flashing with diamond fires !
Flashing with diamond fires !

V.

In the endless round
Of our motion and sound,
The fairest dwelling of Beauty is found,
And with voice of strange
And solemn change,
The elements speak in our world-wide
range,
Harping the terror, the might, the mirth,
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !

SONG.

FROM the bosom of ocean I seek thee,
Thou lamp of my spirit afar,
As the seaman, adrift in the darkness,
Looks up for the beam of his star ;
And when on the moon-lighted water
The spirits of solitude sleep,
My soul, in the light of thy beauty,
Lies hushed as the waves of the deep.

As the shafts of the sunrise are broken
Far over the glittering sea,
Thou hast dawned on the waves of my
dreaming,
And each thought has a sparkle of
thee.

And though, with the white sail dis-
tended,
I speed from the vanishing shore,
Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean
The spell of thy beauty the more.

SONNET.

TO G. H. B.

You comfort me as one that, knowing
Fate,
Would paint her visage kinder than you
deem ;
You say, my only bliss that is no dream
She clouds, but makes not wholly deso-
late.
Ah, Friend ! your heart speaks words of
little weight
To veil that sadder knowledge, learned
in song,
And 'gainst your solace Grief has made
me strong :
The Gods are jealous of our low estate ;
They give not Fame to Love, nor Love
to Fame ;
Power cannot taste the joy the humbler
share,
Nor holy Beauty breathe in Luxury's
air,
And all in darkness Genius feeds his
flame.
We build and build, poor fools ! and all
the while
Some Demon works unseen, and saps
the pile.

THE WAYSIDE DREAM.

THE deep and lordly Danube
Goes winding far below ;
I see the white-walled hamlets
Amid his vineyards glow,
And southward, through the ether, shine
The Styrian hills of snow.

O'er many a league of landscape
Sleeps the warm haze of noon ;
The wooing winds come freighted
With messages of June,
And down among the corn and flowers
I hear the water's tune.

The meadow-lark is singing,
As if it still were morn ;

Within the dark pine-forest
 The hunter winds his horn,
 And the cuckoo's shy, complaining
 note
 Mocks the maidens in the corn.

I watch the cloud-armada
 Go sailing up the sky,
 Lulled by the murmuring mountain
 grass
 Upon whose bed I lie,
 And the faint sound of noonday chimes
 That in the distance die.

A warm and drowsy sweetness
 Is stealing o'er my brain ;
 I see no more the Danube
 Sweep through his royal plain ;
 I hear no more the peasant girls
 Singing amid the grain.

Soft, silvery wings, a moment
 Have swept across my brow :
 Again I hear the water,
 But its voice is sweeter now,
 And the mocking-bird and oriole
 Are singing on the bough ;

The elm and linden branches
 Droop close and dark o'erhead,
 And the foaming forest brooklet
 Leaps down its rocky bed :
 Be still, my heart ! the seas are passed,—
 The paths of home I tread !

The showers of creamy blossoms
 Are on the linden spray,
 And down the clover meadow
 They heap the scented hay,
 And glad winds toss the forest leaves,
 All the bright summer day.

Old playmates ! bid me welcome
 Amid your brother-band ;
 Give me the old affection, —
 The glowing grasp of hand !
 I seek no more the realms of old, —
 Here is my Fatherland !

Come hither, gentle maiden,
 Who weep'st in tender joy !
 The rapture of thy presence
 Repays the world's annoy,
 And calms the wild and ardent heart
 Which warms the wandering boy.

In many a mountain fastness,
 By many a river's foam,

And through the gorgeous cities,
 'T was loneliness to roam ;
 For the sweetest music in my heart
 Was the olden songs of home.

Ah, glen and grove are vanished,
 And friends have faded now !
 The balmy Styrian breezes
 Are blowing on my brow,
 And sounds again the cuckoo's call
 From the forest's inmost bough.

Fled is that happy vision, —
 The gates of slumber fold ;
 I rise and journey onward
 'Through valleys green and old,
 Where the far, white Alps announce
 the morn,
 And keep the sunset's gold.

UPPER AUSTRIA, 1845.

STEYERMARK

In Steyermark. — green Steyermark,
 The fields are bright and the forests
 dark, —

Bright with the maids that bind the
 sheaves.

Dark with the arches of whispering
 leaves !

Voices and streams and sweet bells
 chime

Over the land, in the harvest-time,
 And the blithest songs of the finch and
 lark

Are heard in the orchards of Steyer-
 mark.

In Steyermark, — old Steyermark,
 The mountain summits are white and
 stark ;

The rough winds furrow their trackless
 snow,

But the mirrors of crystal are smooth
 below ;

The stormy Danube clasps the wave
 That downward sweeps with the Drave
 and Save,

And the Euxine is whitened with many
 a bark,

Freighted with ores of Steyermark !

In Steyermark, — rough Steyermark,
 The anvils ring from dawn till dark ;
 The molten streams of the furnace
 glare,

Blurring with crimson the midnight
air;

The lusty voices of forgermen chord,
Chanting the ballad of Siegfried's
Sword,

While the hammers swung by their
arms so stark

Strike to the music of Steyermark!

In Steyermark, — dear Steyermark,
Each heart is light as the morning
lark;

There men are framed in the manly
mould

Of their stalwart sires, of the times of
old,

And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,
When love descends with the twilight
dark,

In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,

Art a shape of joy,

Standing by the Isar's water

With thy brother-boy;

In thy dream, with idle fingers

Threading through his curls,

On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,

Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing

With the echoes bland,

While thy generous voice is singing

Songs of Fatherland, —

Songs, that by the Danube's river

Sound on hills of vine,

And where waves in green light quiver,

Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,

To thy heart doth lie

Like those dreamy Alpine ranges

In the southern sky;

Where in haze the clefts are hidden,

Which the foot should fear,

And the crags that fall unbidden

Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather

At the fountain's brim,

Or in sunny harvest weather,

With the reapers trim;

Where the autumn fires are burning

On the vintage-hills;

Where the mossy wheels are turning
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber-towers
Hangs the ivy's hair,

And the crimson foxbell flowers

On the crumbling stair: —

Everywhere, without thy presence,

Would the sunshine fail,

Fairest of the maiden peasants!

Flower of Isar's vale!

MUNICH, 1845.

IN ITALY.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won!

I sit beneath Italia's sun,

Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver

Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves, the dim green
light

Falls on my forehead as I write,

And the sweet chimes of vesper, ring-
ing,

Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;

The stirring memories of old

Rise thronging in my haunted vision,

And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as the radiant sunsets close

Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,

My soul forgets the olden glory,

And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear, outchime

The music of the Tuscan rhyme;

Thou standest here — the gentle-
hearted —

Amid the shades of bards departed.

I see before thee fade away

Their garlands of immortal bay,

And turn from Petrarch's passion
glances

To my own dearer heart-romances.

Sad is the opal glow that fires

The midnight of the cypress spires,

And cold the scented wind that closes

The heart of bright Etruscan roses.

A single thought of thee effaced

The fair Italian dream I chased;

For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won !
FLORENCE, 1845.

A BACCHIC ODE.

WINE, — bring wine !
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,
Brimming o'er with the draught divine !

The crimson glow
Of the lifted cup on my forehead throw,
Like the sunset's flush on a field of snow.

I love to lave
My thirsty lip in the ruddy wave ;
Freedom bringeth the wine so brave !

The world is cold :
Sorrow and pain have gloomy hold,
Chilling the bosom warm and bold.

Doubts and fears
Veil the shine of my morning years, —
My life's lone rainbow springs from tears.

But Eden-gleams
Visit my soul in immortal dreams,
When the wave of the goblet burns and
beams.

Not from the Rhine,
Not from fields of Burgundian vine,
Bring me the bright Olympian wine !

Not with a ray
Born where the winds of Shiraz play,
Or the fiery blood of the bright Tokay.

Not where the glee
Of Falernian vintage echoes free,
Or the Chian gardens gem the sea.

But wine, — bring wine,
Royally flushed with its growth divine,
In the crystal depth of my soul to
shine !

Whose glow was caught
From the warmth which Fancy's sum-
mer brought
To the vintage-fields in the Land of
Thought.

Rich and free
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,
Poured by the Hebe, Poesy.

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

I.

WHEN the stern Genius, to whose hol-
low tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that pale
camp
Where the archangel's final trumpets
roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber
dim,
Hushed, and pervaded with a name-
less fear,
When the breath flutters and the senses
swim,
And the dread hour is near.

II.

Though Love's dear arms might clasp
me fondly then
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
And woman's woe and the calm grief
of men
Hallow at last the chill, unbreathing
clay —
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul
would shrink,
Thus bound, from Darkness and the
dread Unknown,
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal
brink,
Which it must dare alone.

III.

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit, yet
untrod,
Through the blue ether would I climb,
to die
Afar from mortals and alone with
God !
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my faint and flutter-
ing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered
prayer
Receive the kiss of Death.

IV.

Then to the elements my frame woul-
turn ;
No worms should riot on my confined
clay,

But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral
urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste
away.
Loud winds and thunder's diapason high
Should be my requiem through the
coming time,
And the white summit, fading in the
sky,
My monument sublime.

THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.

THE frosty fires of Northern starlight
Gleamed on the glittering snow,
And through the forest's frozen branches
The shrieking winds did blow ;
A floor of blue, translucent marble
Kept ocean's pulses still,
When, in the depth of dreary midnight,
Opened the burial hill.

Then while a low and creeping snnd-
der
Thrilled upward through the ground,
The Norseman came, as armed for bat-
tle,
In silence from his mound :
He, who was mourned in solemn sor-
row
By many a swordsman bold,
And harps that wailed along the ocean,
Struck by the Skalds of old.

Sudden, a swift and silver shadow
Rushed up from out the gloom, —
A horse that stamped with hoof impa-
tient,
Yet noiseless, on the tomb.
"Ha, Surtur! let me hear thy tramp-
ing,
Thou noblest Northern steed,
Whose neigh along the stormy head-
lands
Bade the bold Viking heed!"

He mounted: like a north-light streak-
ing
The sky with flaming bars,
They, on the winds so wildly shrieking,
Shot up before the stars.
"Is this thy mane, my fearless Surtur,
That streams against my breast?
Is this thy neck, that curve of moon-
light,
Which Helva's hand caressed?"

"No misty breathing strains thy nos-
tril,
Thine eye shines blue and cold,
Yet, mounting up our airy pathway,
I see thy hoofs of gold!
Not lighter o'er the springing rain-
bow
Walhalla's gods repair,
Than we, in sweeping journey over
The bending bridge of air.

"Far, far around, star-gleams are spark-
ling
Amid the twilight space.
And Earth, that lay so cold and dark
ling,
Has veiled her dusky face.
Are those the Nornes that beckon on-
ward
To seats at Odin's board,
Where nightly by the hands of heroes
The foaming mead is poured?"

"Tis Skuld! her star-eye speaks the
glory
That waits the warrior's soul,
When on its hinge of music opens
The gateway of the Pole, —
When Odin's warder leads the hero
To banquets never done,
And Freya's eyes outshine in summer
The ever-risen sun.

"On! on! the Northern lights are
streaming
In brightness like the morn,
And pealing far amid the vastness,
I hear the Gjallarhorn:
The heart of starry space is throb-
bing
With songs of minstrels old,
And now, on high Walhalla's portal,
Gleam Surtur's hoofs of gold!"

THE CONTINENTS.

I HAD a vision in that solemn hour,
Last of the year sublime,
Whose wave sweeps downward, with its
dying power
Rippling the shores of Time.
On the bleak margin of that hoary sea
My spirit stood alone,
Watching the gleams of phantom His-
tory,
Which through the darkness shone

Then, when the bell of midnight ghostly
hands
Tolled for the dead year's doom,
I saw the spirits of Earth's ancient lands
Stand up amid the gloom !
The crown'd deities, whose reign be-
gan
In the forgotten Past,
When first the fresh world gave to sov-
ereign Man
Her empires green and vast.

First queenly ASIA, from the fallen
thrones
Of twice three thousand years,
Came with the woe a grieving goddess
owns,
Who longs for mortal tears.
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung
And dimmed her crown of gold,
While the majestic sorrows of her tongue
From Tyre to Indus rolled :

"Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm
of woe,
Whose only glory streams
From its lost childhood, like the arctic
glow
Which sunless Winter dreams !
In the red desert moulders Babylon,
And the wild serpent's hiss
Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone,
And waste Persepolis.

"Gone are the deities that ruled en-
shrined
In Elephant's caves,
And Brahma's wailings fill the fragrant
wind
That ripples Ganges' waves :
The ancient gods amid their temples
fall,
And shapes of some near doom,
Trembling and waving on the Future's
wall,
More fearful make my gloom !"

Then, from her seat, amid the palms em-
bowed
That shade the lion-land,
Swart AFRICA in dusky aspect towered,
The fetters on her hand !
Backward she saw, from out her drear
eclipse,
The mighty Theban years,
And the deep anguish of her mournful
lips
Interpreted her tears

"Woe for my children, whom your
gyves have bound
Through centuries of toil ;
The bitter wailings of whose bondage
sound
From many an alien soil !
Leave me but free, though the eternal
sand
Be all my kingdom now, —
Though the rude splendors of barbaric
land
But mock my crownless brow !"

There was a sound, like sudden trumpets
blown,
A ringing, as of arms,
When EUROPE rose, a stately amazon,
Stern in her mailed charms.
She brooded long beneath the weary
bars
That chafed her soul of flame,
And like a seer, who reads the awful
stars,
Her words prophetic came :

"I hear new sounds along the ancient
shore,
Whose dull old monotone
Of tides, that broke on many a system
hoar,
Moaned through the ages lone :
I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn
Beneath a stormy sky,
And warning throes, which long my
breast has borne,
Proclaim the struggle nigh."

O radiant-browed, the latest born of
Time !
How waned thy sisters old,
Before the splendors of thine eye sub-
lime,
And mien erect and bold !
Free, as the winds of thine own forests
are,
Thy brow beamed lofty cheer,
And Day's bright oriflamme, the Morn-
ing Star,
Flashed on thy lifted spear.

"I bear no weight" — rang thine exult-
ing tones —
"Of memories weird and vast ;
No crushing heritage of iron thrones,
Bequeathed by some dead Past ;
But hopes, that give my children power
Above the old-world fears —

Whose prophecies forerun the latest
time,
And lead the crowning years!

“ Like spectral lamps, that burn before
a tomb,
The ancient lights expire ;
I hold a torch, that floods the fading
gloom
With everlasting fire :
Crowned with my constellated stars, I
stand
Beside the foaming sea,
And from the Future, with a victor’s
hand,
Claim empire for the Free ! ”
January, 1848.

L'ENVOI.

I’VE passed the grim and threatening
warders
That guard the vestibule of Song,
And traced the print of bolder foot-
steps
The lengthened corridors along ;
Where every thought I strove to blazon
Beside the bannered lays of old,
Was dim below some bright escutcheon,
Or shaded by some grander fold.

I saw, in veiled and shadowy glimpses,
The solemn halls expand afar,
And through the twilight, half despair-
ing,
Looked trembling up to find a star ;
Till, in the rush of wings, awakened
My soul to utterance free and strong,
And with impassioned exultation,
I revelled in the rage of Song !

Then, though the world beside, unheed-
ing,
Heard other voices than my own,
Thou, thou didst mark the broken
music,
And cheer its proud, aspiring tone :
Thou cam’st in many a lovely vision
To lead my ardent spirit on,
Thine eye my morning-star of promise,
The sweet anticipant of dawn.

And if I look to holier altars,
Thou still art near me, as of old,
And thou wilt give the living laurel,
When the shrined Presence I behold.
Take, then, these echoes of thy being,
My lips have weakly striven to
frame ;
For when I speak what thou inspir-
est,
I know my songs are nearest fame.

SINCE 1861.



SINCE 1861.

THROUGH BALTIMORE.

I.

It was Friday morn: the train drew
near
The city and the shore.
Far through the sunshine, soft and clear,
We saw the dear old flag appear,
And in our hearts arose a cheer
For Baltimore.

II.

Across the broad Patapsco's wave,
Old Fort McHenry bore
The starry banner of the brave,
As when our fathers went to save,
Or in the trenches find a grave
At Baltimore.

III.

Before us, pillared in the sky,
We saw the statue soar
Of Washington, serene and high: —
Could traitors view that form, nor fly?
Could patriots see, nor gladly die
For Baltimore?

IV.

"O city of our country's song!
By that swift aid we bore
When sorely pressed, receive the throng
Who go to shield our flag from wrong,
And give us welcome, warm and strong,
In Baltimore!"

V.

We had no arms; as friends we came,
As brothers evermore,
To rally round one sacred name, —
The charter of our power and fame:
We never dreamed of guilt and shame
In Baltimore.

VI.

The coward mob upon us fell:
McHenry's flag they tore:
Surprised, borne backward by the swell
Beat down with mad, inhuman yell,
Before us yawned a traitorous hell
In Baltimore!

VII.

The streets our soldier-fathers trod
Blushed with their children's gore
We saw the craven rulers nod,
And dip in blood the civic rod —
Shall such things be, O righteous God,
In Baltimore?

VIII.

No, never! By that outrage black,
A solemn oath we swore,
To bring the Keystone's thousands
back,
Strike down the dastards who attack,
And leave a red and fiery track
Through Baltimore!

IX.

Bow down, in haste, thy guilty head!
God's wrath is swift and sore:
The sky with gathering bolts is red, —
Cleanse from thy skirts the slaughter
shed,
Or make thyself an ashen bed,
O Baltimore!

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THAT late, in half-despair, I said:
"The Nation's ancient life is dead;
Her arm is weak, her blood is cold;
She hugs the peace that gives her gold, —

The shameful peace, that sees expire
Each beacon-light of patriot fire,
And makes her court a traitors' den,"—
Forgive me this, my countrymen!

Oh, in your long forbearance grand,
Slow to suspect the treason planned,
Enduring wrong, yet hoping good
For sake of olden brotherhood,
How grander, how sublimer far
At the roused Eagle's call ye are,
Leaping from slumber to the fight,
For Freedom and for Chartered Right!

Throughout the land there goes a cry;
A sudden splendor fills the sky:
From every hill the banners burst,
Like buds by April breezes nurst;
In every hamlet, home, and mart,
'The fire-beat of a single heart
Keeps time to strains whose pulses mix
Our blood with that of Seventy-Six!

The shot whereby the old flag fell
From Sumter's battered citadel
Struck down the lines of party creed
And made ye One in soul and deed,—
One mighty People, stern and strong
To crush the consummated wrong;
Indignant with the wrath whose rod
Smites as the awful sword of God!

The cup is full! They thought ye
blind:
The props of state they undermined;
Abused your trust, your strength de-
fied,
And stained the Nation's name of pride.
Now lift to Heaven your loyal brows,
Swear once again your fathers' vows,
And cut through traitor hearts a track
To nobler fame and freedom back!

Draw forth your million blades as one;
Complete the battle then begun!
God fights with ye, and overhead
Floats the dear banner of your dead.
They, and the glories of the Past,
'The Future, dawning dim and vast,
And all the holiest hopes of Man,
Are beaming triumph in your van!

Slow to resolve, be swift to do!
Teach ye the False how fight the True!
How bucklered Perfidy shall feel
In her black heart the Patriot's steel;
How sure the bolt that Justice wings;
How weak the arm a traitor brings;

How mighty they, who steadfast stand
For Freedom's Flag and Freedom's
Land!

April 30, 1861.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

I.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War
Department came;
He sought the Chief who led him on
many a field of fame,—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!"
where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind
the flying foes.

II.

"Have you forgotten, General," the bat-
tered soldier cried,
"The days of Eighteen Hundred Twelve,
when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought
at Lundy's Lane?
'T is true, I'm old and pensioned, but I
want to fight again."

III.

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief;
"my brave old soldier, No!
And here's the hand I gave you then,
and let it tell you so:
But you have done your share, my friend;
you're crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and
fresher blood to-day."

IV.

"But, General," cried the veteran, a
flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us,
they say, are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane,
—our old red, white, and blue;
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll
show that drop is true."

V.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and
I've a good old gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and
pick them, one by one."

Your Minié rifles, and such arms, it
a'n't worth while to try :
I could n't get the hang o' them, but I'll
keep my powder dry !”

VI.

“ God bless you, comrade !” said the
Chief ; “ God bless your loyal
heart !
But younger men are in the field, and
claim to have their part :
They'll plant our sacred banner in each
rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that
dares to pull it down !”

VII.

“ But, General,” — still persisting, the
weeping veteran cried,
“ I'm young enough to follow, so long
as *you're* my guide ;
And some, you know, must bite the dust,
and that, at least, can I, —
So, give the young ones place to fight,
but me a place to die !

VIII.

“ If they should fire on Pickens, let the
Colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-
staff in my hand :
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or
how the shells may fly ;
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and
hold them till I die !

IX.

“ I'm ready, General, so you let a post
to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he
looks from highest heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may
be, General Wayne ;
There stands old Billy Johnson, that
fought at Lundy's Lane !”

X.

“ And when the fight is hottest, before
the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching and
bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me
on my face,

My soul would go to Washington's, and
not to Arnold's place !”

May, 1861.

MARCH.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies :
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise :

March

By streams still held in icy snare,
On southern hillsides, melting bare,
O'er fields that motley colors wear,
That summons fills the changeful air :

March

What though conflicting seasons make
Thy days their field, they woo or shake
The sleeping lids of Life awake,
And hope is stronger for thy sake,

March !

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with
snow,
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
And East and West, and to and fro,
Announce thy coming to the foe,

March !

Say to the picket, chilled and numt ;
Say to the camp's impatient hum ;
Say to the trumpet and the drum :
“ Lift up your hearts, I come ! I come !”

March !

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray
On sandy seashores, far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern
May :

March !

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor-eagles poise
Above the prond, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois :

March .

Then down the long Potomac's line
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine .
“ Advance ! The Chieftain's call is
mine, —

MARCH !”

March 1, 1862.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

[NOVGOROD, RUSSIA, SEPT. 20, 1862.]

A THOUSAND years! Through storm
and fire,
With varying fate, the work has
grown,
Till Alexander crowns the spire,
Where Rurik laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not
rust,
But bright in constant battle grew,
Raised to the world a throne august, —
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he, alone; but those who have,
Through faith or deed, an equal part:
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,
Vladimir's arm and Nikon's heart:

The later hands, that built so well
The work sublime which these began,
And up from base to pinnacle
Wrought out the Empire's mighty
plan.

All these, to-day, are crowned anew,
And rule in splendor where they trod,
While Russia's children throng to view
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks; from Dwina's
side;
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;
Or where the foaming Terek's tide
Leaps down from Kasbek, bright with
song:

From Altaï's chain of mountain-cones;
Mongolian deserts, far and free;
And lands that bind, through changing
zones,
The Eastern and the Western sea!

To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade,
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,
Her Cæsar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,
And holds, within her life combined,
The patient faith of Asia's heart, —
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wanderings cease;
She binds the wild marauder fast;

Her ploughshares turn to homes of
peace
The battle-fields of ages past.

And, nobler yet, she dares to know
Her future's task, nor knows in vain;
But strikes at once the generous blow
That makes her millions men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,
Nor yet has seen its crowning hour, —
Still teaching to the struggling lands
That Peace the offspring is of Power.

Build, then, the storied bronze, to tell
The steps whereby this height she
trod, —
The thousand years that chronicle
The toil of Man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come, —
The future ages, wise and free, —
Still see her flag, and hear her drum
Across the world, from sea to sea! —

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,
Her ancient eagle's wings unshorn:
One head to watch the Western land,
And one to guard the land of morn!

A DAY IN MARCH.

Look forth, Beloved, from thy mansion
high,
By soft airs fanned,
And see the summer from her bluest sky
Surprise the land!

See how the bare hills bask in purple
bliss
Along the south:
On the brown death of winter falls a kiss
From summer's mouth!

From pines that weave, among the
ravished trees,
Their phantom bowers,
A murmur comes, as sought the ghosts
of bees
The ghosts of flowers.

Though yet no blood may swell the wil-
low rind,
No grass-blade start,
A dream of blossoms fills the yearning
wind,
Of love, my heart.

Look forth, Beloved, through the tender
air,

And let thine eyes

The violets be, it finds not anywhere,
And scentless dics.

Look, and thy trembling locks of plenteous
gold

The day shall see,

And search no more where first, on yonder
wold,

The cowslips be.

Look, and the wandering summer not
forlorn

Shall turn aside,

Content to leave her million flowers un-
born,

Her songs untried.

Drowsy with life and not with sleep or
death

I dream of thee :

Breathe forth thy being in one answer-
ing breath,

And come to me !

Come forth, Beloved ! Love's exultant
sign

Is in the sky :

And let me lay my panting heart to
thine

And die !

THE TEST.

"FAREWELL awhile, my bonnie dar-
ling !

One long, close kiss, and I depart :

I hear the angry trumpet snarling,
The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest flutes were breath-
ing,

Across the vale their sweet recall ;

Before him burst the battle, seething
In flame beneath its thunder-pall.

All sights and sounds to stay invited ;
The meadows tossed their foam of
flowers ;

The lingering Day beheld, delighted,
The dances of his amorous Hours.

He paused : again the foul temptation
Assailed his heart, so firm before,

And tender dreams, of Love's crea-
tion,

Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no !" he sternly cried ; "I fol-
low

The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed
Let idlers pipe in pastoral hollow, —
Be mine the sword, and mine the deed !

"Farewell to Love !" he murmured
sighing :

"Perchance I lose what most is dear
But better there, struck down and dy-
ing,

Than be a man and wanton here !"

He went where battle's voice was loud-
est ;

He pressed where danger nearest
came ;

His hand advanced, among the proud-
est,

Their banner through the lines of
flame.

And there, when wearied Carnage fal-
tered

He, foremost of the fallen, lay,

While Night looked down with brow un-
altered,

And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying, sore from wounds untended,
A vision crossed the starry gleam :

The girl he loved beside him bended,
And kissed him in his fever-dream.

"O love !" she cried, "you fled, to find
me ;

I left with you the daisied vale ;

I turned from flutes that wailed behind
me,

To hear your trumpet's distant hail.

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses,
They scarce outlived the moment's
breath ;

But now we clasp immortal blisses
Of Passion proved on brinks of Death !

"No fate henceforward shall estrange
her

Who finds a heart more brave than
fond ;

For Love, forsook this side of dan-
ger,

Waits for the man who goes beyond !"

THE NEVA.

I WALK, as in a dream,
Beside the sweeping stream,
Wrapped in the summer midnight's
amber haze:
Serene the temples stand,
And sleep, on either hand,
The palace-fronts along the granite
quays.

Where golden domes, remote,
Above the sea-mist float,
The river-arms, dividing, hurry forth;
And Peter's fortress-spire,
A slender lance of fire,
Still sparkles back the splendor of the
North.

The pillared angel soars
Above the silent shores;
Dark from his rock the horseman hangs
in air;
And down the watery line
The exiled Sphinxes pine
For Karnak's morning in the mellow
glare.

I hear, amid the hush,
The restless current's rush,
The Neva murmuring through his crys-
tal zone:
A voice portentous, deep,
To charm a monarch's sleep
With dreams of power resistless as his
own.

Strong from the stormy Lake,
Pure from the springs that break
In Valdaï vales the forest's mossy floor,
Greener than beryl-stone
From fir-woods vast and lone,
In one full stream the braided currents
pour.

"Build up your granite piles
Around my trembling isles,"
I hear the River's scornful Genius
say:
"Raise for eternal time
Your palaces sublime,
And flash your golden turrets in the
day!

"But in my waters cold
A mystery I hold,—
Of empires and of dynasties the fate:

I bend my haughty will,
Unchanged, unconquered still,
And smile to note your triumph: mine
can wait.

"Your fetters I allow,
As a strong man may bow
His sportive neck to meet a child's com-
mand,
And curb the conscious power
That in one awful hour
Could whelm your halls and temples
where they stand.

"When infant Rurik first
His Norseland mother nursed,
My willing flood the future chieftain
bore:
To Alexander's fame
I lent my ancient name,
What time my waves ran red with Pa-
gan gore.

"Then Peter came. I laughed
To feel his little craft
Borne on my bosom round the marshy
isles:
His daring dream to aid,
My chafing floods I laid,
And saw my shores transfixed with ar-
rowy piles.

"I wait the far-off day
When other dreams shall sway
The House of Empire builded by my
side,—
Dreams that already soar
From yonder palace-door,
And cast their wavering colors on my
tide,—

"Dreams where white temples rise
Below the purple skies,
By waters blue, which winter never
frets,—
Where trees of dusky green
From terraced gardens lean,
And shoot on high the reedy min-
arets.

"Shadows of mountain-peaks
Vex my unshadowed creeks;
Dark woods o'erhang my silvery birchen
bowers;
And islands, bald and high,
Break my clear round of sky,
And ghostly odors blow from distant
flowers.

“ Then, ere the cold winds chase
 These visions from my face,
 I see the starry phantom of a crown,
 Beside whose blazing gold
 This cheating pomp is cold,
 A moment hover, as the veil drops down.

“ Build on! That day shall see
 My streams forever free.
 Swift as the wind, and silent as the
 snow,
 The frost shall split each wall :
 Your domes shall crack and fall :
 My bolts of ice shall strike your barriers
 low ! ”

On palace, temple, spire,
 The morn's descending fire
 In thousand sparkles o'er the city fell :
 Life's rising murmur drowned
 The Neva where he wound
 Between his isles : he keeps his secret
 well.

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

I.

LITTLE one, come to my knee !
 Hark how the rain is pouring
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
 And the wind in the woods a-roar-
 ing !

II.

Hush, my darling, and listen,
 Then pay for the story with kisses :
 Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
 In just such a storm as this is !

III.

High up on the lonely mountains,
 Where the wild men watched and
 waited ;
 Wolves in the forest, and bears in the
 bush,
 And I on my path belated.

IV.

The rain and the night together
 Came down, and the wind came after,
 Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
 And snapping many a rafter.

V.

I crept along in the darkness,
 Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —
 Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
 And a sheltering rock behind it.

VI.

There, from the blowing and raining
 Crouching, I sought to hide me :
 Something rustled, two green eyes
 shone,
 And a wolf lay down beside me.

VII.

Little one, be not frightened ;
 I and the wolf together,
 Side by side, through the long, long
 night,
 Hid from the awful weather.

VIII.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
 Each of us warmed the other :
 Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
 That beast and man was brother.

IX.

And when the falling forest
 No longer crashed in warning,
 Each of us went from our hiding-place
 Forth in the wild, wet morning.

X.

Darling, kiss me payment !
 Hark how the wind is roaring :
 Father's house is a better place
 When the stormy rain is pouring !